The Saturday Evening
POST
December 10, 1955 — 15¢

THE TRUTH ABOUT LaROSA, MARLOWE, PUCK, et al.
By Arthur Godfrey

A NEW PERRY MASON MYSTERY

DEC 6 '55

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New and wonderful gifts—for someone on your list!

ANSCO *TRAVELER* CAMERA OUTFITS

CHRISTMAS BONUS! The handsome luggage-tan Traveler case costs you nothing extra with these outfits. It's our "Christmas bonus" to make your gift more welcome!

THE ANSCOFLEX II CAMERA OUTFIT

Built around the smart gray and silver Anscoflex II Camera, with built-in near-far focusing adjustment, and swing-in yellow cloud filter. Contains camera, matching gray leather case, flash attachment, Ansco All-Weather Pan Film and flashbulbs—all in rich-looking luggage-tan Traveler case. Priced at less than cost of camera and accessories alone!

Only **$27.95**

THE ANSCO READYFLASH OUTFIT

Contains the dependable Readyflash camera, flash attachment, bulbs and film. Packed in handsome Anscolite Traveler case, and specially priced at only **$10.85**

THE ANSCO MEMAR 35MM OUTFIT

Features the famous Ansco Memar 35mm Camera, with eveready camera case, flash attachment and new 35 mm high-speed Anscochrome color film. In Traveler case, specially priced at **$56.25**

Slightly higher in Canada

Ansco

See the other Ansco cameras and camera outfits from $4.85 to $119.50. (Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Binghamton, N. Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation. *"From Research to Reality."*

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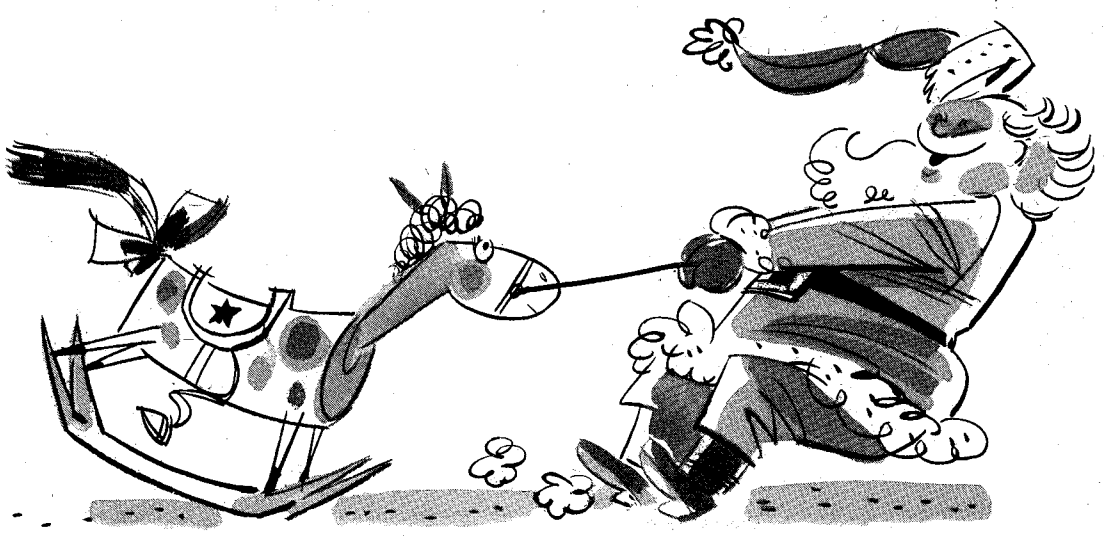
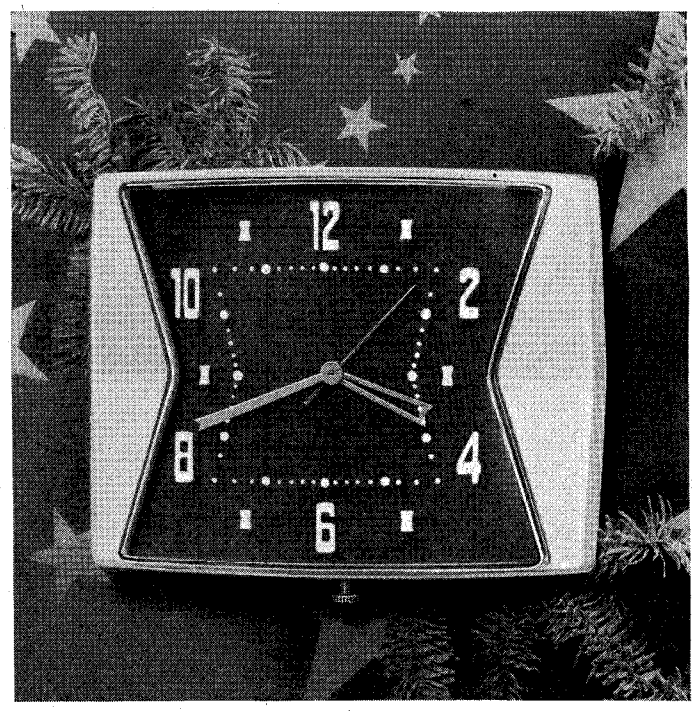
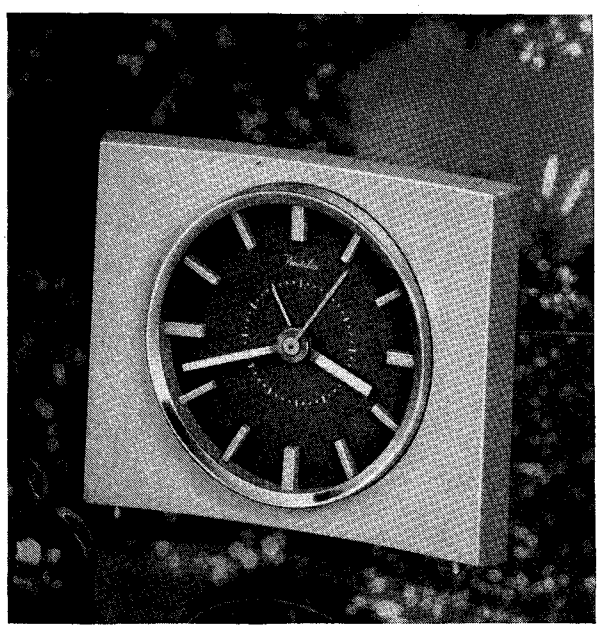
Lagging a bit with Christmas shopping?



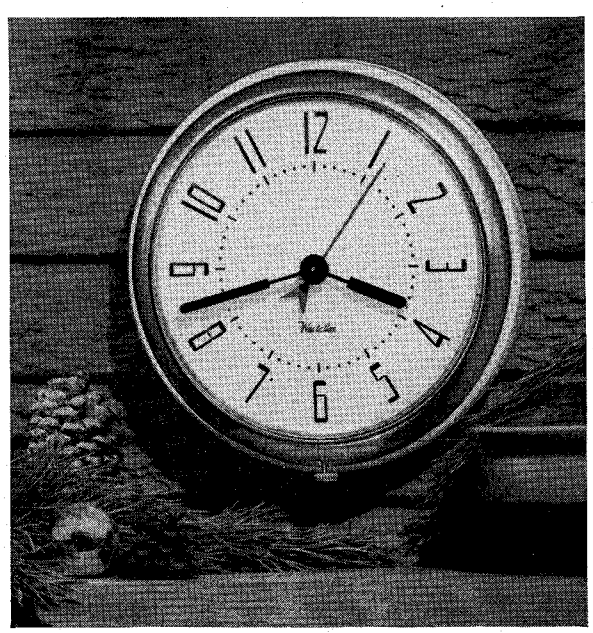


ZEST ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK* — New and dashing in color and design. White plastic case sets off the intriguing dial in red, charcoal or yellow. Non-breakable crystal, 5¾" high. $6.95.

Look—these Westclox Electrics are perfect for long-remembered gifts!

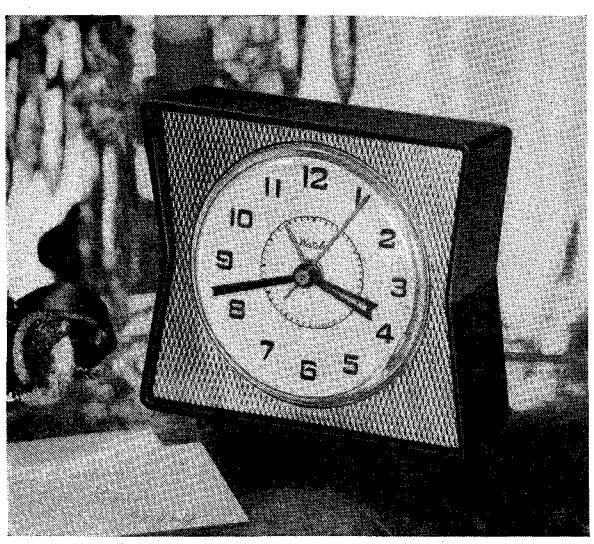


FORTUNE ELECTRIC ALARM*—Brand new Westclox! Modern elegance in gray-tone plastic, suits any decor. High-styled dial; gold-color trim. Insistent call. Luminous dial. A perfect gift, and only $6.95.



SPICE ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK* — A terrific value! Non-breakable crystal. 5½" dial. Polished aluminum two-tone metal case. Choice of red, white or yellow rim. $4.95. Gleaming copper-finished case, $5.95.

PITTSFIELD ELECTRIC ALARM*—Superb modern styling in rich wood case. Blond or Mahogany finish. Dial rimmed in gold color. 4½" high. Pleasant bell alarm. $7.95. With luminous dial, a dollar more.



DASH ELECTRIC ALARM*—A clock for the young at heart! Dramatic new case, in black plastic with recessed front of gold-colored metal. Steady call. $5.95. With luminous dial, a dollar more.

It's a blessing you can wind up your list today with these exciting new Westclox electrics! Who wouldn't want a Westclox for Christmas? The most thoughtful of gifts—so attractive, so dependable—it keeps your "Best Wishes" ever fresh-in-mind, through every hour of every day of the year.

spring-driven or electric

WESTCLOX*

keeps you on time

PRODUCTS OF GT CORPORATION

*Written guarantee for one year.

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada: Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U. S. A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change.* *Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office.

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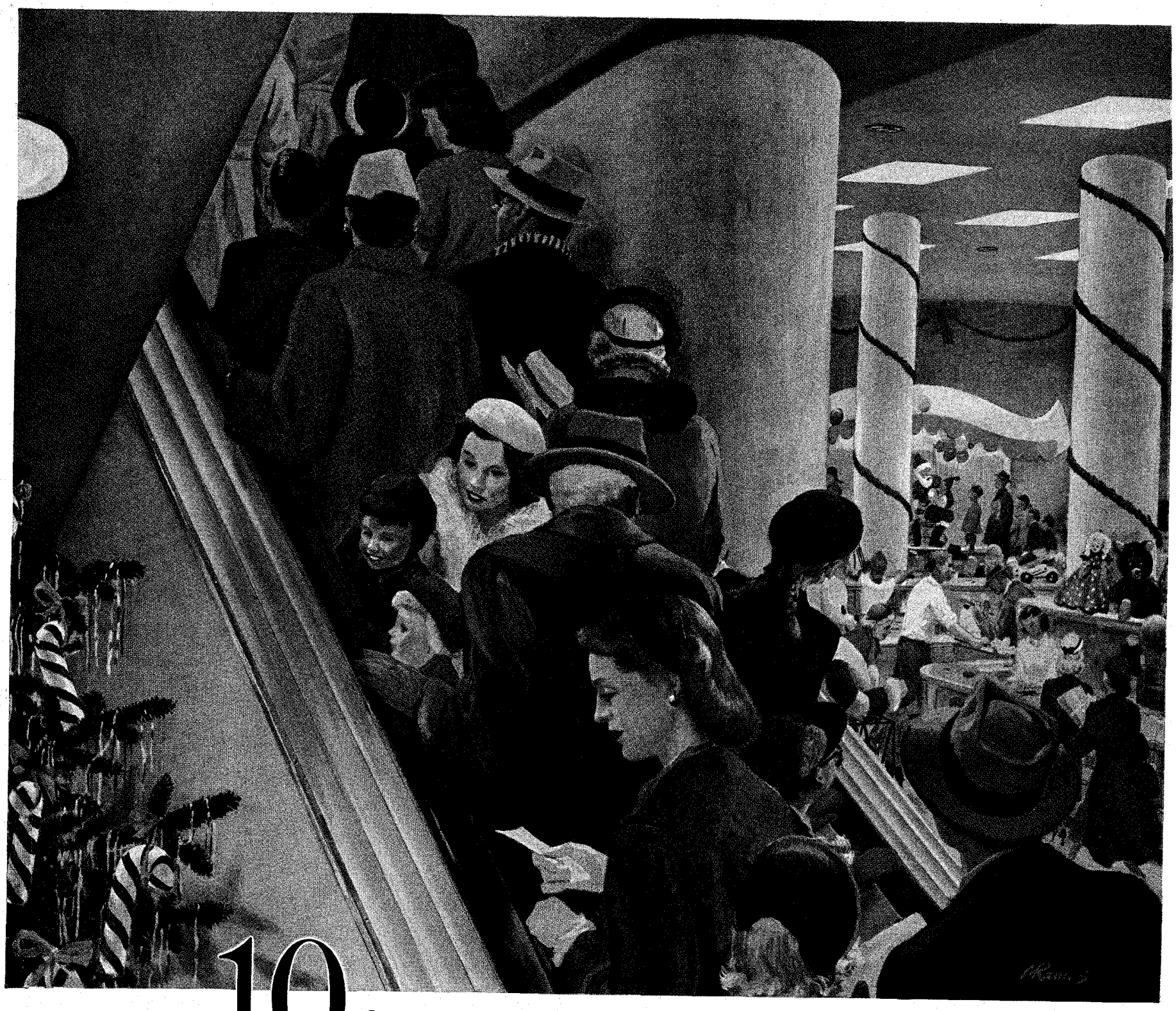

10 *horsepower lifts 8,000 people an hour*

Get 5 to 10 more horsepower from your Car this winter

New Shell X-100 Motor Oil Premium can give your car a horsepower increase that may be as great as the power needed to lift thousands of Christmas shoppers on an escalator.

Here is the reason:
In the kind of driving you do most—short trips around home—your engine doesn't get a chance to warm up, especially in wintertime. Conventional motor oils, which have to be warm to flow freely, act as a drag on engine horsepower. This drag is eliminated when you use X-100® Motor Oil Premium because it flows freely in a cold engine. You can get 5 to 10 more horsepower the moment you start down the road.

X-100 Premium gives an important extra protection to your engine too. It stops *acid action*, the major cause of engine wear.

You'll be needing an oil change in the near future. See the Shell Dealer in your neighborhood. Tell him you want the finest protection your engine can have—Shell X-100 Motor Oil *Premium*.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Dear Children: Santa Claus is riding in the subway because he had to leave his reindeer in a garage overnight to have their hoofs retreaded and the sleigh washed. He is double-checking the number of children in the city, for it says in his newspaper, The North Star, that there are new buildings. If Santa seems pretty thin, it's because he has worked so hard making toys—with that done, he'll get stout again right away. The boy in Mr. Sargent's painting is being very kind to Santa, as he should; and won't mother be astonished when she comes to and sees who is beside her? Children should also be very kind to parents these days, as parents get so tired while Christmas shopping. Will you especially remember that?

With love,
The Editors.

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How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue, the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 49-56 or June 2, 1956; 10-56 or September 8, 1956. You always count from the previous July first.

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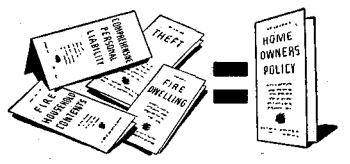
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

FACTS FROM Phoenix



DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU GET *MORE* PROTECTION FOR THE *SAME* COST . . .

by combining the many separate insurance policies you now carry on your home and family into just ONE . . . a new Phoenix Homeowners Policy?

As a homeowner you probably carry several different policies — one for fire and extended coverage on your home, another on your household contents, a third for burglary and theft, and still another to cover personal liabilities.

Our new Homeowners Policy, available in most states, gives you *more* protection for your *same* insurance dollars in one broad contract with the convenience of just one renewal date.

Call on a Phoenix of Hartford agent for full information.

WHEN YOU BUY INSURANCE BUY INTEGRITY

THE Phoenix OF HARTFORD GROUP

All forms of Insurance except Life

The Phoenix Insurance Company
The Connecticut Fire Insurance Company
Equitable Fire & Marine Insurance Company
Minneapolis Fire & Marine Insurance Company
Reliance Insurance Company of Canada

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NEW REGISTRAR* GENERAL..carried folded or flat!
Prince Gardner
fine leather fashion accessories
St. Louis 10, Mo.
Folded, it's a regular hip-pocket billfold. Flat, it's a slim, sleek breast-pocket secretary. Deeper bill pockets for foreign or American money. Will carry passports, too! Removable photo-card case with over-sized windows. California Saddle Leather in a choice of rich colors. $7.50, at fine stores all across the country. Others from $5 to $50. Prices plus tax.
*Protected by "an Invisible Stitch"®

Letters

Gyp Car Deals

Dear Sirs:

WATCH OUT FOR THOSE GYP CAR DEALS! (by William Longgood, Oct. 29) POINTS OUT EVILS EXISTING IN AUTOMOBILE SELLING BUT GIVES THE ERRONEOUS IMPRESSION THAT THESE PRACTICES ARE EXCLUSIVE WITH USED CAR DEALERS AND FINANCE COMPANIES. LOCALLY, FRANCHISED NEW CAR DEALERS AND BANKS ARE LEADING OFFENDERS IN CONTRACT PACKING. AUTOMOBILE BUYERS WILL RECEIVE HIGHEST CONSIDERATION FROM THE REPUTABLE MAJORITY OF USED CAR DEALERS.

KEARNEY AUTO SALES
PORTLAND, OREGON

Author Longgood said, "Most of the gouging is concentrated on used-car sales, and to a lesser extent on new-car sales, but it also extends to credit purchases of television sets, radios, furniture. . . ."—ED.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Bill Longgood . . . failed to point out that the vast majority of the new-car and new-truck dealers of this country have earned and are holding excellent reputations in their communities through the conduct of their businesses. . . .

They, through the National Automobile Dealers Association, have adopted a "Code of Ethics" and in the past several weeks a special committee of this association has been working feverishly with the Association of Better Business Bureaus to adopt a standard of advertising which will rid our industry of false and misleading advertising. . . .

WILLIAM C. HAMILTON
National Automobile Dealers Ass'n.
Washington, D.C.

Healy's House

Dear Sirs:

Being one of those individuals whom the Healys can now spot two blocks away, I finally (on the third reading) decided the article [So You're Selling Your House! by Paul F. Healy, Nov. 5] was funny.

It is true that many realtors become slightly deranged. They usually go to pieces at just about the same time the property does.

Probably, the poor broker who sold the Healy house is now in St. Elizabeths [mental hospital] . . . from the knowledge that the present Healy home may someday come on the market.

JOHN K. GOWEN, III
Realtor, South Natick, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I think the salesman who sold that shack for $18,450 has talent beyond compare, or else deserves to be shot or given a gold medal. I don't know which.

But alas, I forget myself. All shacks in the Washington, D.C., metropolitan area are gold plated, so perhaps it was a "steal" at that.

R. M. BOYER
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Mr. Healy quotes the real-estate industry's favorite old-house cliché, "This house has done all the settling it's going to do." I admit that most real-estate men have a fine stock of time-tried clichés, suitable for almost all occasions, but in my opinion the customers have been, and still are, far ahead of them in the cliché department. . . . About all a salesman can do today is trudge grimly along in the wake of the customer and keep his trap shut while the customer takes off with "they don't build 'em today the way they used to." You take it from there.

E. R. LITTLER
Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Home-seller Paul Healy should remit five per cent of his Saturday Evening Post check to the "Home for Broken-Down Real-Estate Salesmen." . . .

R. D. GLENDINNING
Vancouver, Wash.

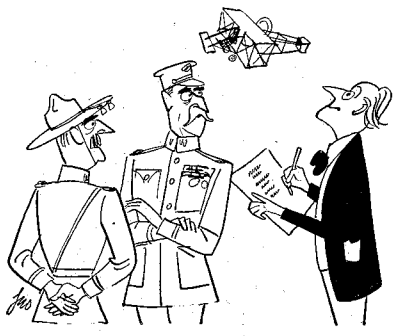
Whither Aviation?

Dear Sirs:

The Post editorial of June 26, 1909, entitled Is Flying Worth While? concludes with this gem: "Flying may never be worth much commercially, or even for military purposes, but its poetic value is immense." . . .

It was a journey into yesterday.

FRANK FARNELL
Carbondale, Pa.



But the same editorial also said: "Count Zeppelin is able to steer a balloon over a prescribed course of nine hundred miles at a rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. In spite of the unlucky collision with a pear tree which brought the voyage to an end, this is regarded as by far the greatest feat in aerial navigation yet performed. As such, naturally, it arouses the enthusiasm of the world."—ED.

Golf Course Spree

Dear Sirs:

Arthur W. Baum's fine article They Made Their Own Country Club (Oct. 29) is a timely one in view of the tremendous increase in golf course development throughout the country since 1950. In the past 12 months alone 127 new golf courses have been put into play, 285 went into construction and 516 additional courses were in the planning stage.

Without wishing to detract from the great credit (Continued on Page 6)

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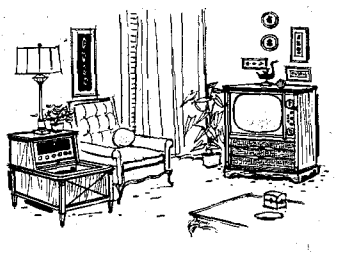
This Christmas...follow the stars to Magnavox

Ezio Pinza currently stars in the Hit Broadway Musical "*Fanny*" at the Majestic Theatre

Like Ezio Pinza, many music lovers are discovering this new way to enjoy High Fidelity. Without leaving your easy chair, you get all the beauty of your favorite records and programs from a Magnavox Imperial Symphony.

Magnificent in appearance as well as performance, the convenient step table contains an AM-FM radio and 3-speed record changer with diamond stylus. The console across the room holds a powerful High Fidelity sound system with 40 watts of audio power, 15″ and 12″ bass speakers and two high frequency horns. Matching console and step table in Cherry, $745, in genuine Mahogany, $695.

Magnavox High Fidelity phonographs start at $99.50—television at $149.50. Magnavox brings prices down by selling direct to dealers. Your dealer's name is listed under Magnavox in the television section of your classified telephone book. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Indiana.



The radio and phonograph in the Imperial step table also may be played through the High Fidelity sound system of a Magnavox television receiver. Shown here is the Provincial. In Cherry, $349.50 (VHF).

The Magnificent **Magnavox**

High Fidelity Television • Radio-Phonograph

Prices subject to change without notice

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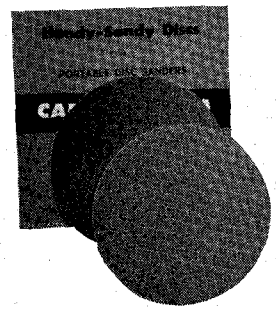
Brand-New Idea in Christmas Giving
that says "Merry Christmas" the whole year 'round!
Flexbac® PAD KIT for his ¼" electric drill
The modern way to sand! Flexible foam rubber pad attaches to any quarter-inch electric drill... saves hours of tiring hand sanding.
● Follows contours...sands mouldings, curves.
● Sander discs hold tight with adhesive.
● Perfect for removing paint—for rough and finish sanding.
● Works on wood, metal and plastics.
● Makes any home handyman a real "professional."
ONLY $7.00 COMPLETE
including adapter for ¼" drill and can of adhesive restorer.

● **YOUR HARDWARE STORE** or Building Supply Dealer is headquarters for both the FLEXBAC® Pad Kit and "Handy-Sandy" Discs. They make an unbeatable combination for a practical, work-saving Christmas gift. Stop in soon ... see the whole family of outstanding finishing and sharpening products by CARBORUNDUM designed for home and workshop.



"HANDY-SANDY" DISCS are designed for use with the FLEXBAC® Pad Kit—come in five different grits from Fine to Coarsest, and in assorted grits.

CARBORUNDUM
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

... **FIRST** *with the* **BEST** *in everything* **ABRASIVE**

90-552

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

due the enterprising Conestogoans for their splendid achievement, groups in a number of other communities have built golf courses under similar conditions and with the same old-time 'Barn-raising' spirit spurring them on—namely: Lawrenceburg, Tennessee; the Jaycees in Zanesville, Ohio, and in Ogallala, Nebraska; Topeka, Kansas; Columbia, Missouri; Kern County, California, and Huntsville, Alabama. . . .

REX MCMORRIS
Executive Vice-President
National Golf Foundation, Inc.
Chicago, Illinois

The Great TV Hassle

Dear Sirs:

I read with interest Milton Lehman's informative article on TV's COLOSSAL HASSLE [Oct. 29]. I think he gave both ends of it very well, but how about the folks in the middle?

TV ads supposedly sell goods, thus creating jobs and helping to raise our standard of living. . . .

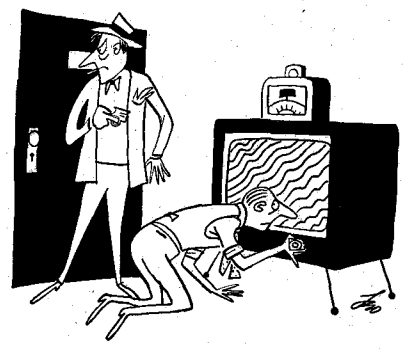
We need all our advertising mediums to keep goods moving and people working. Careful consideration should be given to a possible vicious circle of pay TV, no advertising-supported TV, less goods sold, more unemployment, no money left for the pay TV. Could be.

LOUIS DE YONG
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

. . . As has been pointed out in the many . . . trade journals, unscrambling of [pay] TV pictures would not pose a serious problem to the technician . . . .

I foresee the darkened house, with window shades drawn and the doors



locked, dreading the sudden raids by flying squads of Federal inspectors who have been tipped off by a disgruntled neighbor that an illegal TV set is in operation. . . .

WILLIAM H. FISHBACK
Chatham, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I think today's free TV programs are tops. They couldn't be too much better with pay TV. Besides, commercials give everyone a chance to run to the kitchen and not miss any of the program. . . .

SONNY SAMPLE
Cleveland, Tenn.

After the Prom

Dear Sirs:

Concerning your cover [by Coby Whitmore] for Oct. 29: What normal girl comes home from a Prom at 1:25 A.M.? Doesn't she like to really live it up and make a night of it?

Otherwise, it was very charming.

JO ANNE KRAFT (age 16)
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Your poor little cover girl . . . . is in for a rude shock when she looks at that gardenia corsage in the morning. As a grower who has shipped 20,000 gardenias a day, I feel qualified to predict the flower will lapse into a wilted shadow of its former self. Since 1947, gardenia growers have picked only the blossoms of gardenias—without stems—thus making corsages lighter and thinner. The "stem" . . . is nothing but an enameled wire covered with green tape.

Correct gardenia care: sprinkle water on the petals and float the blossom in a bowl in the ice box.

RICHARD VAN S. LENK
Belmont, Mass.

City Popularity Poll

Dear Sirs:

Re: Cities of the World, please give us a piece on Hong Kong (or have you already?). The city is much in the news nowadays . . .

W. H. KOMP
College Park, Md.

● *Since its debut exactly a year ago, the Cities of the World series has included Kyoto, Algiers, Madrid, Malta, Singapore, Marrakesh, Marseilles, Buenos Aires, Sydney, Barcelona, Dublin, São Paulo, Bangkok and Johannesburg. Coming up are Guatemala City, Florence, Munich, Copenhagen, Calcutta and Quebec. Do others like Mr. Komp's suggestion? Would readers prefer Athens? Stockholm? Taipeh? Moscow? Naples? Baghdad? Manila? In a 1956 issue we'll cover the city with the most votes.—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

17–Jacob Lofman, anonymous. • 18, 19–Sid Avery. • 20, 21–James Bingham. 22, 23–Eugene Kammerman. • 24–Lynn Buckham. • 25–Harry Saltzman, Frank Ross. 26, 27–Amos Sewell. • 28–CBS, Wide World, two from CBS. • 29–Two from CBS; Ozzie Sweet. • 30–Ollie Atkins. • 31–Larry Kritcher. • 32, 33–All Union Council of Evangelical Christians-Baptists. • 34, 35–Ben Prins. • 36, 37–Ivan Dmitri. • 38–Harry Saltzman. • 39–Two from Wide World; Harry Saltzman, Wide World. • 43–William A. Smith. • 98–Sid Avery. • 110–All Union Council of Evangelical Christians-Baptists. • 120–Eugene Kammerman. • 132–Carroll Martin, anonymous, Lou Jacobs, Jr.

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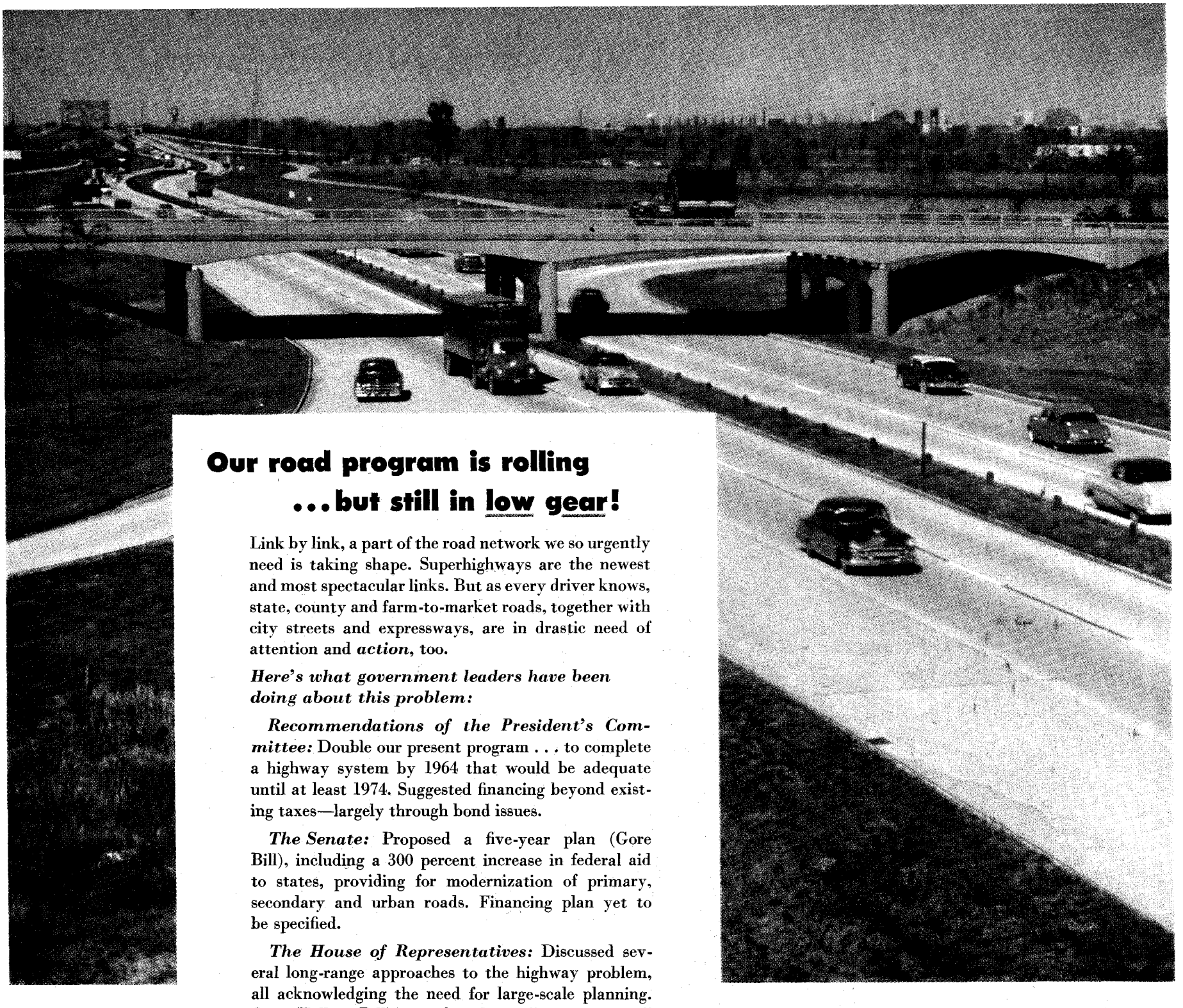

Our road program is rolling ...but still in low gear!

Link by link, a part of the road network we so urgently need is taking shape. Superhighways are the newest and most spectacular links. But as every driver knows, state, county and farm-to-market roads, together with city streets and expressways, are in drastic need of attention and *action*, too.

Here's what government leaders have been doing about this problem:

Recommendations of the President's Committee: Double our present program . . . to complete a highway system by 1964 that would be adequate until at least 1974. Suggested financing beyond existing taxes—largely through bond issues.

The Senate: Proposed a five-year plan (Gore Bill), including a 300 percent increase in federal aid to states, providing for modernization of primary, secondary and urban roads. Financing plan yet to be specified.

The House of Representatives: Discussed several long-range approaches to the highway problem, all acknowledging the need for large-scale planning. One (Fallon Bill) was based on "pay-as-you-go" financing through increased user taxes.

The Governor's Conference: Urged that a nationwide highway program should be vigorously pushed . . . stressed federal responsibility for the key interstate system . . . widespread progress at the state level was also reported.

The American Municipal Association: The nation's mayors adopted a formal resolution urging prompt-as-possible action on a highway bill.

Every road-building job you see is a promise of better living and better motoring to come.

Let's shift into high—NOW!

As yet, no definite program has been approved. Meanwhile, we're all paying the ***cost*** of better roads whether we have them or not . . . in frayed nerves, tragic accidents, and excessive transportation expense in almost everything we buy.

Just about everyone agrees we ***must*** have a ***complete*** highway modernization program. We can do it if we all get together on one plan soon. Allis-Chalmers, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

ALLIS-CHALMERS

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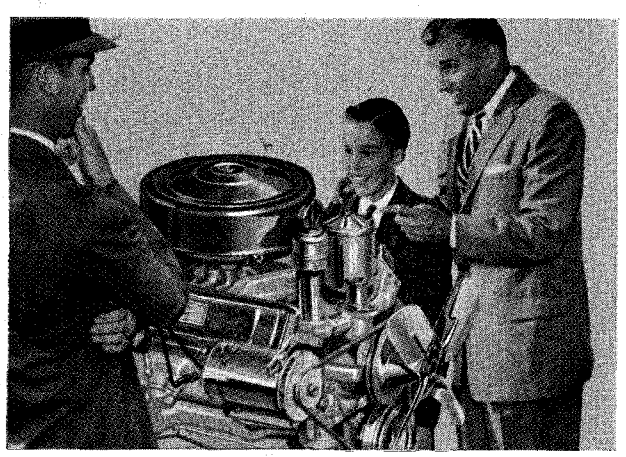
THE NEW 1956 HUDSO

Hudson Hornet Hollywood Hardtop V-8



Sizzling getaway from zero to sixty in 12½ split seconds! That's the Hornet's great, new 220-hp. V-8 engine! Far advanced in short-stroke, low-friction, overhead-valve design, proved in millions of miles of rugged testing, you'll like its "lift," its eagerness to go!

Alive with new V-8 power! Sleek with new V-Line styling! Luxurious with new, high-fashion, color-matched exteriors and interiors!

Here you see the mighty Hornet V-8 with even more power and performance for '56 than it's ever had through all the years it's held the National Performance Championship.

Here you see the great performer all dressed up with distinguished, new, high-fashion V-line styling inside and out that stamps it at once as the year's car of distinction.

Here's the car that sets you smartly apart from the crowd. Take your choice of V-8 or 6, of 15 new two-tone and 6 new three-tone color exteriors, with stunning new interiors color-keyed to match. Now, more than ever, the new 1956 Hornet V-8 is the most beautiful performer of them all. Be sure to see it for yourself at your Hudson dealer's now.

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ORNET WITH THE NEW V-8

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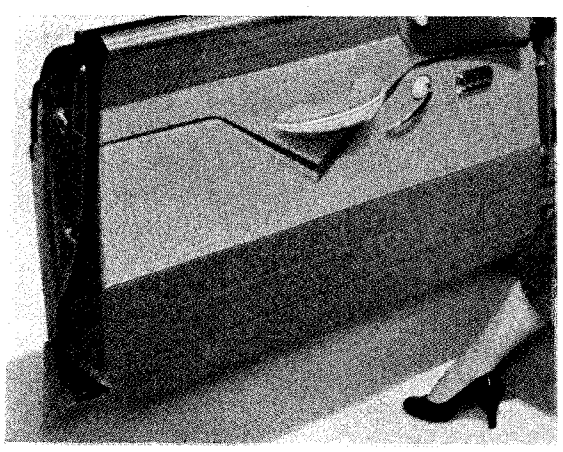
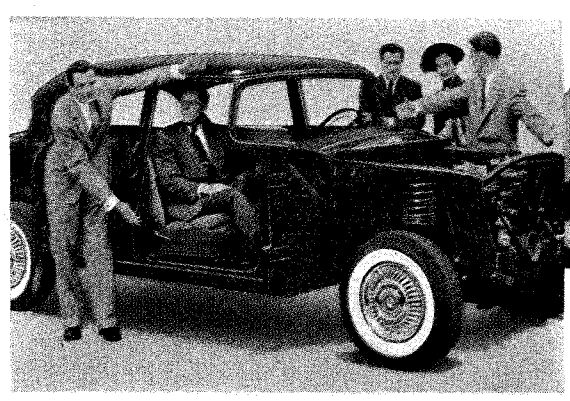
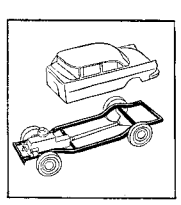


New color-matched interiors and exteriors! Here's standout new styling with exciting new interior fabrics, color-matched with 21 new two- and three-tone exterior finishes of your choice. And the new V-Line styling is refreshingly different.



Three times softer, steadier ride! Hudson's new Deep Coil Ride gives you three times the cushioning comfort of most car springs. It's possible only with exclusive Double Safe Single Unit car construction.



OTHER CARS

HUDSON HORNET V-8

The most beautiful performer of them all!

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Editorials

You'd Hardly Recognize That "Spirit of Geneva"!

The meeting at Geneva among the foreign ministers of the Big Four was so different from the preceding gathering at the "summit" that it is legitimate to speculate on what went on between the halves. Conceivably the conferees may have spent some of their time reading the recent book How Communists Negotiate (Macmillan) in which Admiral C. Turner Joy describes his frustrating experiences as a truce negotiator in Korea.

From his experience Admiral Joy lays down as a primary rule: "Never concede anything to the communists for nothing, merely to make progress." He describes one session when the United Nations' delegation had agreed in advance to ignore some particularly absurd communist proposal and "thereafter remain relatively silent, thus indicating the bleak finality of our offer." This simple tactic drove the communists almost crazy. "Our side" was giving them nothing to shout about.

Soon, however, came a directive from Washington urging the negotiators to support their position with extended arguments. Of course, the delegation had to obey. "The relief and satisfaction of the communists at this change of tactics was immediately apparent," writes Admiral Joy. "They leaped upon our daily statements with enthusiasm. No progress was made until, after some five months of insistence by the delegation, Washington permitted the delegation to suspend the meetings . . . then the communists became convinced that they were confronted with a truly firm United Nations position."

Although it is popularly understood that the foreign ministers' meeting at Geneva was a flop, in contrast to the success of the earlier summit meeting, it is quite likely that the long-run view will be considerably different. For one thing, the communists learned that Secretary Dulles and the other foreign ministers did not regard a superficial "success" as sufficiently important to justify a retreat from a vital position such as the unification of Germany. They discovered that the "Spirit of Geneva" had not reduced the West to impotence.

It is probable, of course, that German unification is an ambition which will have to be long postponed. France is understandably nervous at the possible rise of a strong Germany with military ambitions, and Great Britain is already feeling the competition of revived German industry. It was unrealistic to expect the Soviet Union to hand over its German satellite to a greater Germany, already a member of NATO organized for the defense of Europe against Soviet aggression. To do that would destroy its whole satellite system in Eastern Europe. Why the American delegation and accompanying journalists should have been surprised when Molotov turned down that proposal is beyond us.

On the other hand, for the West to agree to the so-called "neutralist" unification of Germany would open the way for new penetration by the communists into Western Europe. The nut of the German problem is one which won't be cracked at any single conference of foreign ministers.

In the long run, of course, the German problem will be solved by the Germans themselves, within the framework of the influences which surround them. They will favor the system which promises to prevail in Europe and which appears to offer the better prospects for Germans. There seems to be no reason why the productive genius of West Germany shouldn't continue to look pretty attractive to their hungry brothers over the barrier. West Germany's Foreign Minister von Brentano has expressed the view that Molotov's flat declaration that Germany cannot be united except as a Soviet satellite will tend to draw West Germany closer to the western powers and NATO. That, barring wobbling on our part, seems a reasonable prediction.

The achievement by this foreign ministers' conference seems to us to consist largely in that it was allowed to collapse with no footless concessions by this country to Red rapacity. Contrary to past policies in Asia and Europe, we do not intend again to rescue international communism from the pit which it has dug for itself.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

"Little comrade, you need freedom like a hole in the head."

Human History is Made by Men, Not "Trends"

By PAUL JONES

The Davy Crockett vogue seems to have simmered down, even though a lot of small fry still have to use up their fringed hunting shirts and coonskin caps.

An odd by-product of Mr. Disney's evocation of Davy Crockett was the fright the rude frontiersman's ghost gave the southpaws among our intelligentsia. The mere notion of a heroic individual performing deeds of valor against impossible odds filled them with alarm. They hastened to review the Crockett legend unfavorably. One egghead columnist notified his readers that it was really the pioneer's antisocial passion for cutting down trees that had made TVA necessary.

Presumably, if Colonel Crockett had been an informed person, with a sense of history, he would have sat down and waited for the prefabricated cabin that was sure to arrive eventually from a regional housing authority. The slightest foresight would have shown him the folly of casual feuding with benevolent bears, doomed to die out by the inexorable decrees of ecology. And in the fullness of time he could depend on a sack of meal from a surplus food agency, rather than create problems of soil erosion by clearing ground for a corn patch.

For many years now, the teaching of history has laid its greatest emphasis on the influence of great blind movements of humanity in the mass. Invariably, the basic impulse is described as economic. The Crusaders, for example, no matter what they thought, were never moved by a religious ideal or by compassion for the sufferings of Christian captives. Their true motive was a subconscious desire for silk piece goods at a low price or a cheap jar of allspice.

This, of course, is economic determinism, and its popularity in Western liberal teaching over the last century helps to explain the parallel growth of a Marxism which is 100 per cent economic determinism, without embarrassing humanitarian ideals.

If we have learned anything from the events of the past twenty-five years, we ought to be able to see clearly the enormous part played by strong individuals in (Continued on Page 12)

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Do you <u>really</u> know how old you are?

BEFORE you answer this question, read this story about a boy, his mother and an elderly lady.

"How old is your son?" the elderly lady asked.

"Physically, he's 10. Emotionally, about 7. Intellectually, around 15. Counting birthdays, he will be 9 next Sunday," the mother exclaimed.

Like the little boy who was 10, 7, 15 and 9 years old, no one has a *single* age, regardless of birthdays.

This is because aging occurs in different people at different rates in different parts of the body. This applies also to one's mental and emotional make-up.

So, despite the calendar, in some ways you may always be "young"... while in other ways, you may be "older" than your years.

Naturally, everyone wants to stay as "young" as possible throughout life. Fortunately, there are ways to help retain certain youthful assets . . . even into the "sunset years."

Perhaps you are only in your 20's or 30's now . . . a good time to start planning for living long and happily. In fact, the seeds for health and contentment in your 60's, 70's or 80's should be planted during your youthful years.

Foremost among your early preparations are annual health examinations. Through them, your doctor can watch for clues to mental and physical impairments which, though minor today, could grow worse as time passes. Correction of any defect . . . at its very beginning . . . is the best way to help keep that defect from interfering with your future hopes and plans.

A younger person's health program should also include observance of good health habits. It is both possible and wise . . . to get enough sleep and rest, to eat properly, to exercise sensibly . . . and still not miss any fun during the prime of life.

After age 40, two things become very important:

1. Guarding against degenerative diseases, such as heart and blood vessel disorders, diabetes and arthritis.

2. Preparing for your leisure years well in advance of retirement.

Health examinations may sometimes be desirable at least *twice* a year after mid-life to help prevent, postpone or control degenerative ailments. Greater care, too, should be given to nutrition. A good, *varied* diet of vegetables, meat, fruit, cereals, and dairy products may help delay certain aging processes.

Naturally your living habits change as you grow older. So, to keep mentally happy, include a hobby in your plans for the leisure years. A healthy emotional attitude helps all of us to stay young at heart, and an absorbing hobby is a real aid to this end.

If you are growing older (*and aren't we all?*), you might like to know some of the things many doctors recommend for those who are now 65 and older. This information is found in Metropolitan's booklet called *Your Future and You.* Just mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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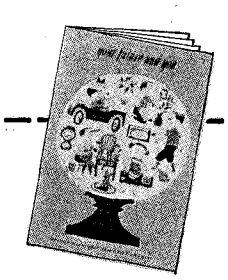

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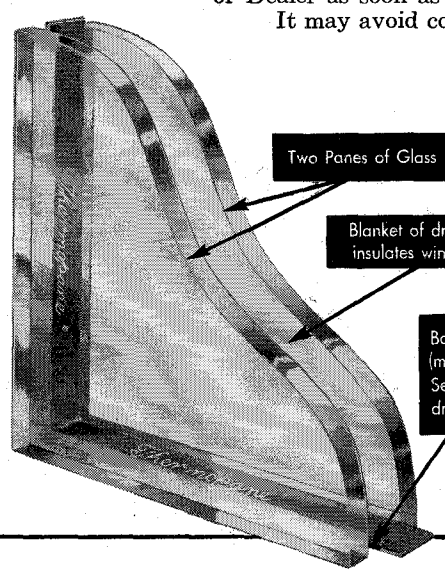

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Editorials (Continued from Page 10)

making history, for good or evil. Yet a recent speaker before the American Historical Association deplored a tendency among modern teachers toward the biographical approach.

It is hard to see why biography should not be welcomed as a sound reaction to the overstressing of anonymous social forces. A generation brought up on Henty's historical books for boys may have missed the significance of coir production in the state of Lahore or agrarian problems in Castile. But they knew there was a man named Clive in India and a soldier named Sir John Moore at Corunna. These historical characters had their faults. So did Davy Crockett. But they were more inspiring than a graph of the English wool trade in the fifteenth century.

History is made by men, and not by irresistible currents. That voice in the House of Commons in 1940, for example, was not the murmur of a nameless flood. It was an old gentleman named Churchill telling off a guttersnipe named Hitler.

Why No Fuss When a Helpful Ex-Red Professor is Fired?

Prof. Herbert Fuchs, ex-communist, has lost his job. In this respect his experience differs from that of Winston Burdett, commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Burdett testified publicly before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee last June, telling of his experiences when he had been a Communist Party member, and naming some former comrades. The subcommittee praised his moral courage, and urged CBS to "stand by him." CBS did so. It declared he had been "a loyal and honest citizen" since his break with the Reds, and it kept him on its staff.

At about the same time, Herbert Fuchs—not to be confused with Klaus Fuchs, the Red purloiner of our atomic secrets—a professor of law at American University, in Washington, testified in closed session before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. He told of his experiences when he had been a Communist Party member, but at first refused to name any others. On July tenth the university president announced that the university would stand by Fuchs: "He is known in our Washington College of Law as an intelligent, loyal and devoted teacher. He made a serious mistake in the past, which he has recognized and declared. The American University therefore would support his right as a citizen to pursue his chosen professional activities."

Meanwhile the House committee and some of Fuch's colleagues were urging him to testify more freely. He did so, on July sixteenth naming many of his former comrades. Next day, he says, the university required him to take a leave of absence. He has not been allowed to teach since then. The trustees decided not to renew his contract when it expires next June.

What had happened to change the university's attitude? No explanation was offered. The public was not told whether the Fuchs case differed in any essential way from that of Burdett, Fuchs, when a communist, was employed by the Government, Burdett by a newspaper and two radio organizations. Fuchs' testimony had not been released by the House committee at the time he lost his job. Burdett testified that, as an obedient communist, he committed espionage in several foreign countries for the Soviet Government.

Congressman Gordon H. Scherer, a member of the committee, said the ousting of Fuchs "will be a serious blow to future investigations." Many university teachers who have refused to co-operate with congressional committees have been retained in their jobs. For example, as Congressman Scherer pointed out, Harvard has retained Prof. Wendell H. Furry, who admitted he was an ex-communist, but refused to name his comrades. "Furry was one of the most contemptuous witnesses I ever saw, but Harvard kept him on," said the congressman. Fuchs, who testified freely, now loses his post. "The contrasting action in these two cases would appear to inform future witnesses before the committee that co-operation will lose them their jobs, while contemptuous conduct will ensure their continued employment."

If there is any significant fact that would explain the dropping of Fuchs, it should be made public. For otherwise the impression will be created that it is dangerous for a professor, and for many other witnesses, to testify candidly about their communist activities, and that it is safer for ex-communists to refuse to help their Government against the conspiracy than to come clean.

There are several hundred thousand former members of the Communist Party. A great many of these are still friendly to the CP. Only a relatively few ex-communists have ever told their stories to congressional committees or even in secret to the FBI. However, many others are privately anticommunist, but publicly keep their mouths shut. They do not want to be smeared, as co-operative ex-communist witnesses always are, or to lose their jobs, or to suffer in their businesses or professions. Naturally the Communist Party is pleased by any action that discourages repentant ex-communists from helping the United States.

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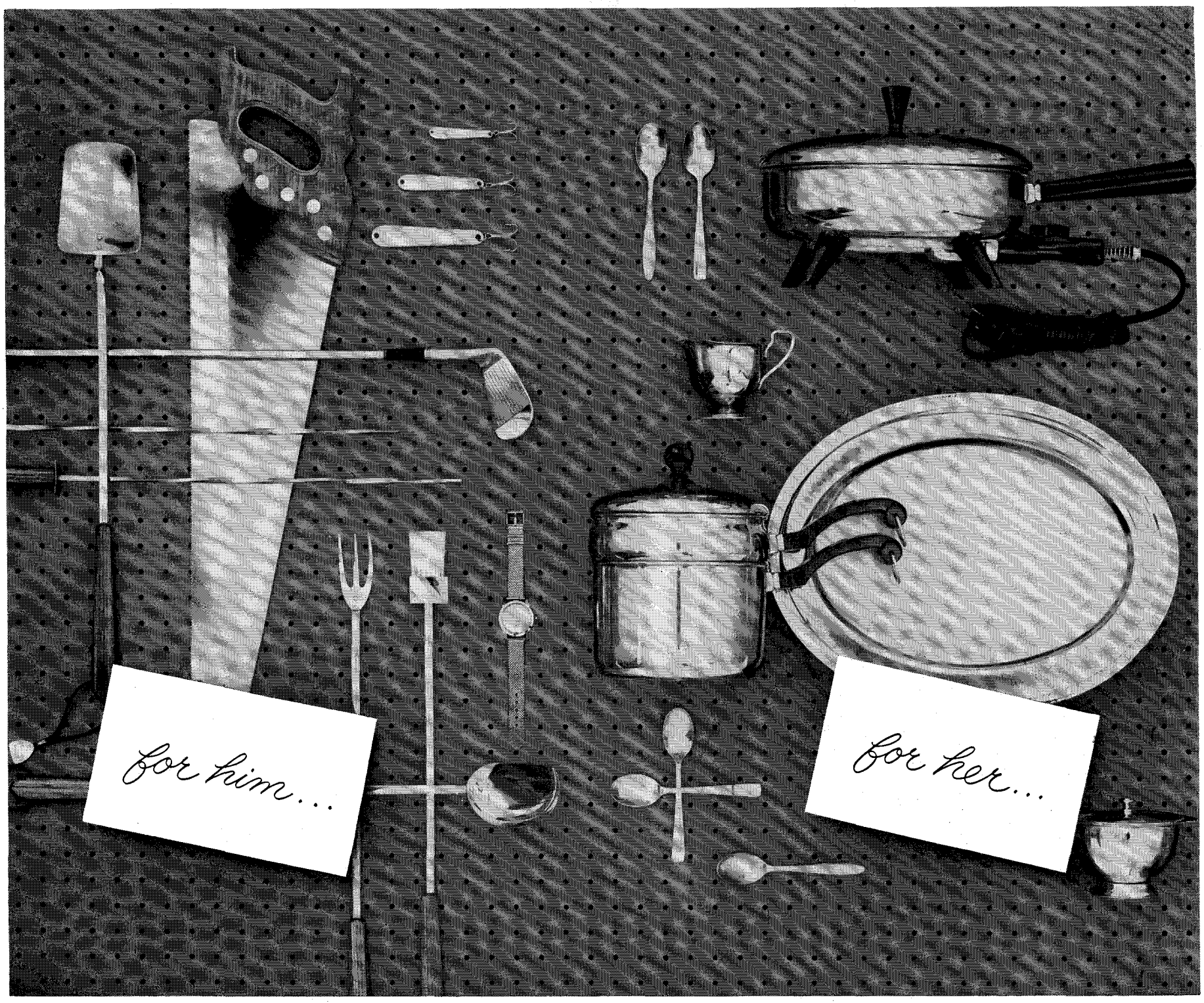

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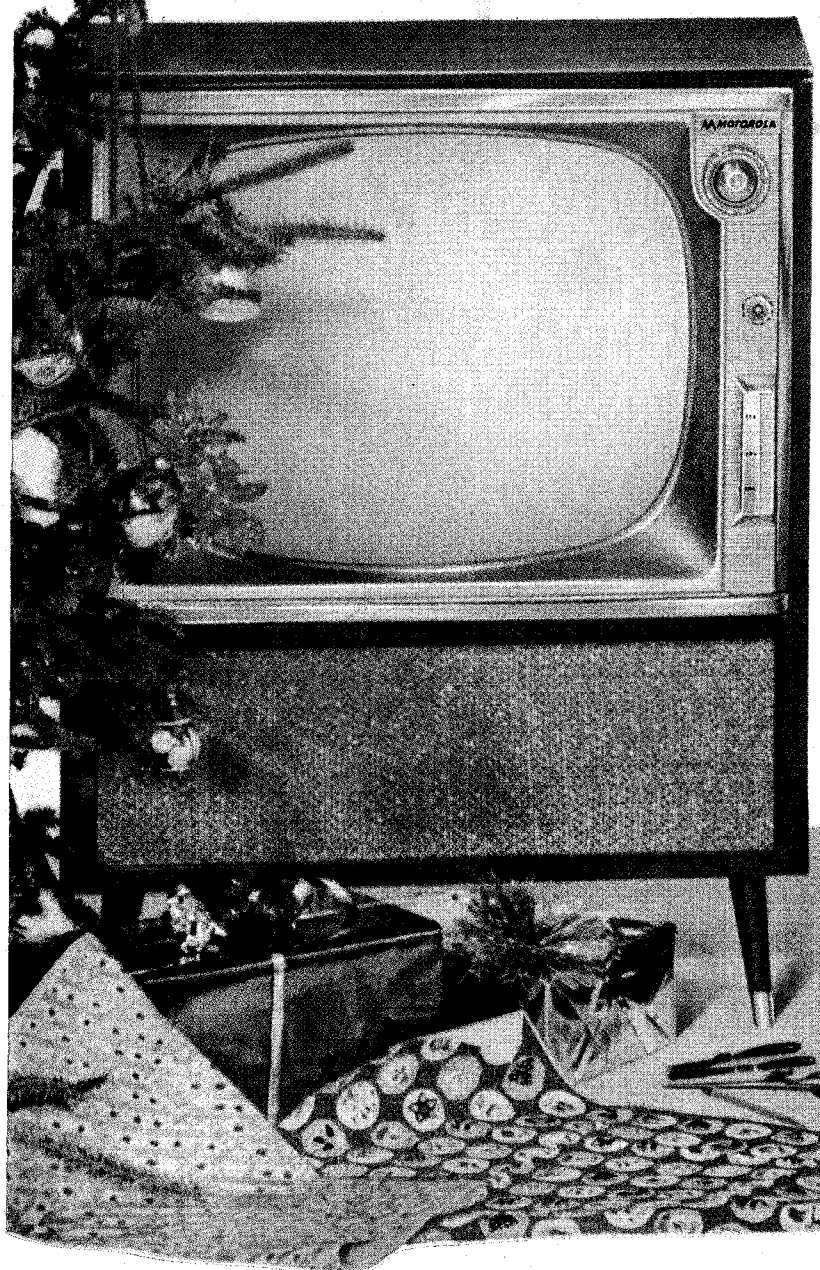

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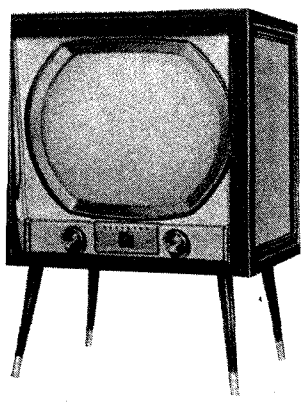

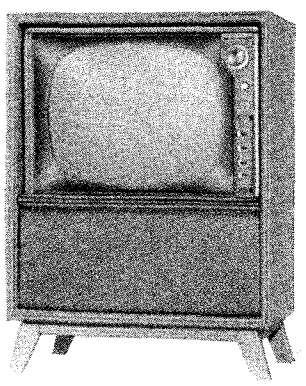

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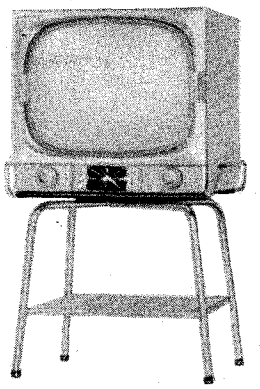

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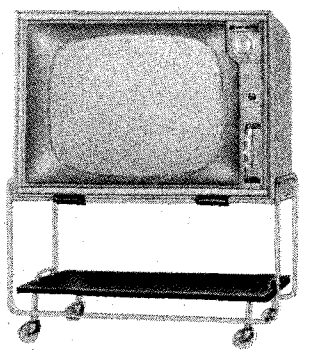

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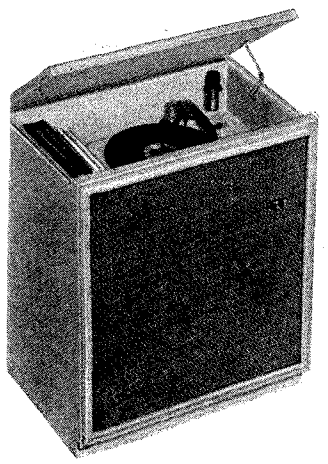

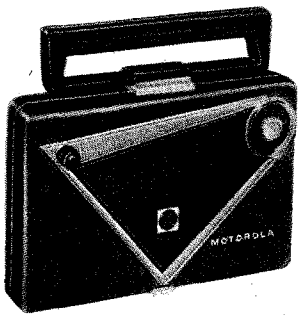

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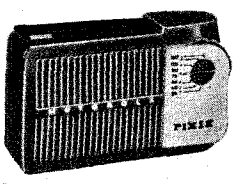

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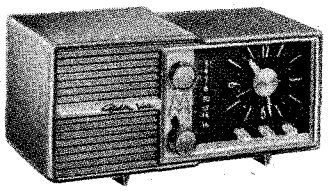

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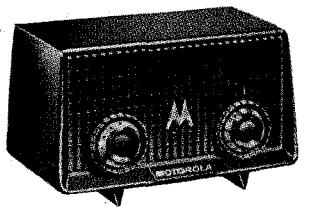

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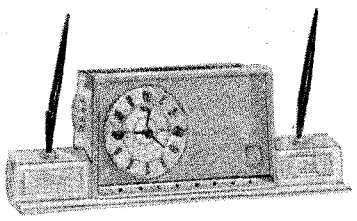

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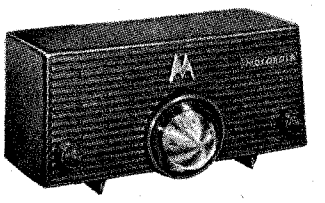

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Specifications subject to change without notice. Batteries extra on portable radios.

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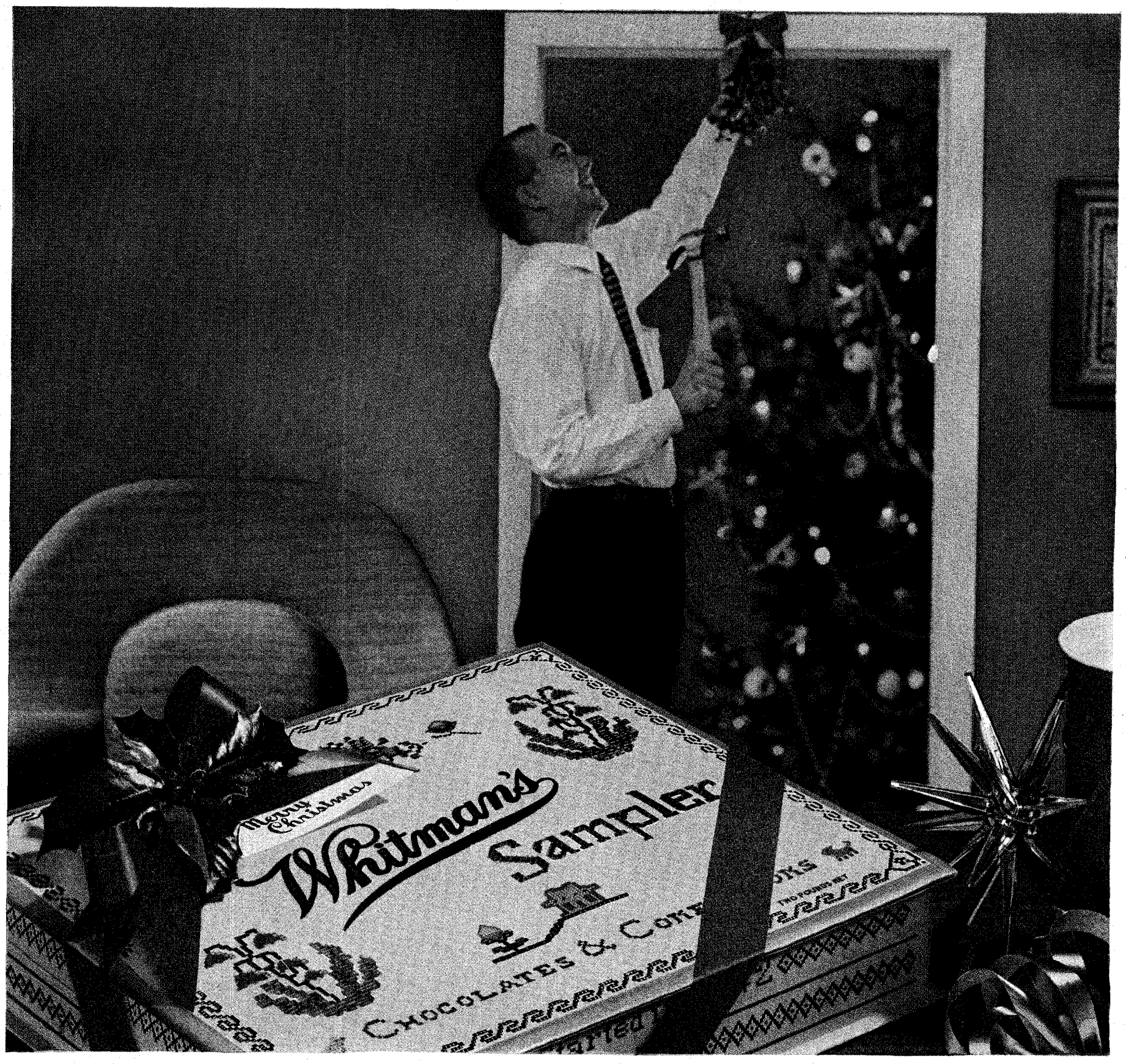


Who says men don't understand women !

Whitman knows better!

Because it's the men who buy the Sampler more than anybody—at Christmastime and *all* the time.

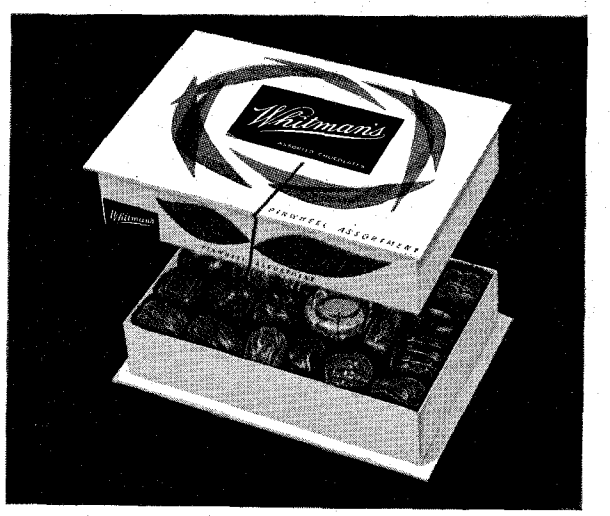
And do you know what they do with all those boxes of chocolates? They give them away—to the ladies!

The gals all love this, of course. They like to be remembered (and like *you* for remembering!). They like the candy too!

Whitman's chocolate is really something. It's an artful blend of three kinds of cocoa beans—the choicest varieties that come only from Ecuador, Trinidad and Venezuela.

How about the gals on *your* list? The Sampler is your answer, men. $2, $4, $6, $10.

New Pin Wheel package designed by Raymond Loewy, $1.50



Whitman's CHOCOLATES

a gal never forgets the man who remembers

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia

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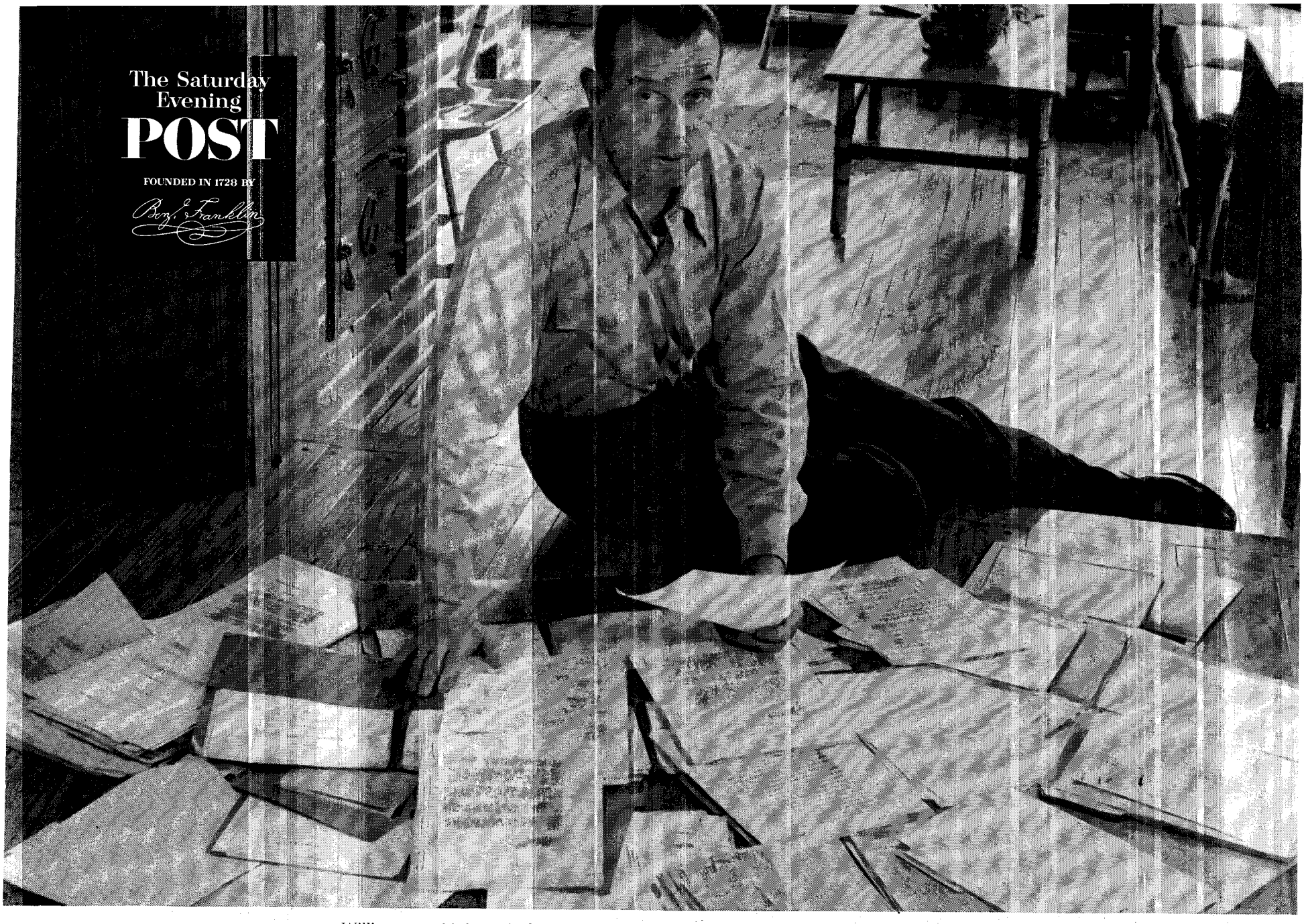
The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin



Williamson at his home in South Bend, Ind., with a few of the documents he collected to erase the label that almost ruined him. Right: during World War II he served as a fighter pilot.

They Called Me a Security Risk!

The author lost raises, promotions, peace of mind and ultimately his job because the Government labeled him a bad bet. Here's how he made the investigators eat their words.

By PORTER B. WILLIAMSON

In many ways I am just about as typical an American as you'll find anywhere. I was an Indiana farm boy, worked my way through the state university waiting on tables, and became a small-town Hoosier lawyer. I am a Presbyterian, a Rotarian and a Republican, an Elk, a Mason and an American Legionnaire. I have been modestly successful. I made a decent living as an attorney, and was twice elected county prosecutor. I flew night-fighter planes during World War II and attained the rank of major before my left leg was amputated because of a bone cancer. I was asked a few years ago to become a bank president. I am thirty-nine years old and the father of two children. The Williamsons have been in this country since the early

(Continued on Page 88)

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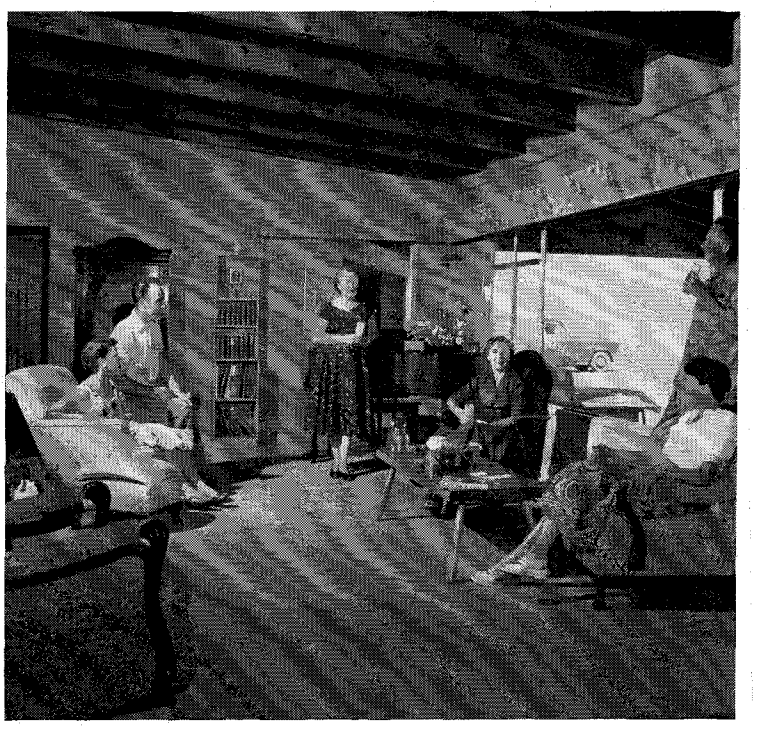
BARGAIN HOME ON THE RANGE

Looking for a desert hideaway? You can buy a sagebrush homestead from Uncle Sam for as little as $10 an acre.

By NEIL M. CLARK

Private real-estate brokers advertise public land for lease in Apple Valley, Cal. The agents make their profits by charging would-be homesteaders for help in locating tracts and filing on them.



Mrs. Fred Merk (standing) entertains at her 20th-century homestead in Apple Valley. Recently, the Merks put the place up for sale, asking $57,000.

We left the highway at Yucca Valley and branched off on the Victorville road. Wind-drifted sand half hid the blacktop. We climbed sharply. The little stretched-out desert town grew tiny below us, and signs of habitation ceased. Topping out among big boulders, the road struck off cattywampus across the high Mojave Desert with no house or living thing in sight.

"Who," I scoffed, "would live here?"

The Government man grinned. "Jack rabbits!"

As far as the eye carried, not a thing looked fresh and green. This was burro-and-pickax-prospector country, covered with greasewood and cactus, hemmed in by big brown barren mountains, dead-dry, with scarcely a sign to show that it ever rained. The blacktop petered out, and the car raised clouds of dust that settled like a shroud on leaf and branch.

Quite suddenly we came to the first fence. It was new and tight, and bore a private-property sign. Around the bend we found another. Inside this one was a cabin, one-roomed and toylike, obviously brand-new. After that they kept coming—fences, cabins, outhouses, a tent or two, a couple of trailers, some of the buildings still going up, others already lived in. No-trespassing signs were common, and an occasional grimly humorous one—Main Highway to Masons Corner, for instance, at an almost invisible path into the brush.

These were samples of the doings of Uncle Sam's latest crop of pioneers, the lusty '55ers who in this age of atoms, freeways and TV, are flocking to a dream. They are going to the land as our forefathers did when they followed Daniel Boone and, within a century, licked a wilderness that such Founding Fathers as Jefferson and Franklin thought might take twenty-five generations to subdue. These new ones are different. They ride on rubber, and in this particular spot they were weekend pioneers only. The day we were there not a soul was around; they had locked up and gone away to weekday jobs.

But if they are different, they are also fundamentally the same. Days spent talking to dozens of them and to Bureau of Land Management officials who are helping them locate, make it perfectly clear that most of them are still ridden by the same old earthy hunger, the curiously dominating desire for freedom on a sizable patch of land of one's own. The latest land rush follows, in essentials, the pattern and policy followed from the beginning in the building of this nation: private ownership by hardy individuals or groups setting out with the Government's blessing to settle unoccupied land—the policy that has played so big a part in making the United States, agriculturally, a land of plenty and surpluses, while Russia, with communal ownership and collective farms, struggles against famine.

These newest pioneers, known in some quarters as jack-rabbit pioneers because many of them take land that only a jack rabbit could love, are eager, earnest and often delighted; they are young, middle-aged and old; some are poor, some are well fixed. Though the land they take is usually too sorry for agriculture, in some places they are flocking to it in droves and performing wonders.

This emigration has little to do with cows, chickens or raising one's own vegetables. That

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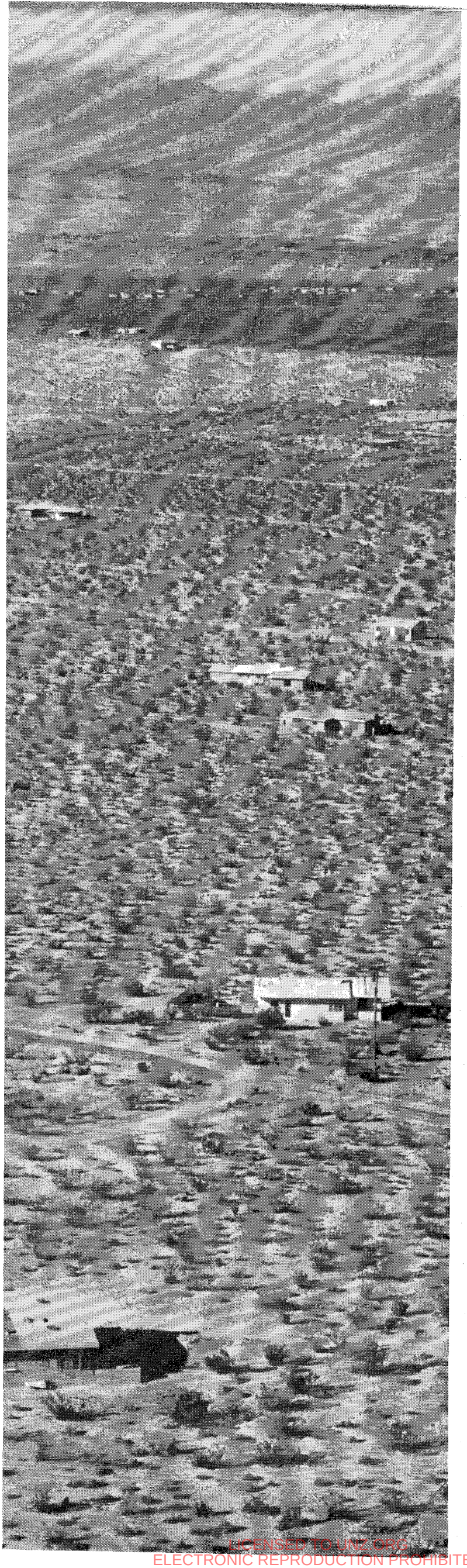
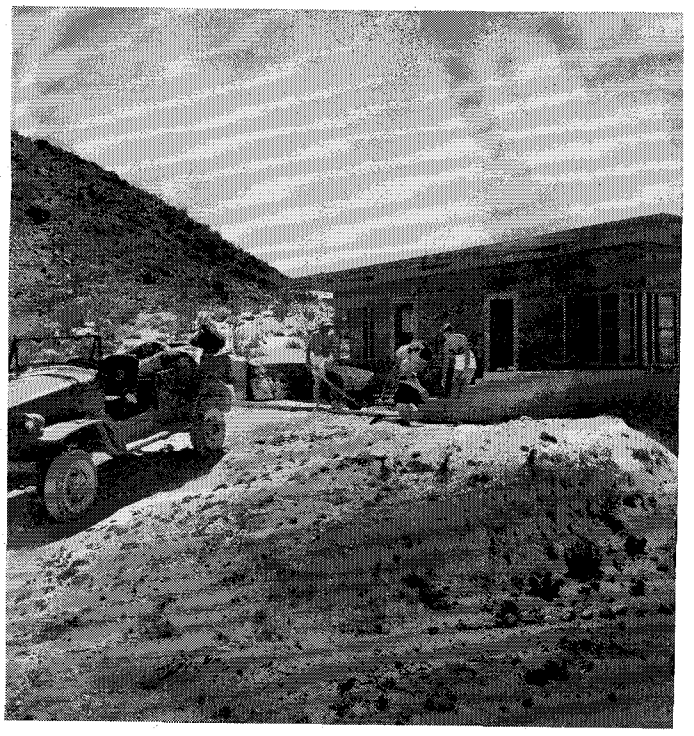


Smog-free air
and low-cost open land
have lured homesteaders to
Sherman Highlands, a small-tract
development outside
Twentynine Palms, Cal.



The Oscar Kulbergs, of Pasadena, built a four-room cottage in Sherman Highlands as a weekend retreat.

can come into it, of course. But mainly the deal is for more fresh air and elbowroom than cities usually afford, a wish for a more personal place than a motel for weekends, a desire to get away from smog in industrialized areas, a wish for a place of retreat in case of coastal nuclear attacks, a desire by some approaching retirement for the promise of freedom and lower living costs, and in general a longing for a better everyday chance to relax, chase a hobby, live securely. The movement got its big push in 1938, when Congress passed the Small Tracts Act, enabling Uncle Sam to sell public land in small parcels for special purposes.

Tracts under this act are available in twenty-six states and Alaska, with bits and pieces elsewhere. There never was any public domain in the original thirteen states or in the five additional states created from them, nor in Texas. Almost none is left in Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa or Ohio. Indiana is said to have just eight acres. Only remnants are left in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Michigan, Mississippi, Nebraska,

(Continued on Page 98)

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The Case of the Missing Poison

How did Old Man Higley die? "I killed him," the girl claimed. But Perry Mason didn't believe her.

Beginning a new murder mystery **By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER**

The drugged girl lay on the couch, her left arm extended. The man who stood over her held the microphone of a tape recorder.

"What is your name?" he asked.

The green light of the magic eye on the tape recorder flickered in an oscillating fan as the tones of the man's voice registered.

His left hand made a slight adjustment of the volume on the tape recorder. His voice, quietly insistent, filled with enough authority to make it positive, yet not so mandatory as to arouse antagonism within the girl's subconscious mind, repeated the question again, "What is your name?"

The drugged girl stirred briefly. Her eyelids flickered.

There was no impatience in the man's voice, only that same quiet, authoritative insistence. "What is your name?"

This time the girl's lips moved. The voice was slurred with drug-induced drowsiness. The sound was unintelligible.

"You'll have to speak louder," the voice insisted, beating its way through to her consciousness. "Speak louder. What is your name?"

"Nadine."

"That's better. What is your full name?"

"Nadine."

"Your full name."

"Nadine Farr."

"Nadine, do you remember asking me to give you a truth-serum test?"

She yawned.

"Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"You promised that you would co-operate?"

"Yes."

"You are going to co-operate?"

"Yes."

"Move your right hand, Nadine."

She moved the right hand.

"That's fine. Now raise your right hand."

The right hand moved, but did not rise.

"Raise your right hand, Nadine. Nadine, raise your right hand. Raise your right hand."

The hand was raised slowly with visible effort.

"Raise it higher. Raise it higher, Nadine. Higher."

The hand was lifted higher.

"That's fine. Now drop your hand. Tell me the truth, is there anyone in the world whom you hate?"

"Not now."

"Does someone hate you?"

"Not now."

"Are you in love?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever hate anyone?"

"Yes."

"Man or woman?"

"Man."

"Who is that man?"

"He's dead."

"Nadine, I am Doctor Denair. I am your doctor. Do you have full confidence in me?"

"Yes."

"Will you tell me everything about yourself?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to tell the whole truth?"

"I guess so."

"Will you tell the truth?"

"I —yes."

"There is someone whom you hated?"

"Yes."

"He is dead?"

"Yes."

"When did he die?"

"Summer."

"How did he die?"

The drugged girl answered easily and naturally, "I killed him."

Doctor Denair, who had been framing another question, jerked backward as though the sleepy voice had struck him with the impact of a physical blow. He glanced at the nurse who was standing by the beaker containing distilled water and an anesthetic. The carefully measured solution was dripping into the girl's veins at just the

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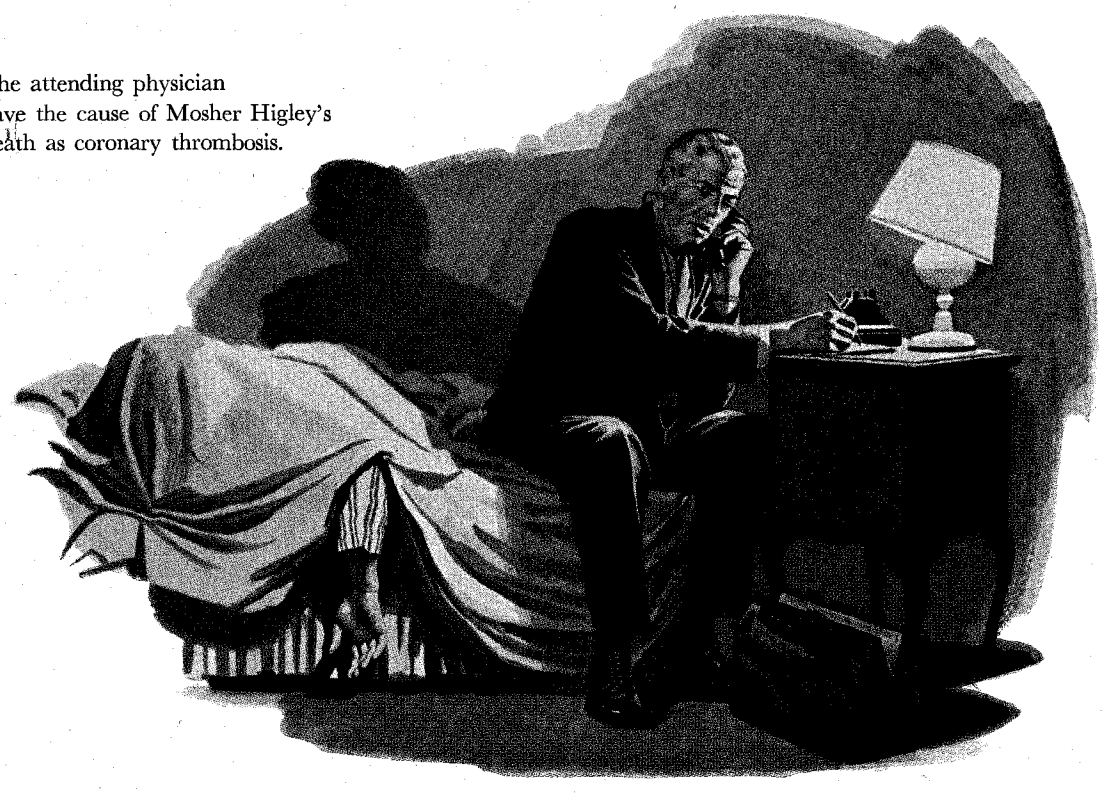

The attending physician gave the cause of Mosher Higley's death as coronary thrombosis.

"Nadine, tell me the truth," said Doctor Denair. "How did he die?"

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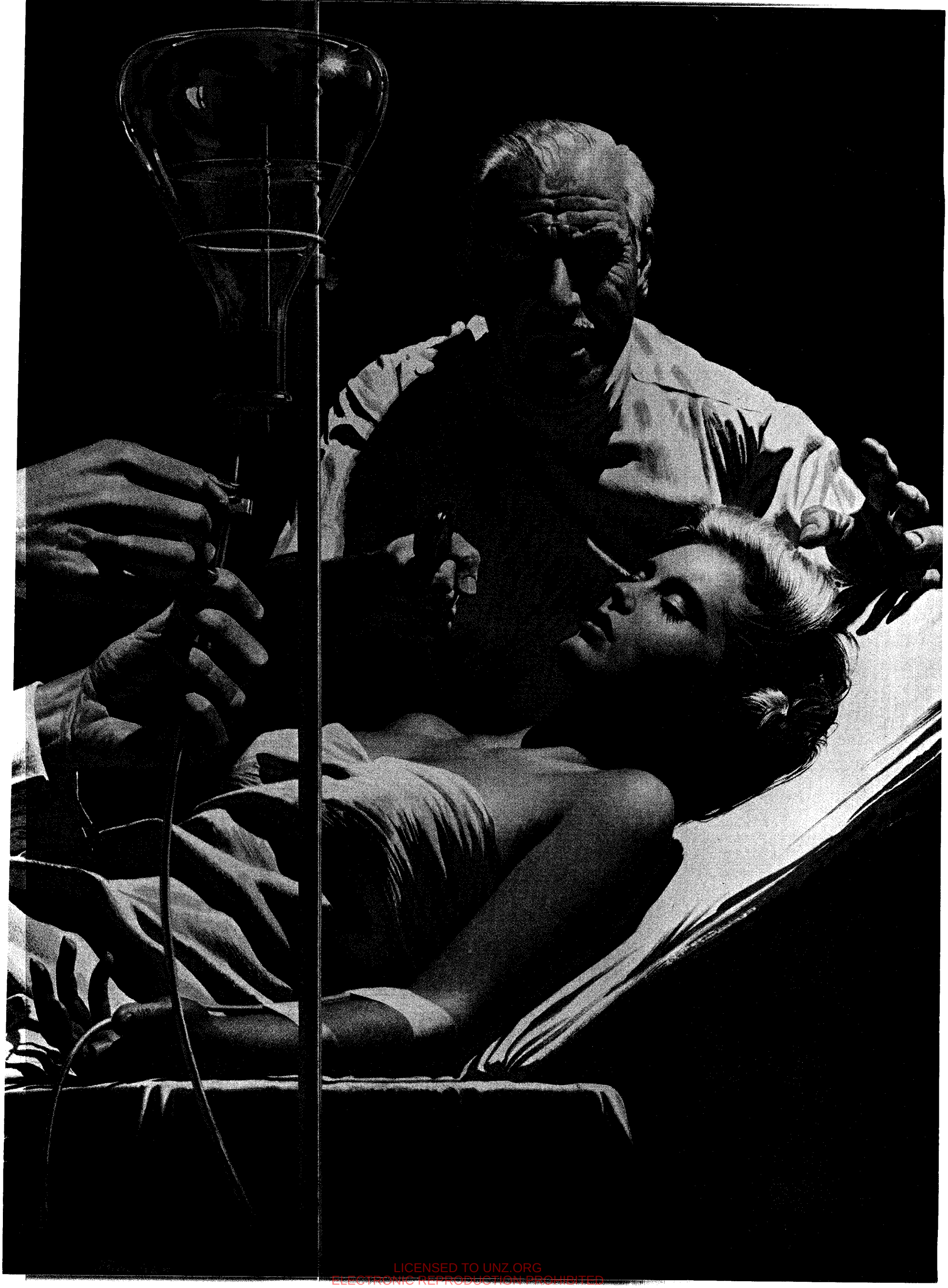

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Uninhibited Restaurant

By John Kobler

At the Elizabethan Room, colorful London restaurant, one may dine as lustily as Falstaff, and pinch the serving wenches who hustle the food.

Guests grow bolder as the Elizabethan feast progresses. The restaurant, located in the Gore Hotel, is a faithful replica of a Tudor banqueting hall.

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"Chief Wench" Adza Vincent serves a boar's head to Maj. Herbert King, of the Canadian Army. A group of Royal Navy officers once abducted a "subwench" from the restaurant.

In their eager pursuit of the picturesque, more and more London tourists are discovering a curious restaurant called the Elizabethan Room, which seeks to re-create the ribald and raucous social climate of England under the Virgin Queen. "The Spaniard eats," a courtier of Merrie England once observed, "the German drinks, and the English exceed in both." At 35 shillings ($4.90) a head, the Elizabethan Room provides, amid candlelit Tudor furnishings, a succession of fifteen to twenty heaping dishes prepared from sixteenth-century recipes, two heady wines or ale, and the provocative attentions of buxom "serving wenches" in low-cut bodices. Opened two years ago to celebrate the coronation of Elizabeth II, the restaurant now regales an average of thirty people a night—it serves no lunch—encouraging them to toss bones over their shoulders, bellow archaic oaths, jolly the wenches and generally comport themselves like Falstaff on a toot.

"We have only two strict rules," says the originator of this gastronomic nonesuch, a wry-humored, thirty-one-year-old Scot, named Robin Jared Stanley Howard, who stands six feet two inches on artificial legs—his own legs were blown off during the war. "You must not intentionally hit a painting or a wench with a bone. You may pinch the wenches, providing no mark shows next day."

Howard, who runs the restaurant chiefly as a hobby—the Gore Hotel, near Hyde Park, of which it is a sideshow, remains his primary source of income—spares no pains to remove his clientele's inhibitions. As they enter through a massive Tudor doorway, passing under crossed swords and a vizor, a wench greets them with a fetching smile, and proceeds to dispense in equal proportions titbits of Elizabethan lore and flirtation. There is a Chief Wench, as Howard likes to refer to her, Adza Vincent, an ample brunet actress of Irish birth; an Assistant Wench, a North Country redhead with a melting voice named Margot Buchanan, who used to model; and a pool of comely subwenches, upon which Howard draws when business is extra brisk. Gentleman Elizabethan diner-outers carried a dagger for both eating and fighting, and these delectable females, pointing to a whetstone by the door, customarily ask: "Wilt sharpen thy blade, kind sir?" An (Continued on Page 118)

Peter Herbert (left), the Gore's manager, selects some swans for the Elizabethan Room cook pot.

Michael Mitchell clowns with his date, Jane Ward (r.), and the Assistant Wench, Margot Buchanan.

The hotel's owner, Robin Howard, inspects one of chef Emile Huss' masterpieces—Hare in Coffin.

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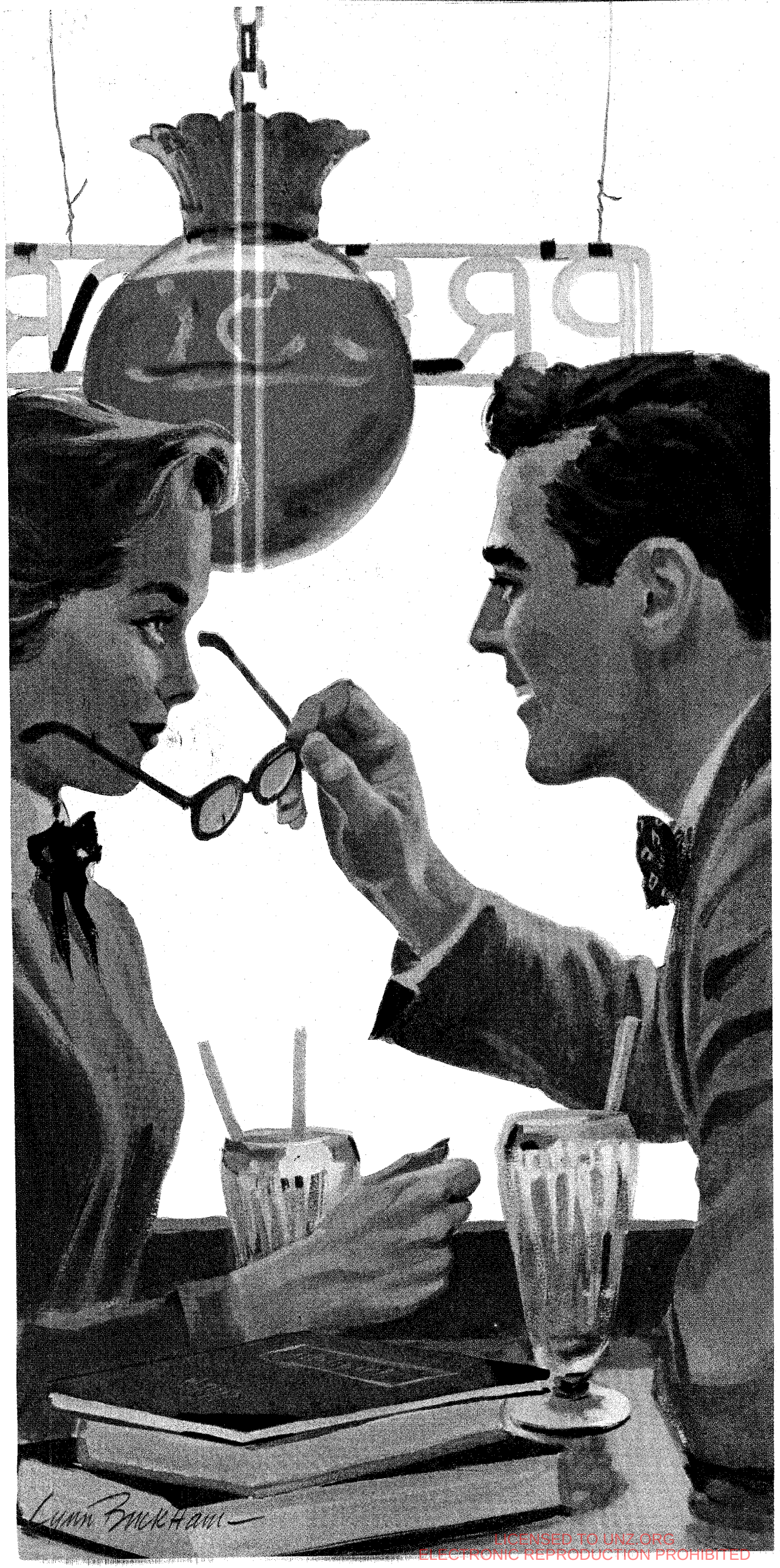

THE GIRL WHO WORE GLASSES

She was one of those mousy-looking, bookwormy females. How had she nabbed the most popular man on campus?

By ALICE ELEANOR JONES

I was sitting in Doc Heinzelman's class, and he was popping off about the modern British poets—modern to him was Alfred Tennyson—and usually I kind of liked it. It could hit you somewhere. Some critic said once that good poetry hits you in the stomach, but not me. It hits me in the back of the neck and runs down my spine, like a shiver. Today, though, I wasn't with it. It was spring, and I was looking out the window at the campus and doodling from time to time as if taking notes.

English was not my major, I was a mathematics man, but, as I said, I kind of liked it, and, besides, Dolly was taking it. Dolly was my girl before she saw me on the back porch with Katy Humes at the house dance.

I was sitting in the last row with Patch Leonard, and Dolly was about halfway up, next to Skip Collier. She was wearing a green sweater and skirt—she wore a lot of green on account of her hair—but I wasn't looking at her, naturally.

Patch spoke under his breath, "Who you got for the Ring, boy?"

The Ring is the senior-class dance, tradition and hearts and flowers, and so forth, and if a girl doesn't get a bid, she might as well be dead. With a (Continued on Page 78)

"Off!" Lance ordered. He reached and pulled her glasses away.

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Above: Big sister contemplates new little brothers and reflects on the harsh fact that she is no longer the constant center of attention. Below: Barbara as an only child in 1952.

After several years of childless marriage, the author and his wife adopted a daughter. Events moved smoothly for a while, but

...THEN WE HAD TWINS

By HARRY BELL

When we adopted a baby girl five years ago and my wife, Peggy, went on to make medical history while losing a child of our own, I figured nothing else could ever happen that would change our lives so much. That was before we had twins.

You may remember reading about our Barbara before in this magazine (WE ADOPTED A DAUGHTER, August 16, 1952). And you may be familiar with the problems that arise when a new baby is born to a family that has older children in it. But I doubt whether any parents, natural or adoptive, ever went to the lengths we did to make sure that Barbara would remain a prominent part of the act. And I doubt whether any child ever made a better play for center stage than our home-grown Sarah Bernhardt did. It's been quite a show.

My first notice of the chaos ahead came at five P.M. on February 25, 1955. I was in New York City on a business trip, and when I got back to my hotel room that afternoon I decided to call Peggy at home in Los Angeles. As it turned out, she'd been trying to reach me earlier in the day. She had just been to see her obstetrician for a routine prenatal checkup, and he had told her that we were going to have twins in about five months. I nearly fainted.

Twins! I thought as I hung up. There was no doubt about it. The X rays proved it.

I floated down to the bar and informed my friends there that (Continued on Page 107)

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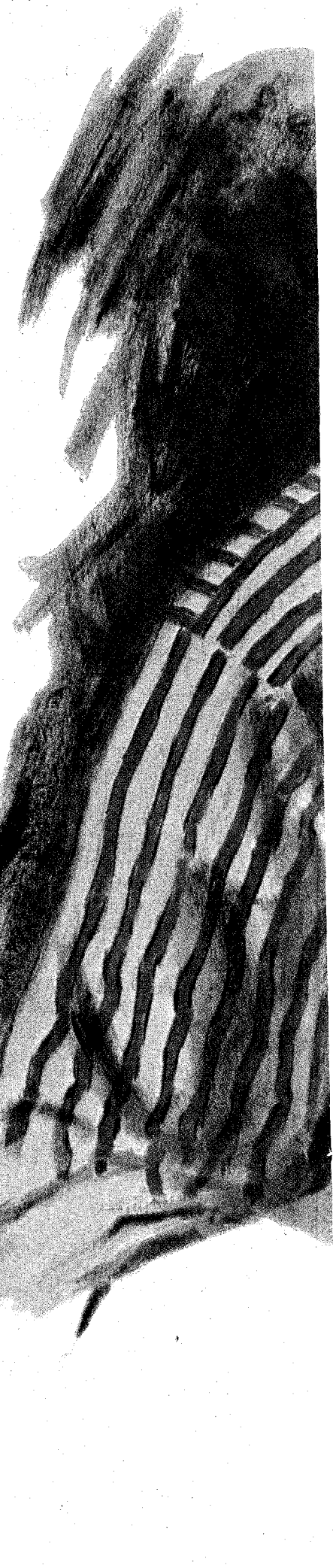
They didn't even have a place to live.

What did they have to celebrate?

Barren Christmas

By OLAF RUHEN



It was just four days to go to Christmas when the flood began, and I guess you wouldn't believe what a heartbreak it is to have a flood at Christmastime; and especially at a Christmastime when everybody was working so hard to make it good. We wanted to make this Christmas something special, because of the way dad was feeling about Tommy. The day the rain started I had been working on Christmas all my spare time, pretty near.

Just after lunch I saddled up old Stone and rode up into the hills. Stone was nowhere in the same class as my blue roan, Tempest, either for style or for speed, but he had been bred up in the Blue Mountains, and he was as sure as a wallaby amongst the rocks. Tempest, if anything, was a bit too long in the pastern.

I rode right up to the tops of the hills, looking out to find where the best Christmas bush was growing, and I gathered a big armful, real bright red stuff, on long branches. Mum always said you couldn't have an Australian Christmas without Christmas bush, but she didn't know what was coming up for us that year. I rode home the long way, by the swamp, and the Christmas bells were like a carpet—red and gold lilies so bright and thick they were like an acre of flames. And last of all, just a little way from home, I went aside to follow along the banks of the creek, because I wanted to mark a she-oak good enough to serve for a Christmas tree.

There aren't any pines in our part of the country, but the she-oaks look like the real thing when they are young; only they grow out all on one side, and you have to pick one very carefully if you want a good one, and then, sometimes, you have to stand it near the corner after all.

I was away all the afternoon; and just as I came to the garden fence near the house and dropped the Christmas bush over it, the rain came down—great big splashes of rain that spread as big as saucers where they hit the clay road in front of the stables.

Ralph was at the trough with the team. He started to ask me how far I'd had to go for the Christmas bush. He liked to get up in the hills himself, but since Tommy had left he hadn't had that much time. But dad saw him from the door of the smithy, where he was working—we made all our own hinges and iron gear, and our gates swung better than anybody's.

"You hurry up and get the team fed," dad said.

"And, Dave, get the cow in. Then you can turn Stone out in the back paddock, against the Hundred Acre."

"Aw, gee, dad," I said, but he had gone back to the forge. The back paddock meant a half-mile walk.

"The river's going to rise," Ralph told me. "The radio's carried flood warnings all afternoon."

We didn't say anything about dad getting on our backs like that. He had been a bit touchy and hard to get on with ever since Tommy left home. It began when Tommy came home from school and announced that he wasn't going to have anything to do with the farm. He wanted to study for the air force and be a pilot, and he had to get dad's permission because he was only seventeen. There was a big row, and Tommy left and got a job with a radio store, and dad was hurt, because he had been counting on Tommy. He took it all out on Ralph. Ralph was a bit slow. He could do anything at all with the stock, but he just didn't have any notion when it came to business; while Tommy was as sharp as a tack. I guess dad thought I was too young to take much account of. I was only thirteen then, last August. Ralph and I had the same birthday, only he was seven years older.

"What's the use of a peace-time soldier?" dad used to

(Continued on Page 55)

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"Everybody's going to be all right," she said. "It's going to be a really happy Christmas for us all."

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This is My Story

By ARTHUR GODFREY as told to Pete Martin

The man who made Julius LaRosa famous tells why he gave the boy the bounce—and how, thereafter, he was billed as a public menace anytime he fired anyone for any reason.

After Arthur let him go, Julius LaRosa jumped to the Ed Sullivan show.

Songstress Marion Marlowe followed the trail blazed by LaRosa.

PART SIX

If I had only had the good sense to stay put—but what am I talking about? In my kind of work—and, I suspect, in most others—you don't stay put. You either keep moving or you stagnate and rot.

In previous installments of these memoirs I have told you how in January of 1934 I became what is loosely called in the trade an "independent artist," conducting my own early-morning program from the CBS outlet in Washington; how I was catapulted into the "big time" by my first all-night edition of that program and the enthusiastic help of the famous Broadway columnist, Walter Winchell; and how, finally, after laying a good many eggs in New York, I persuaded CBS, in 1941, to let me do an early-morning show of my own kind on its New York key station WABC (now WCBS). I continued the same type of program in Washington, and by the middle 1940's these two operations had become enormously successful.

Yet I often look back with pleasure to those good years of the late 1930's, when I was flourishing in Washington. I wasn't rich, but I was well off. I had bought my first farm in 1935 and was happily breeding horses and feeding cattle and learning farming the hard way—by paying through the nose. I had a thirty-two-foot ACF cruiser in which, for nearly seven years, I stalked the striped bass, bluefish and sea trout in the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay; and I gorged on steamed crabs, oyster fritters and cold beer all the way from Colonial Beach to Solomon's Island.

Bob Ashburn and I had a little flying school going down at Hybla Valley, just south of Alexandria, Virginia, and our pride and joy was an old Taylor Cub on floats in which we flew hundreds of happy, carefree hours. Life was busy and full, and my programs were the tales of my adventures. I talked of flying incessantly, promoting the schools and the air lines and the aviation branches of the armed services.

I courted my wife-to-be on horseback in Washington's Rock Creek Park and in a canoe on the bosom of the Potomac above Key Bridge, and this moved me to write a deplorable song entitled Pale Potomac Moon. It was published by Joe Davis, and my tolerant old friend, Capt. Taylor Branson, caused it to be arranged for the United States Marine Band and occasionally played "by popular request."

I got along beautifully with the local press. Dick Tennelly, of the Washington Daily News, and I carried on a Bernie-Winchell type of friendly feud for years. He razzed me in his column, and I gave him what-for on the air. Later I wrote a daily column for Johnny O'Rourke, of the News, but finally had to give it up because of lack of time.

Thus I built myself into what might be called a respectable institution around Washington. I ruled my roost with a firm hand, refusing to accept the sponsorship of any client whose product fell short of my standards. Gradually I developed the philosophy which guides my activities to this day: My first obligation is to my audience.

But I didn't stay put in Washington, and I may as well get on with my story. Reminiscences are fun, but the world moves along—and so did I.

In November of 1944, I did my first TV show, a demonstration of the technique of taking a pint of blood from a donor's arm (my own). At that time there were less than 100 television sets in New York, but the resultant publicity was good for the blood drive. Shortly afterward, fed up with the Navy's con-

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Complete List of Lucky Buck Numbers, Story, Rules on Page Five
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FIRING UNFAIR, SAYS LaROSA IN TEARS
Julius Rallies To Defense of Godfrey Gang Girl
DAILY NEWS
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4¢
FIRED 9 TELL OF GODFREY PURGE
Marion Cries; Haleloke Takes to Bed
Godfrey Adds Three Heads To Collection
By Josephine Di Lorenzo and Henry Machirella
The Society of Former Friends, Viewers and Admirers of Arthur Godfrey, which recently has been growing by leaps and bounds both within the trade and among audiences, was increased by three yesterday. With the same drastic lack of forewarn-
BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN
WEATHER
SPORTS STAR
JAN DAVIS SEES SELF NEXT TO GO
Godfrey Aid Says Boss 'Sick Man'
CITY EDITION
DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER
4¢
GODFREY CITED AS WILD FLIER
Port Authority Files Charge

"Up until 1953, there never had been any unfavorable front-page publicity about me or anyone in my cast," says Arthur. However, since he so "heartlessly" gave Julius LaRosa the heave-ho, reporters have really raked Godfrey over the coals. (Actually, Julius thanked Godfrey for giving him his release, Arthur reveals.) In January, 1954, the papers jumped on old airman Godfrey for "buzzing" the tower at Teterboro Airport, N. J.

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Last spring, Arthur released his Hawaiian singer, Haleloke (above), and the Mariners quartet (below) because they "just didn't fit into the picture any more." Earlier, Godfrey had parted company with orchestra leader Archie Bleyer (shown at left) after he discovered that the musician was making records for one of Arthur's competitors.

tinued refusals to take me on active duty, I became a war correspondent and with several gallons of whole blood under my arm—from my GAPSALS (Give-a-Pint-Save-a-Life Society) in New York—I hitched rides in Navy and Air Force planes and delivered the precious fluid to the hospitals in Saipan on Thanksgiving Day.

Dick Swift, who later became general manager of WCBS, accompanied me on that trip as my technical aide.

Our visit to the forward areas of the Pacific theater filled me with a violent loathing for the apathy of the folks at home. I decided I needed a national audience, as big, percentage-wise, as those who listened to my daily shows in New York and Washington. I began to pressure the CBS brass into giving me network time in the morning. Bill Paley, the present chairman of the board of CBS, was on active duty overseas as a colonel in the Army, but Frank Stanton, then a vice-president and now the distinguished president of CBS, liked my idea and helped me present it to the other veeps.

There were, however, a few problems: The network was sold out from about ten o'clock every morning until the middle of the afternoon with a profusion of soap operas which had dominated the scene for years and seemed to be the only fare in which the audience showed any interest. (Continued on Page 103)

NEXT WEEK

Arthur Godfrey tells about his brush with death in 1953. He also reveals what he does to bring in over $22,000,000 worth of TV and radio business a year.

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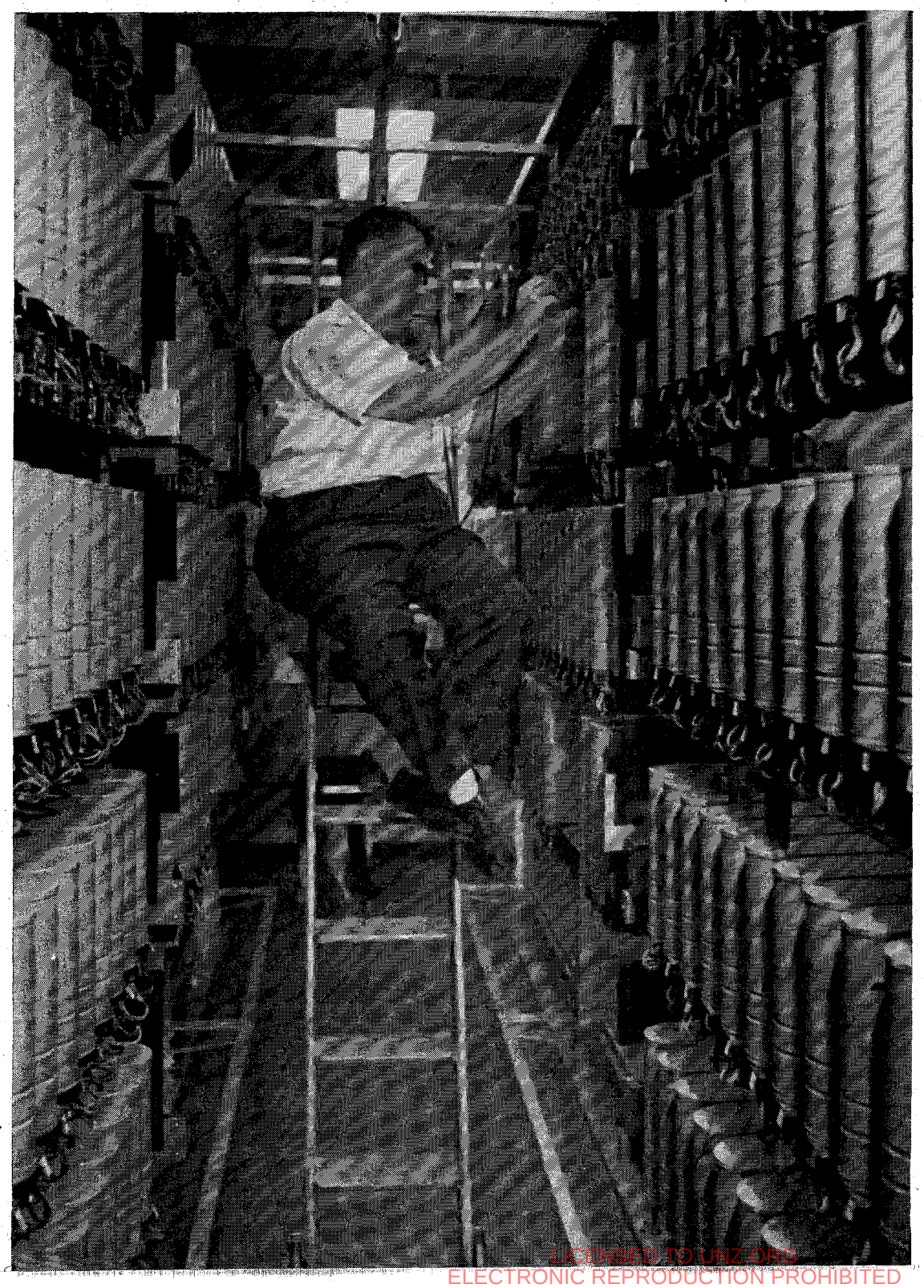
He's Blind, But He's a Wizard

By Ben Pearse

Irvin Hershowitz, born without eyesight, grew up to triumph over adversity and become an expert in a most complicated vocation.

Irvin Hershowitz on the job at Bolling Air Force Base, near Washington, where he's employed as a trouble shooter in the telephone exchange. "We never think of him as being handicapped," reports Irvin's boss.



Armed Forces Day ranks well up in the hierarchy of official events in the nation's capital. For twenty-four hours before, Bolling Air Force Base nearby is swarming with Very Important Persons, foreign attachés and high brass. On the eve of the observances last May, half the telephone lines on the airfield were shorted by water seepage in an underground cable. With some stretch of the imagination, it might have been the preview of an atomic attack.

Hangars on the north end of the field, where bigwigs were arriving in droves, were cut off from communication with the outside world. Telephones in the motor pool, operations and headquarters were strangely silent while ungreeted dignitaries waited on the hangar aprons for staff cars. With one half the field in a communications limbo, scores of officers on the other half reached for their telephones to find out what was the matter. The trouble board on the telephone exchange lighted up like a pinball machine.

At this juncture, the calmest person on the field was the stocky, dark-haired man who sat before the "panic panel," flipping the test keys and answering impatient calls in a voice that was quietly reassuring. From time to time, buzzers sounded in the room behind him. The stocky man arose, threaded his way carefully among rows of panels crammed with clicking, bobbing rods and banks of flashing lights. Cocking an ear intently, he adjusted a coil spring here, changed a fuse or tightened a connection there, and returned to his desk to answer the incessantly ringing phone.

This crisis passed, like others before and since. The notable feature of the incident was that the stocky trouble shooter couldn't see the flashing lights, the equipment panels or the bobbing rods he adjusted so deftly. He had never seen a telephone, nor even the screwdriver he manipulated as though it were an extra finger growing out of the palm of his hand. He has (Continued on Page 128)

Irvin and his dog, Ace, tour the Maryland School for the Blind with Irvin's old instructor, Peter Balter.

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Her eyes darted from the nurse to the doctor and she said, "It gets colder by the minute."

He was a clever doctor—but not clever enough to fool

The Patient in One-Sixteen

By RONALD SERCOMBE

Doctor Sullivan walked briskly down the corridor of the north wing of Mathers Unit, Jacksonville Medical Hospital. He was oblivious of the pungent odor of iodoform and the sickly sweet smell of ether. But he was acutely conscious of the quietness.

Only two hours ago, trays and dishes had been clattering, nurses and orderlies bustling and visitors chattering. But promptly at eight o'clock, the intercom had warned—and the voice had been thickly Southern: "Visitin' hours are ovah! Visitin' hours are ovah!"

Now the tone, so subdued, was of an entirely different character. Here a moan, there a groan. Hillbilly music from a softly tuned radio; from afar, the faint but swelling wail of a siren. More business, Doctor Sullivan thought.

It was not Doctor Sullivan's duty, as chief resident, to make the rounds each evening. He did, anyhow. Not that he was an ergophile. It was merely that he had long ago discovered that when he did, he slept better.

Now he took a few pulses, occasionally prescribed an extra sedative, patted a shoulder, made a joke or two and, in general, saw to it that his children were comfortably bedded down for the long night. He gave a little hell to Mr. Raleigh, in One-Oh-Nine. Mr. Raleigh was perforated ulcer. His nurse had caught him eating a piece of pie that a thoughtless relative had sneaked in.

Passing One-Eleven, he smelled smoke and saw a blue shaft escaping from the door ventilator. Mr. Anderson was an acute cardiac case. As Doctor Sullivan walked into the room, the patient hastily ground out the butt in a slipper.

"Bill," the doctor said lightly, "at this stage nicotine is like feeding strychnine to a baby. I know it's tough. But in just a couple of weeks, I'll personally give you a pipe and some tobacco. O.K.?"

My children, he thought as he left the room, *are really unruly tonight. I'll have to get out my razor strop.*

At One-Sixteen he stopped again. The door was slightly ajar. He stuck his head around the screen. She was seated in a wheel chair. The chair had been rolled flush against a small table situated directly beneath a floor lamp. Her hair was a (Continued on Page 47)

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I Went Preaching Through Russia

By V. Carney Hargroves, D.D.

"Everywhere we saw the faces of people seeking God." Fervent Russians press forward to greet the author (center) after services at the Baptist church in Moscow.

"Lucy," the interpreter, takes the visiting clergymen on a tour of Red Square. Heading the group on a walk around the Kremlin walls are Dr. Hargroves and the Rev. Arnold Ohrn, of Washington, D. C.

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An American minister's surprising report on his journey deep inside Russia, where thousands flocked to hear missionaries from the United States.

The Russian boy was one of the most beautiful children I have ever seen. He stood before me in a thronged Baptist church in Moscow, where I and three other Western clergymen were preaching.

One of my companions was in the pulpit. The boy's rapt interest as Joe Jackson spoke in English, and then, when Jackson paused, as the Russian interpreter translated, filled me with nostalgia. When he had finished, I leaned toward Madame Novikova, the Russian interpreter, and whispered, "Please write a note for me. Say this: 'When I was your age, I was once listening to a preacher, just as you are now, and I decided to become a Christian. It wasn't very many years after that that I found myself not only a Christian but a minister of Christ. Would you be interested in following the same road? If you will apply to your pastor when the sermons are over, he will have a copy of a Gospel for you, which I shall give him.'"

This note was duly written in Russian and delivered, and it came my turn to preach. Since I was the last to speak, I characterized the four of us as a train. Joe Jackson was the locomotive, followed by the pay load, Arnold Ohrn and Ted Adams. Trailing along at the rear came Carney Hargroves, caboose—last car on the American train.

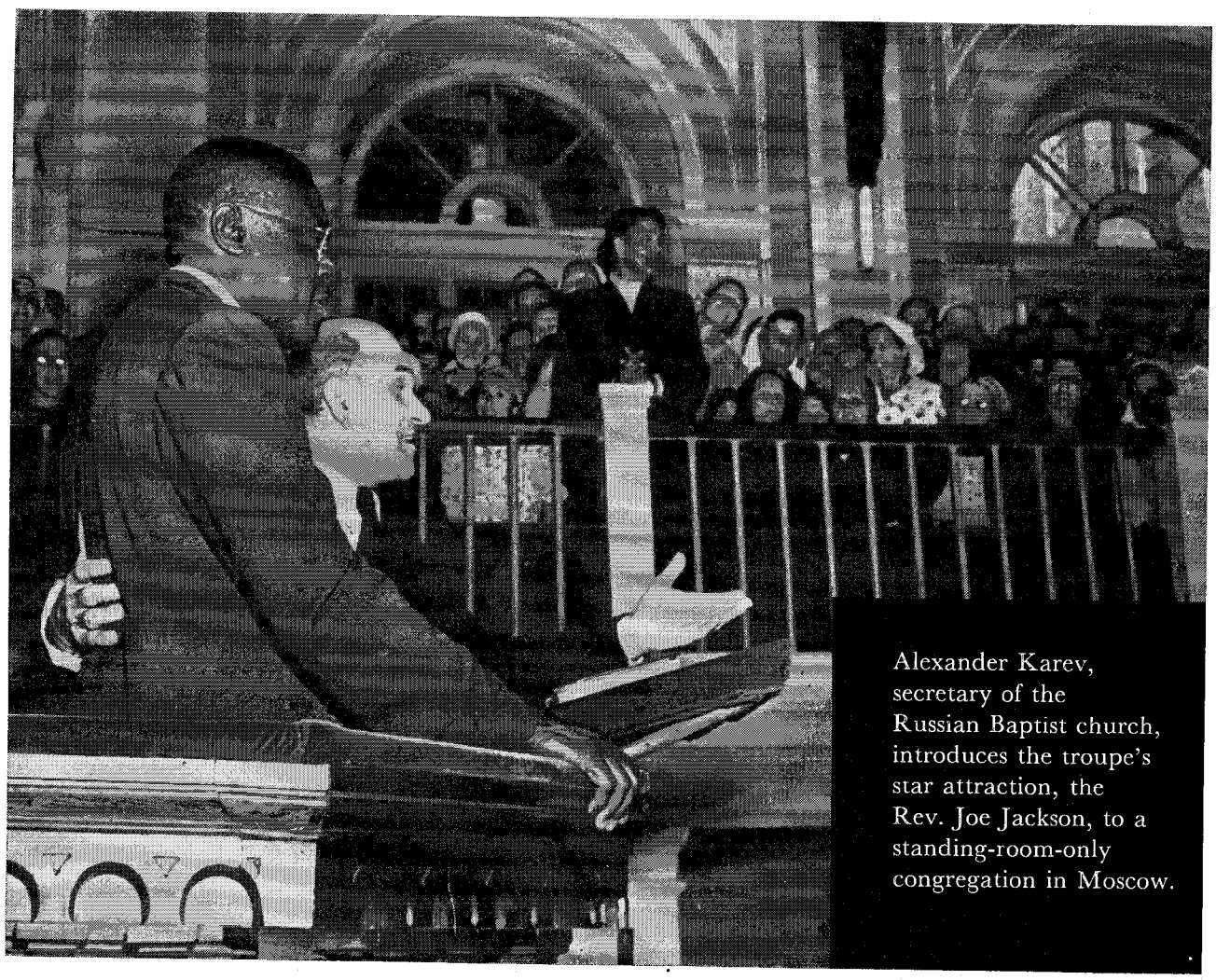
I finished my fifteen-minute sermon, prayers were led by the Russian pastor, and the people sang their closing hymn—God be With You Till We Meet Again. With the last stanza they performed a quaint old gesture that is almost forgotten in America today—I have no idea how it has survived in Russia. Each person in the congregation gave the "Chautauqua salute." He took out his handkerchief and waved it in time with the music.

The people then crowded around the pulpit, as they did everywhere in Russia, to ask their endless, seeking questions—about God, about America, about peace. In the midst of the pressing throng I saw the beautiful child again. He was speaking to the Russian pastor. I caught Madame Novikova's arm and asked her to tell me what was being said. She translated the dialogue. "A book?" the pastor asked. "A Gospel? You know we have hardly a Bible; how can I have a Gospel for you? . . . One of the Americans, you say? He wrote you a note? Well, then, which one? Which of the Americans?"

"The caboose!" the boy cried. "The last car on the American train has a Gospel for me!"

I made my way to the pastor's side and gave the boy his Gospel—whether it was Matthew, Mark, Luke or John I don't now remember. I should like to think it was Mark, for Saint Mark, too, was a boy who followed the apostles, in a time of great persecution, and whose work and writing live today throughout Christendom. I know only that somewhere in Moscow there is now at least one boy who owns a tiny book containing the word of the Prince of Peace, and I pray that someday he may preach that word to his brethren—the word of God

(Continued on Page 110)



Alexander Karev, secretary of the Russian Baptist church, introduces the troupe's star attraction, the Rev. Joe Jackson, to a standing-room-only congregation in Moscow.

Russo-American garden party at the suburban Moscow home of Jacob Zhidkov, leader of the Soviet Baptists (left, with beard), talking to the Rev. Ted Adams of Richmond, Va. The bottles contain soft drinks.

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THE MAGNIFICENT FRAUD

Moresby the smuggler was enjoying his greatest triumph. The Reds were actually helping him to make fools of them!

By JACOB HAY

Of course, all this happened during those brisk years just after the war, long before Moresby got his title and Moresby's Patent Steak and Fish Sauce had come to be a necessity at every decently provided British table. Sir Leopold Moresby, he is now. But he wasn't then, not by a long shot.

Only a cynic or a scoundrel could have set up the Andorra & San Marino Export Company, Ltd., in the first place, and only a barefaced rogue would have announced the establishment of branch offices in Liechtenstein, Monaco and Tangier. Moresby was all of these things, after his fashion, and the business prospered mightily, unhampered as it was by the futile and troublesome barriers of tariffs and restrictions so common in larger countries, so notably absent in San Marino, Andorra, and so on.

Did the ladies of Madrid yearn for sheerer nylons? The Andorra & San Marino Export Company stood ready to supply their wants. Did the gentlemen of France stand in need of American cigarettes; or the yeomen of England, did they thirst for French brandy? Need a Roman matron lack for Black Sea caviar? They or she had only to write to any of the company's offices, and presently Moresby would drop by the obscure tobacconist's or the concierge's cubbyhole or whatever address he had listed in the firm's discreetly worded advertisements, and the plaintive plea, usually written on expensive notepaper, would be answered.

The fact was that Moresby was the company. He had added the "Ltd." to the firm's name for pure swank; all the better companies seemed to be limited.

It was a stimulating business, and if its success aroused harsh cries from the bosoms of more orthodox practitioners of the commercial arts and sciences, that was a pity. The postage-stamp principalities and the souvenir republics welcomed men of daring and vision, and the field was wide open. Moresby would have delighted in the competition. Indeed, there were times when, as he eased his short, wiry frame into one of the wicker armchairs on the broad, shaded veranda of the English Club in Tangier, for example, he felt that life was becoming dull again, and on such occasions he would stroke his short, sandy beard, trimmed in the manner of the Royal Navy and look somberly at his fellow members. (Moresby had never served in the Royal Navy. He'd been a dentist in Wolverhampton before the war, and the Royal Army Medical Corps had sent him off to Africa and other exotic climes. But he liked the navy's beards.) *There*, he would reflect, glancing again at the other members, *but for the grace of God, go I.* And his bright eyes would glaze with melancholy.

When these spells came upon him, he would take Clarissa and go away. Clarissa had once been an Italian naval motor-torpedo boat and had seen distinguished service in the lucrative Oran-Marseilles cigarette run. Seeing Moresby on Clarissa's bridge, even a trained observer might have been forgiven for thinking that here was nothing more than an eccentric Britisher pottering about the Mediterranean in his pleasure yacht. It would have been difficult to surmise that he had a cargo of highly illicit dainties stowed away below decks, which, of course, was ideal from Moresby's point of view.

Or, if he happened to be in Vienna where his business requirements frequently took him, he affected a Homburg and strong black cigars, and went about the city to the great medical-supply houses, purchasing such monstrous articles as stainless-steel picks and probes and wicked-looking drills. This made him feel better, because the picks and probes and drills reminded him of the horrors of dentistry in Wolverhampton, and, of course, everybody took him for a respectable provincial oral surgeon in town to stock up.

It was this terrible grim respectability which fascinated Hawker, who was entitled to wear a brigadier's red tabs when he chose to wear a uniform, which was not often, due to the highly confidential nature of his duties. He was equally intrigued by Moresby's calm admission that anywhere in the world except in San Marino, Andorra, Monaco, Tangier, and just possibly Macao, his activities would undoubtedly cause him to be clapped in jail as a smuggler, income-tax evader, spiv or plain deviationist from the Marxist dogma.

"Yet even now," Moresby told Hawker one afternoon as they sipped a coolant on one of the massive terraces of the casino at Monte Carlo, "the thrill is going. Twice in the past month

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I've waked up screaming, nearly unhinged by dreams of my years as a dentist, of terror-stricken small boys gaping up at me. The little swine." Moresby shuddered.

"There was a time," he went on morosely, "when I could put myself to sleep figuring out how to route a shipment of Scotch from Glasgow to Belgrade, or a turret lathe from Zurich to Sofia. Not any more." And he sighed.

"In other words," Hawker murmured, puffing gravely at his pipe, "you want scope. You need a challenge; you need something to put you on your mettle."

"Exactly," Moresby agreed.

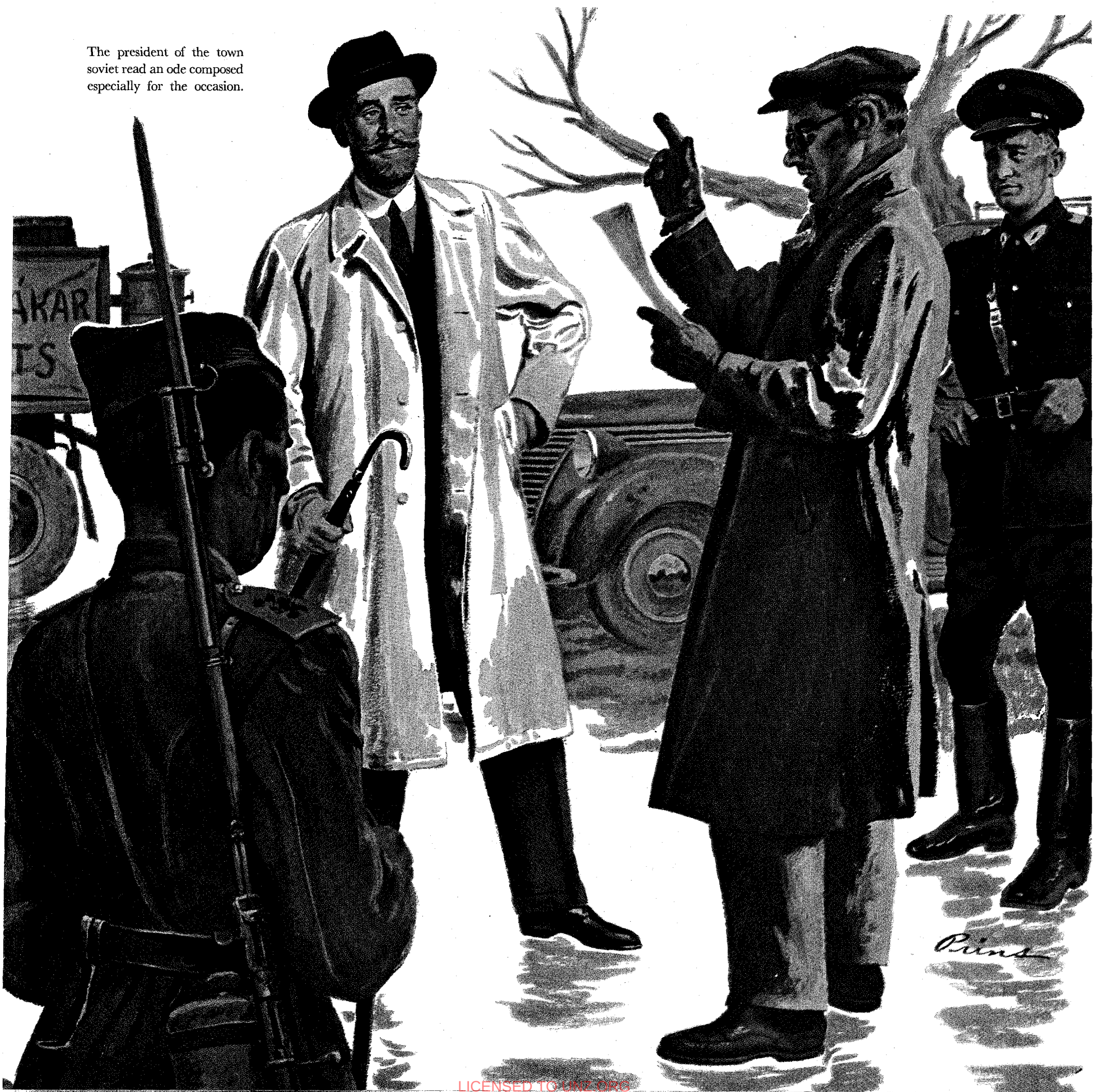
"Aahr-r-gm!" Hawker barked into his mustache and glanced along the terrace to see that they were not overheard. "It may well be that I've something of interest for you."

Some weeks later, in consequence of this conversation and following certain arrangements, Moresby returned to Monte Carlo accompanied by a lean, haggard man who had last been seen disappearing into a Russian police van in the northern outskirts of Vienna. Except for a slight tendency to leap when spoken to, the haggard man was in reasonably good shape, and presently the Andorra & San Marino Export Company, Ltd., received a most satisfactory check signed illegibly by the chief of the Marginal Farmlands Maneuver Training Area Selection Board of Her Majesty's War Office, which is what Hawker called himself when he felt in particularly fine fettle.

Other opportunities affording scope presented themselves, and Hawker came to put increasing faith in Moresby. When the Andorra & San Marino Export Company dispatched four Czech hams and three Polish sausages to the vicar of St. Bede's Without-the-Walls—Hawker called himself thus reverently when he felt that his had been a misspent life—arrangements were laid on for the reception of four former lieutenant generals of the Czechoslovak Army and three Polish ex-parliamentary private secretaries. So it went.

"I feel that I have found my métier," Moresby told (Continued on Page 94)

The president of the town soviet read an ode composed especially for the occasion.



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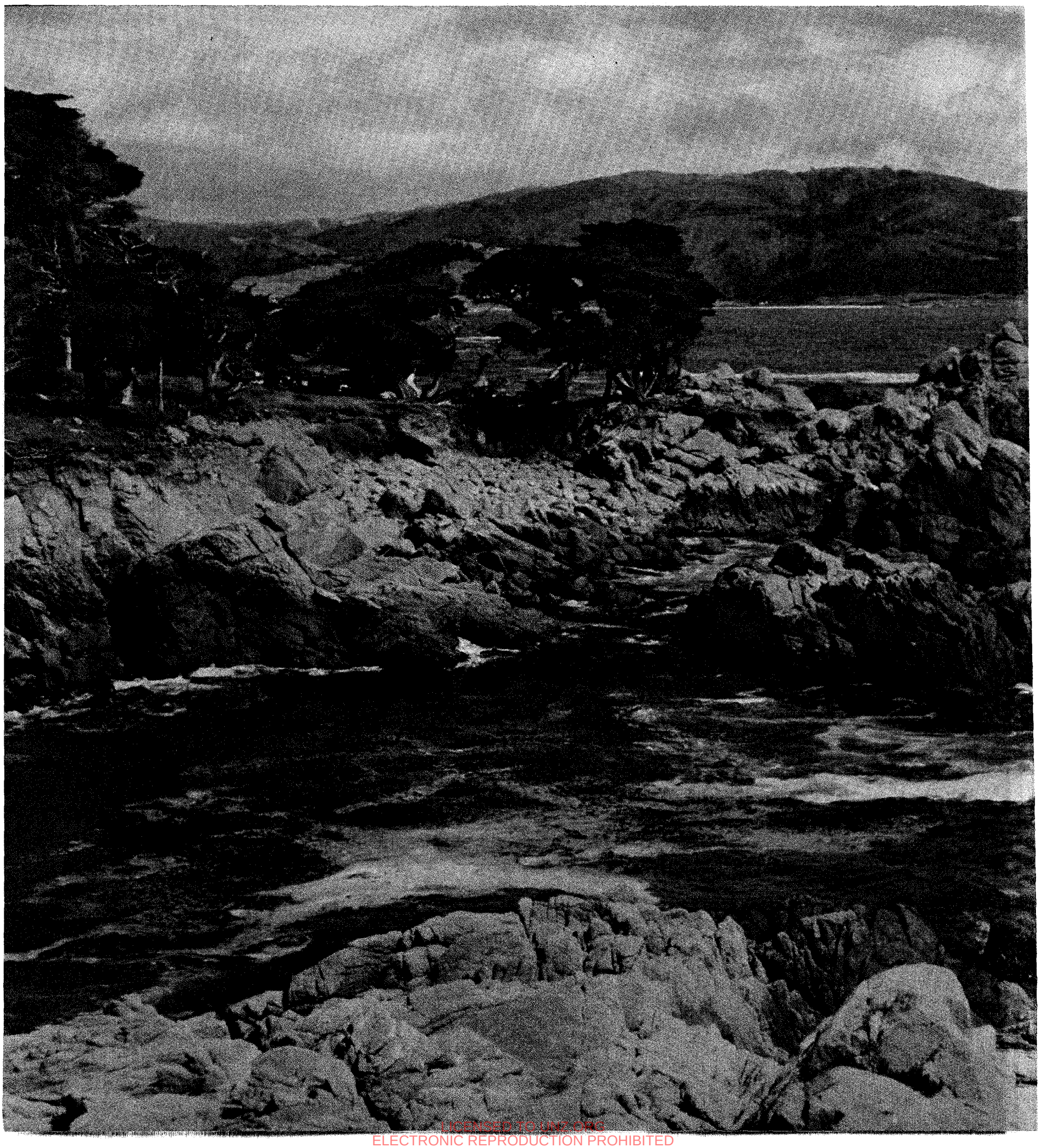
The Face of AMERICA

Sunset Point



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Tourists first saw California's Monterey Peninsula over four hundred years ago. Did they look upon Sunset Point — one of America's most photographed views? No one knows. It is certain that the benign climate seduced them — from the Spaniard Sebastián Vizcíano to the American Bing Crosby, who golfs at Pebble Beach. Adventurers and troubadours came. So did Padre Junípero, to win souls. He still lies in the mission at Carmel, a peninsula town. Between Carmel and Monterey, the coast is a privately operated park. The hidalgos of Old Mexico, whose California capital was Monterey, would find the cypress trees still undisturbed. Gold, in 1848, drew the promoters north from Monterey to San Francisco — fortunately for the peninsula of the conquistadores. Robert Louis Stevenson said here, "The finest meeting place of land and water in existence." • Photograph by Ivan Dmitri

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Who is FRANK LAUSCHE?

By occasionally snubbing his own party, and even voting for the opposition, this Democrat has won the Ohio governorship five times. He may have an eye on bigger things.

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

One crisp October day during a bitter political campaign in Ohio some years ago, a tall man wearing neither hat nor topcoat stepped off the curb at a busy corner in Cleveland and hailed a passing taxicab. A woman already was seated in the taxi and the man bowed as he opened the door.

"Madam," he said in a deep, mellifluous voice, "would you permit me to share this cab for a few blocks? I am late for an appointment. . . . Thank you. My name is Frank Lausche and I am a candidate for ——"

Two newspaper reporters standing nearby watched the taxicab disappear down the street. "I'll bet a dollar," said one, "that he's already persuaded that woman to vote for him."

"Don't be naïve," his companion replied. "I'll bet five dollars that by now he's persuaded the taxi driver too."

Lausche once played professional baseball. Here he demonstrates "pitching form" for Little Leaguers.

Now serving an unprecedented fifth term as governor of Ohio, Frank J. Lausche is a big, bronze-voiced former Democratic ward boss who plays the violin, reads the classical poets, shoots golf in the seventies and campaigns in all seasons. Often he stomps hard on the sensitive toes of leaders of his own party, both in the state and in the nation. The Democratic Party leaders have been taking it—without always liking it—for some fifteen years because of one other unusual factor: Lausche can corral more votes than anybody else in Ohio.

For this reason, the governor may well be an influential and perhaps a controversial figure at next year's Democratic national convention. Not only is Ohio a key presidential battleground, but cleavage within the party has caused Southern Democratic leaders to study Lausche's conservative record and his vote-getting ability in a normally Republican state.

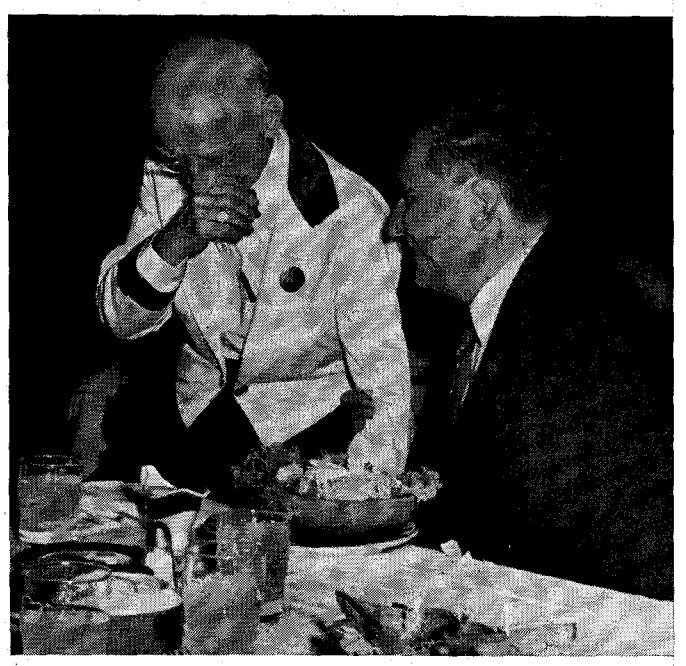
Following President Eisenhower's illness and the subsequent rise in Democratic hopes for victory next year, Sen. Richard B. Russell, of Georgia, suggested that Lausche would be a middle-of-the-road candidate more acceptable to Southerners than Adlai E. Stevenson, Gov. Averell Harriman or Sen. Estes Kefauver. This brought a "very encouraging" flood of private mail to Lausche from Democrats in all parts of the country and prompted statements by Sen. John L. McClellan, of Arkansas, and Gov. Allan Shivers, of Texas, that the Ohioan could be a formidable candidate. Lausche expects to control the big Ohio delegation to the 1956 convention.

A few persons close to the governor like to believe that, if he (Continued on Page 114)

Democrat Lausche was an avowed admirer of "Mr. Republican," the late Sen. Robert Taft (left).

When Lausche confronts a particularly knotty problem, he retreats to his music room. There, alone with his violin, he tussles with his troubles.

Delegates at a convention of Navy mothers welcome Ohio's favorite vote getter to Washington.



Gov. Lausche, who is a great storyteller, passes a good one on to a waiter at a Columbus restaurant.

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Post Scripts

Heinrich Schnibble and the Weatherman

"How do you do, sir. Won't you come in?"

"Ja. Meinself ist Heinrich Schnibble."

"I'm pleased to know you, Mr. Schnibble. We don't have many visitors out here."

"Ich ben gecomen mit der complainen."

"Don't like the weather, eh? Ha, ha! Nobody does."

"Ach, nein! Meinself ist thinken das weather ben goot."

"You mean you do like it? Then what's the complaint?"

"Ich ben fussen mit der inpushen fronters."

"You ben fussen mit der what?"

"Mit der schtunken fronters inpushen und causen das weather! Ist ein rain ben fallen mitout der fronters? Nein! Ist ein snow ben comen mitout der fronters? Nein! Ist das weather ben simplisch? Nein!"

"Oh! You're talking about our weather systems."

"Ja, mit der highpressen und der lowpressen upsetten das weather!"

"But that's progress, Mr. Schnibble. We're making great strides, weatherwise."

"Ist der striden ben improven das weather?"

"Well, no. We don't try to improve das weather. Our methods of forecasting ben—I mean, have been improved."

"Himmel! Ist der forecasten ben costen?"

"Of course der forecasten ben costen. We have the finest ——"

"Mitout improven das weather?"

"Mr. Schnibble, I ben told you we don't try to improve das weather. We're improven der forecasten, so we can predict weather changes much sooner."

"Ach! Ist der predicten ben bringen der changes sooner?"

"Confound it, no! Der predicten ben ——"

"Ach, du lieber! Ist das weather ben gecomen mit or mitout der predicten?"

"Certainly it's ben gecomen!"

"Ist der forecasten ben causen der inpushen fronters?"

"No! No! No! I tell you we don't ben causen anything! Der Bureau ist only trying to ——"

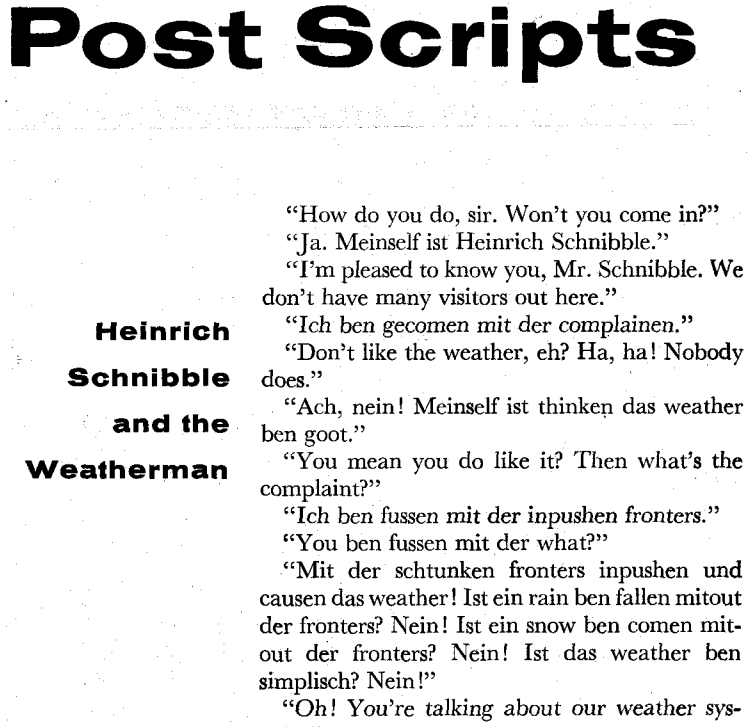
"Himmel! Meinself ist thinken das bureau ben wasten der money!"

"We don't either ben wasten der —— Ach, Mr. Schnibble! Ach! I don't know just what we ben, but some changes ist on der way!"

"Goot! Ist das weather ben changen?"

"Himmel, nein! Der forecasten ben changen. Tonight ein simplisch rain ist gecomen. It always does after meinself gets der dizzy spells!"

DAVE MORRAH



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Shopping for Me?

Around this season every year
  This question starts to bother
The balance of the family:
  What shall we buy for father?

No muffler, please (unless it's for the car),
No clever little gadgets for the bar,
No book that tells me how to make repairs,
No top hat like the Duke of Windsor wears,
No desk appointment pad (I now have nine),
No lotions with the woodsy scent of pine,
No Christmas ties that glitter in the dark,
No walking stick for strolling in the park,
No lethal-looking entree-carving set,
No yard games that necessitate a net,
No prints of birds or horses for my den,
No combination shoehorn-flashlight-pen,
No shirts or handkerchiefs that feature pink,
No bottle of some new and fancy drink,
No chef's attire for working at the pit,
No lawn-and-shrubbery manicuring kit,
No neat and stylish plaid Bermuda shorts,
No skis or other stuff for winter sports;

But I could use a wrist watch or
  A motor-driven caddie;
Oh, yes! There's one more thing I'd like:
  Don't charge the gift to daddy.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

You Better Start Over Again

"Say, Emmy, that's great about your finally getting engaged! And, believe me, that's quite an accomplishment when you get to be your—er—— What I mean is ——"

"Those kids of yours certainly are good-lookers. It just goes to prove how absolutely impossible it is to predict—h'm. Your glass looks empty. Let me give you a refill."

"I can't believe you painted those landscapes yourself. It certainly shows that nowadays they can teach anybody to —— Listen to that wind! Sounds like it might blow up to a real storm."

"Darling, this is absolutely out of this world! Of all the soups you've ever made, this beats —— Canned, eh? . . . Well, Junior, what's new?"

"I've said it before, and I'll say it again—I get more thrill out of kissing you than any dame I've ever known, and believe me, that's saying—that's —— It's—pretty late. We better get going if we want to catch the first show."

"Wow! That's a honey of a car, Sam! I gotta hand it to you! I just don't see how you could possibly afford it on the measly sal—— Ah, what kind of terms did they give you?"

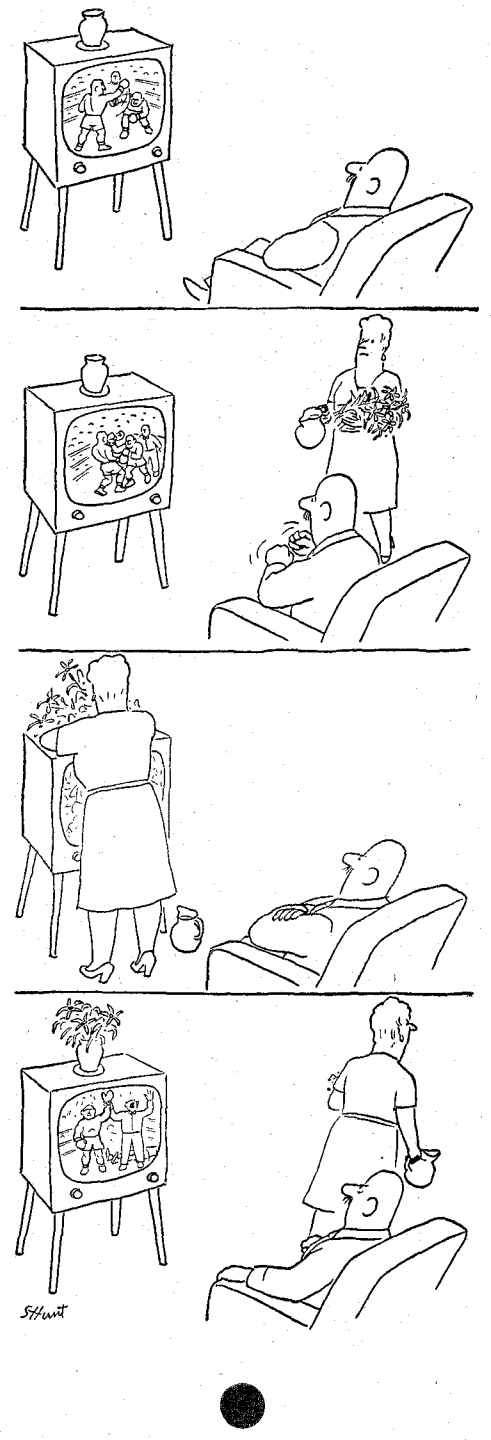
"I've got to give you credit, Joe! When it comes to picking fishing spots, you certainly know your stuff. If you could take four of 'em out of there in fifteen minutes, just think what a real —— What kind of bait did you use, Joe?"

PARKE CUMMINGS

Sure Thing

Do you live in an igloo? A fort? On a boat?
  On a plank in a sycamore tree?
Do you live in a castle inside of a moat?
  In a barn? In a cave by the sea?
Is your house in the shadow of ice-covered peaks?
  Do quicksands or swamplands surround you?
No matter. I bet you that in the past weeks
  Some Christmas-card salesmen have
    found you.

ELEANOR RYDBERG



Yours Truly

I really must answer that letter,
  Let's see—where's the pad and the pen?
The telephone's ringing. "I'll take it!" . . .
  And now down to business again.
I think I'll take time for a smoke first;
  It will help me to concentrate more—
"Did anyone get tonight's paper?"
  "Do I hear a knock on the door?"
"My dear, can't I help with the dishes?"
  "Is there nothing you'd like on TV?"
Well—I guess I'll answer that letter—
  Where's the pad and the pen?
    Now, let's see ——

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

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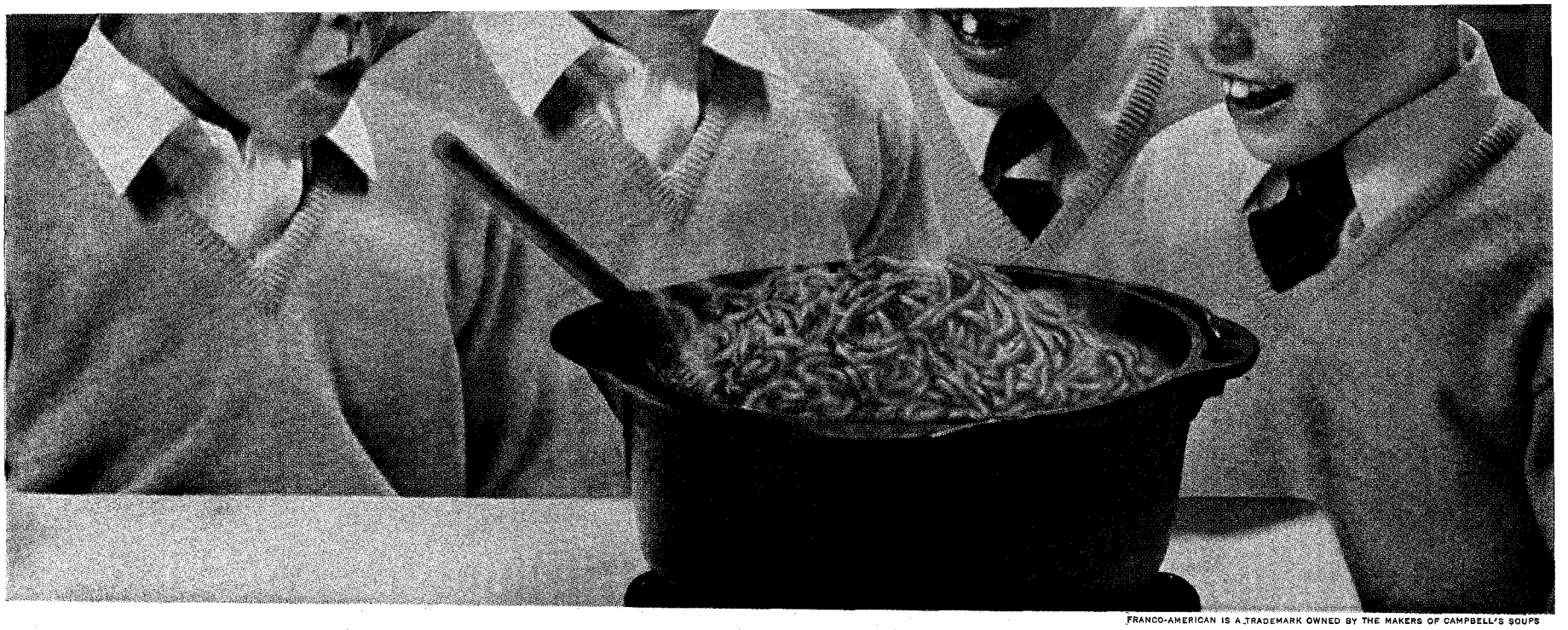

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"What—only one potful for the four of us?"

DO YOU THINK our young hopefuls are greedy? Not a bit of it. They simply know *superior eating* when they see it. And that's how they rate FRANCO-AMERICAN Spaghetti!

It's such *fun* to eat. Twirling a neatly packed forkful from plate to mouth is a challenge kids go for. (Grownups secretly take pride in it, too.)

And that rich, red tomato sauce is so good, you can't blame a fellow for saying, "More!"

You ought to see the ingredients that go into our Spaghetti. Tomatoes that have grown red and juicy on the vine. Shelf-cured Cheddar cheese. A long list of seasonings that you yourself might choose.

Naturally, all that goodness adds up to *nutritious* eating. There's plenty of *energy* in Franco-American Spaghetti. And body-building protein, too.

Thinking of ordering several cans right this minute? Then you'll be glad to know that Franco-American Spaghetti is a wonderfully economical food. It actually costs *less than eight cents a serving!*

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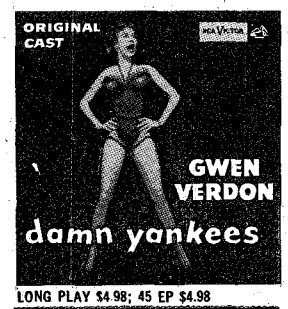
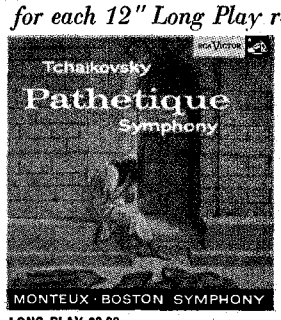
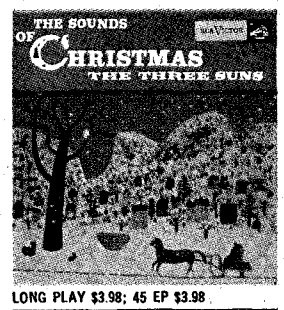


LONG PLAY $4.98; 45 EP $4.98

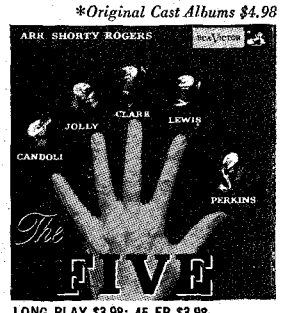


LONG PLAY $3.98



LONG PLAY $3.98; 45 EP $3.98

LONG PLAY $3.98; 45 EP $3.98



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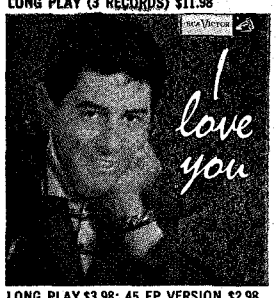

LONG PLAY $3.98; 45 EP VERSION $2.98

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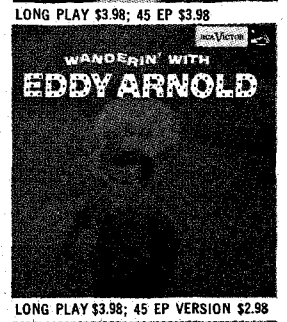

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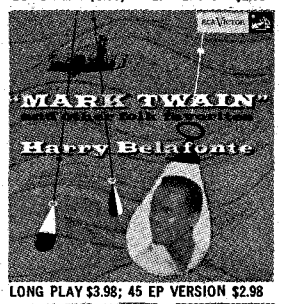
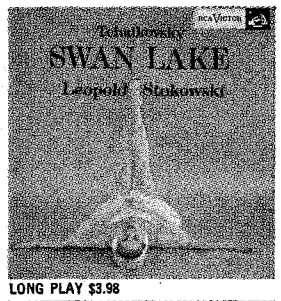


LONG PLAY $3.98; 45 EP VERSION $2.98



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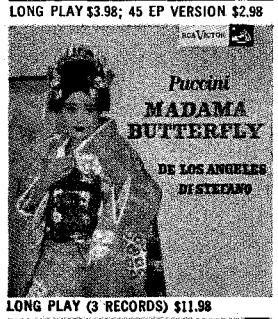

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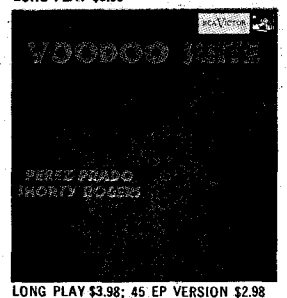
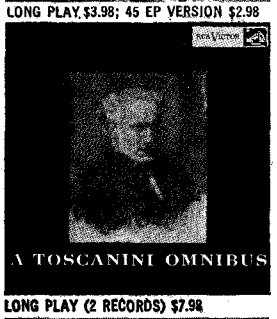


LONG PLAY $3.98; 45 EP VERSION $2.98

45 EP $1.49



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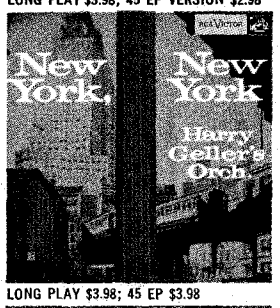
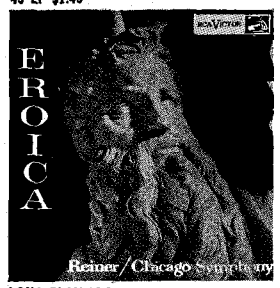


LONG PLAY $3.98; 45 EP $3.98

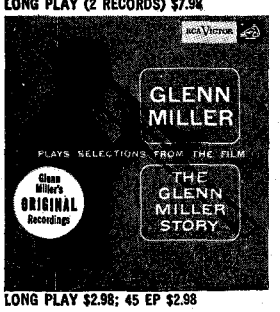
LONG PLAY $3.98; 45 EP VERSION $2.98

LONG PLAY $3.98

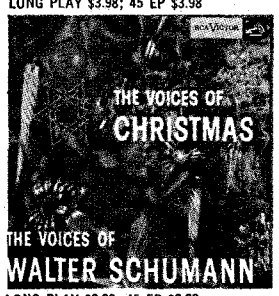
LONG PLAY $3.98



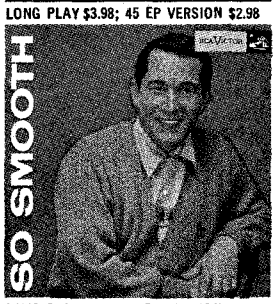
LONG PLAY $3.98



LONG PLAY $2.98; 45 EP $2.98

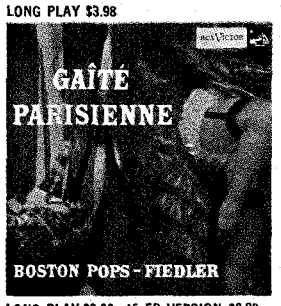


LONG PLAY $3.98; 45 EP $3.98



LONG PLAY $3.98; 45 EP VERSION $2.98

LONG PLAY $3.98; 45 EP VERSION $1.49



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Easier to give...Christmas Card Gift Certificates for every budget

$2.98 and $3.98 certificates let recipient choose any album at either price from beautiful full color folder. Appropriate Christmas Card is included.

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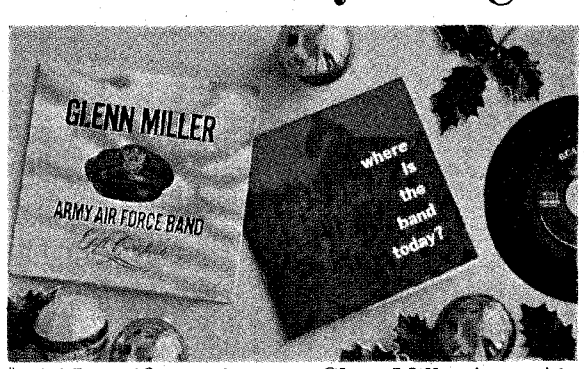

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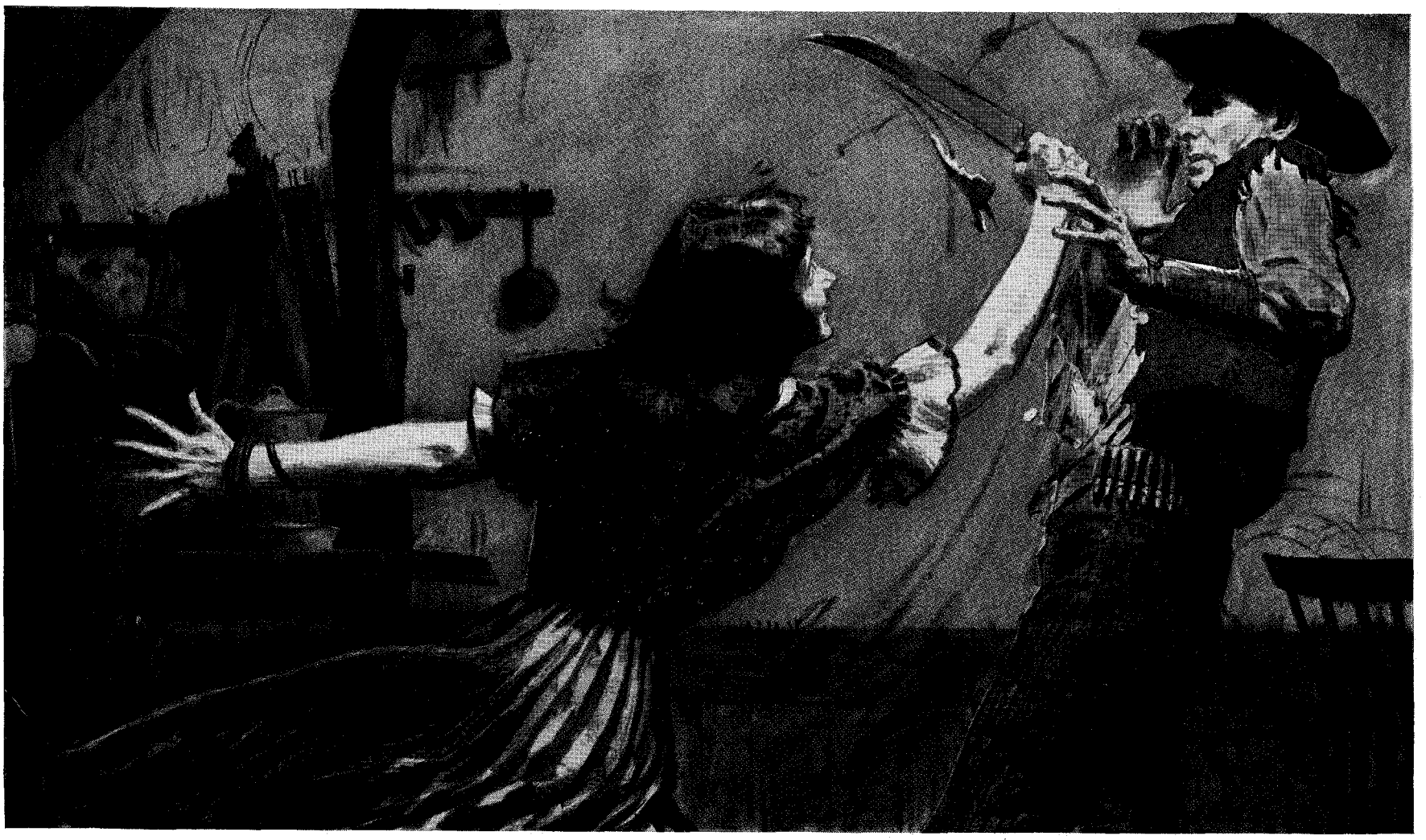

Sutton caught the gleam of the knife and whipped back just as the point ripped up through his shirt.

The Burning Hills

She had helped the fugitive escape. Now she was going to pay for it.

By LOUIS L'AMOUR

Jacob Lantz shook Ben Hindeman's shoulder. Instantly, the big rancher was awake. "What is it, Jake?" he asked quietly.

"We got him, Ben," Jake replied, "right where we want him."

The man they were looking for was Trace Jordan. Jordan had killed Bob Sutton, head of the Sutton-Bayless ranch, to avenge his partner, Johnny Hendrix, who had been murdered when some S-B men raided Jordan's camp.

Hindeman, Sutton's son-in-law, organized a pursuit to catch Jordan. Jacob Lantz was the tracker. Once they trapped Jordan, but, though wounded, Trace shot his way out and escaped.

Trace took refuge on a ledge in the face of a cliff. There he passed out from loss of blood. He was found by Maria Cristina Chavero, a Mexican girl whose father had been killed by the Suttons. Despite the objections of her brother, Vicente, and the threat of reprisal by the Suttons, Maria Cristina supplied Jordan with food and helped him recover. Her defiance infuriated Jack Sutton, who suspected she was aiding Jordan, but could not prove it.

Jordan realized the danger to which he was exposing Maria Cristina. He also knew that before long his hide-out would be discovered. Trace told Maria Cristina he was going to make a break for it. He asked her to join him later. When she refused, Trace promised he would return.

Lantz had already spotted Jordan's hide-out and knew the girl was supplying him. Lantz blocked Jordan's escape routes and was sure Trace wouldn't get away. However, as Trace started to make his break, Maria Cristina opened fire from her house, warning Trace and drawing the Suttons' attention from him.

Hearing the shots, Jordan drove his horse down the rock slide. At the bottom of the cliff the big red horse moved out, running free.

III

Ahead of him, the shoulder of the canyon bulked black against the sky. It was near here that he had seen the two riders earlier in the day. He slowed his horse, making only a small sound on the sand. There was a low mutter of voices, a shadow that moved. He slammed home the spurs and the startled horse gave a convulsive leap forward and broke into a gallop.

A startled curse, a man who lunged and shouted, a gun blasting off to his right, and then his own gun smashed sound into the stone corridor and sent a racketing of sound off down the limestone cliffs. (Continued on Page 60)

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at working wonder

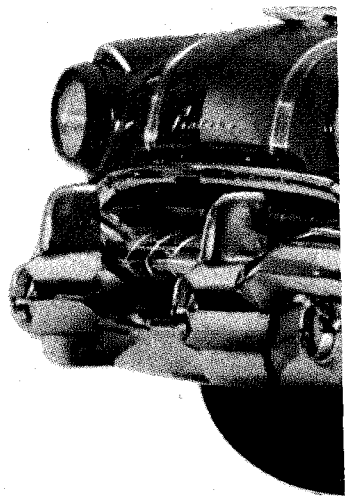
1956 Chevrolet Bel Air Beauville

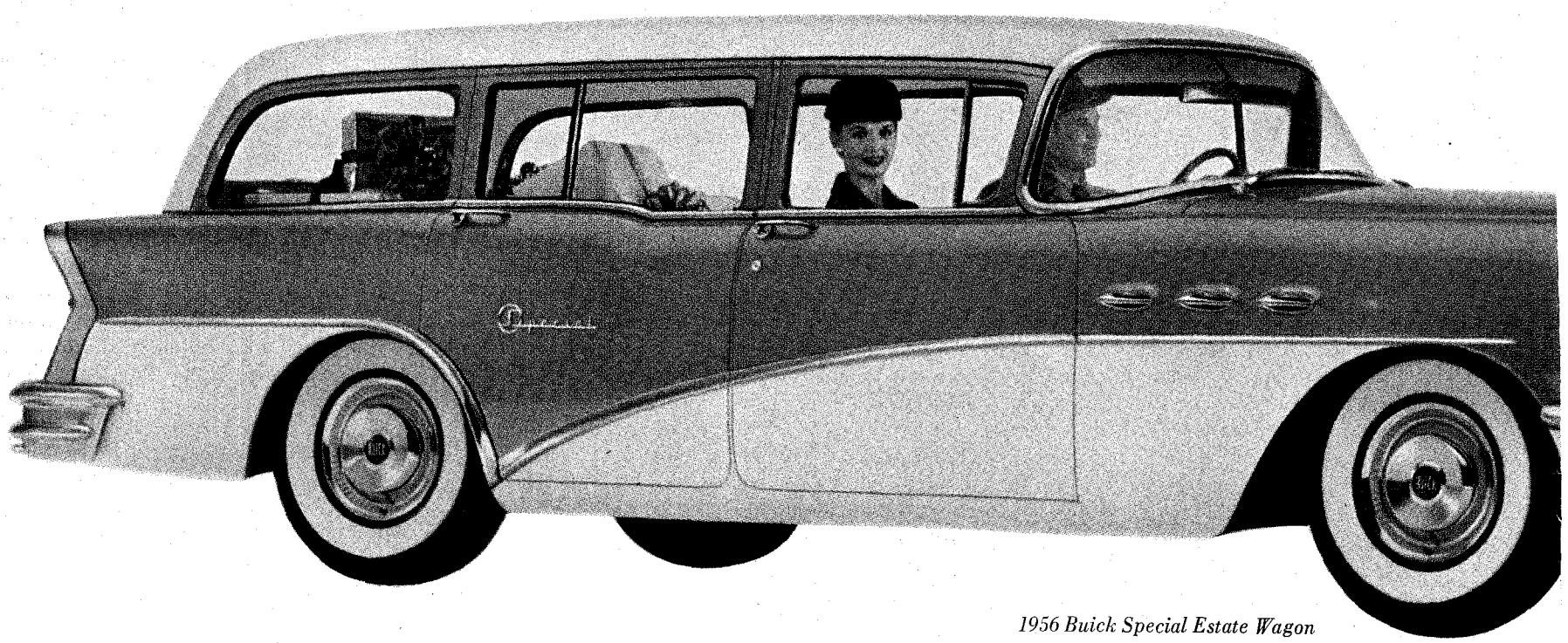
OUR General Motors designers—as these pictures show—have just about revolutionized the appearance of that popular family car-of-all-work—the station wagon.

And they've done so without losing any of its practical features. Its roominess. Its ruggedness. Its adaptability as a family carryall for everything from crates to cats, groceries to Great Danes.

So now you can enjoy all these benefits—of such particular importance to suburban family life—and at the same time possess a car second to none in styling beauty—from panoramic windshield to wider-vision rear window.

Yes—as your dealer will be delighted to demonstrate—in station wagons, as in 4-door hardtops and all the other General Motors style leaders for '56—your key to greater value is the key to a General Motors car.





1956 Buick Special Estate Wagon

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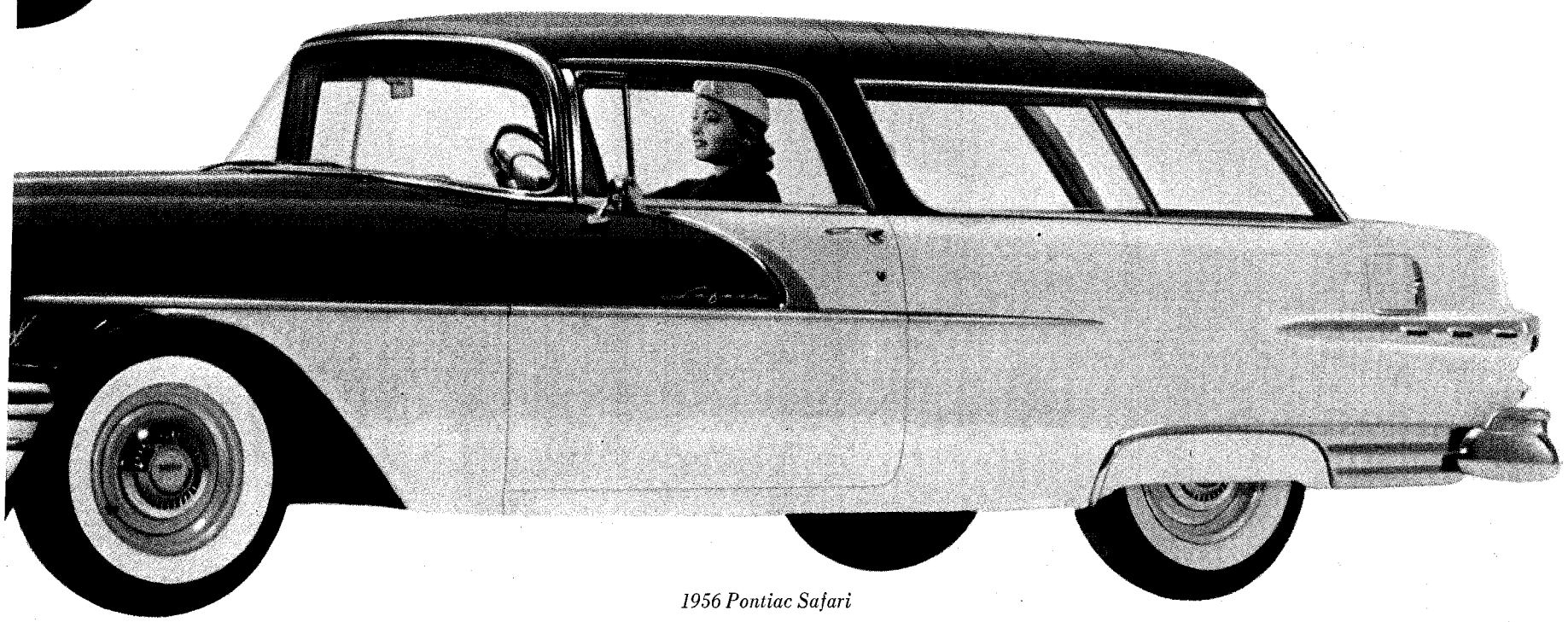
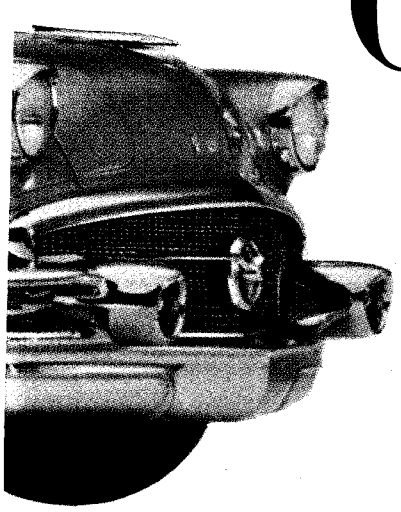
with the family work wagon



1956 Pontiac Safari



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The TAREYTON Twosome

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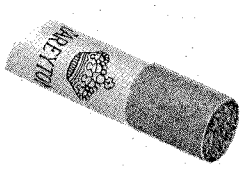
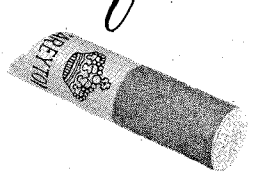
the perfect choice for better smoking



HERBERT TAREYTON

For better smoking, ask for Herbert Tareyton. You'll enjoy the mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos and you'll like the genuine cork tip that always stays firm and fresh . . . that adds so much to your smoking pleasure.



FILTER TIP TAREYTON

All the pleasure comes thru . . . the taste is great! Filter Tip Tareyton smokes milder, smokes smoother, draws easier. And Tareyton's filter is pearl-gray because it contains Activated Charcoal for real filtration. It's the best in filtered smoking!

Only FILTER TIP TAREYTON gives you Activated Charcoal filtration

PRODUCTS OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

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The Patient in One-Sixteen

(Continued from Page 31)

misty platinum, her eyes a faded, twinkly blue behind her bifocals. Pain had etched deep furrows in her forehead, but her lips curled upward and the smile creases were deeper than the furrows.

Scattered on the table was a miscellaneous assortment of varicolored thread, plastic strips, piano wire, glue, shellac and fishing hooks. Her small but nimble fingers were busily tying thread.

"Hello, Nosy Parker," Doctor Sullivan said affectionately. "Didn't know whether you'd be here, in dispensary, O.R. or flirting with the night watchman."

Her eyes twinkled mischievously as she glanced up.

"Hello, Brat," she said fondly. "Sure and I thought you'd be playing gin and guzzling beer by now."

Shortly after she had been admitted, two months ago, Mrs. Mary Reilly had named him "the Brat." Doctor Sullivan had found One-Sixteen a veritable sanctum. Here, in the knowledge that it would go no further, he could cuss and discuss the problems of Mathers Unit; the short staff, the reluctant orderlies and recalcitrant nurses, the hours of overtime. Besides, Dennis Sullivan, the person, was inordinately fond of Granny Reilly, even as Doctor Sullivan was interested in the patient.

Ignoring her remark about the gin and beer, he said, "What on earth have you got now?"

She chuckled as she held up a newly completed fishing lure. Its tail was a mass of red feathers. The body was blue plastic, the eyes green and the head yellow.

The doctor examined it cautiously and whistled. "What's it for—tarpon, galley-nippers or thumbadiddles?"

"Goodness gracious!" Granny Reilly said. "If you can't catch a tarpon with that lure, then you'd just better stick to tonsils and appendixes."

"Those I can snag without lures." He admired her handiwork. "Who's it for this time?"

"For you," she said. "I'm making another one for Mr. Fowler in One-Oh-Seven." She looked querulously at the doctor.

"Oh, he'll be able to use it," Doctor Sullivan said quickly. "Acute cystitis. Be as good as new in a few weeks."

Granny looked relieved.

"While we're on the subject," Doctor Sullivan said seriously, "when you make your rounds tomorrow, give a little piece of hell to Mr. Raleigh and Mr. Anderson."

Granny's lips tightened. "What's that candle burner in One-Eleven doing?" she asked. "Smoking cigarettes again?"

The doctor chuckled. He always enjoyed the manner in which Granny had caught on to hospital jargon.

"He's smoking the butts that visitors leave. And One-Oh-Nine is chewing up smuggled pie like a bulldozer."

Granny Reilly made some notes.

"You know," she said, "we ought to get some help for Mrs. Rice. The poor lady is worrying herself sick. Five children, and her husband in here six weeks already. Tonight she was crying. Doesn't know how she'll ever pay the operation and medication bills, let alone the hospital bill."

"I'm going to speak to the board chairman," Doctor Sullivan said. "Tell her not to worry. Worry is osmotic. If her husband absorbs it, he'll be in here another six weeks."

"Good!" Granny sighed. "You do that. You speak to the board chairman and I'll speak to The Man Upstairs. Between them, I'm sure we'll get some action."

"We ought," Doctor Sullivan agreed, smiling. He scratched the tip of his nose. He was a good-looking man. A big man in his early thirties. He stood better than six feet, and his shoulders, which carried many a load, were acquiring a slight stoop. He had a determined chin and piercing blue eyes.

As the doctor fingered one of Granny's lures, she watched his hands, fascinated. People often remarked about the largeness of Doctor Sullivan's hands. They never saw them probing with instruments, as gently and delicately as a hummingbird quenching its thirst.

"One-Ten left us this afternoon," Doctor Sullivan said softly. He frowned. "Much too young."

"Oh, no," Granny disagreed. "He wouldn't have been able to see any more. And he was an artist. The Man Upstairs knew what One-Ten wanted."

Doctor Sullivan nodded. He studied her face briefly and thought of her chart, which he could visualize in every detail:

Reilly, Mary. Age: 78.

Address: St. Johns River Drive, Jacksonville, Florida.

Next of kin: Henry E. Reilly, brother (no other close kin).

Occupation: widow and housekeeper for brother.

Diagnosis? He frowned again at the thought. "Inoperable and incurable."

The most suitable gift for a back-seat driver is a nice thick muffler.

IMOGENE FEY

Occasionally, they took Granny to X Ray for therapy. They also fed her three kinds of pills. She accepted the treatment philosophically. But one afternoon when they were wheeling her out of X Ray, she had winked at Doctor Sullivan. It was, he decided, an all-knowing wink.

As she busied herself with her fishing lures, the doctor wandered over to her bureau. The top drawer was jammed with cards, envelopes and little gift boxes. Cards for St. Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Easter, Christmas, St. Patrick's Day—and, of course, birthdays and anniversaries.

Granny Reilly was the rolling encyclopedia of Mathers Unit. At first, the supervising nurses had mildly discouraged her corridor perambulations. Particularly in view of the fact that she handled her wheel chair like a determined hot-rodder. But as time wore on they discovered that Granny was a wonderful morale builder among the patients. And the more she gave of herself, the better contented she seemed.

Granny made the rounds at least once a day. She knew every patient—and the unit handled an average of thirty-two patients, even if they had to stack them up in the corridors, which they frequently did. In the children's ward they loved Granny Reilly; in the men's ward, they worshiped her. When a new patient was admitted, Granny had the case history almost as quickly as the registration desk. In many instances she had more complete and intimate details than ever appeared on the charts.

Doctor Sullivan was amused as he glanced at her little desk calendar. On every page, up to and including "April 9," penciled notations had been scribbled. Reminders for small gifts, cards, special visits and recommendations to nurses and doctors.

They heard a rasping rustle of skirts, and the night supervisor, Bette Thomas, came gliding into the room as though she traveled on wheels. She was holding a small paper cup of pills and a glass of ice water.

"Time for your nightcap, Granny," she said, smiling. Bette was tall, slender, lissome. Her eyes were deep-water blue and her hair, poking from beneath her cap, black and curly.

"Oh, fiddlesticks," Granny said. "Give 'em to someone who needs them. I sleep like an old possum without them. Anyhow, what are you—a boss nurse—doing, pushing pills?"

"Special service for special people," said Miss Thomas. "Besides, we're rushed. Hit the jack pot tonight. Three automobile crashes, two appendectomies and a shooting. Now come; down the hatch."

Granny swallowed the little capsules and made a wry face. But even as she did so, her eyes were darting from the nurse to the doctor, and she said, "Sure and they must have turned up the air conditioning. It gets colder by the minute."

Both of them ignored her remark. Doctor Sullivan began to redden below his ears, but the intercom saved him.

"Doctor Sullivan wanted in reception room!" the drawling voice said. "Doctor Sullivan, reception room!"

He thought, as he left the room, *Emergency would have been more appropriate.*

As his footstep receded, Granny frowned at the nurse and said petulantly, "Land sakes alive! Am I going to have trouble with you and the Brat too?"

Miss Thomas, whose chin was well-rounded but firm, sighed. Granny had a faculty for absorbing and healing. People felt it.

"Dennis is just impossible," Miss Thomas said.

"Sure and most of the Sullivans are impossible," Granny agreed. "At least, we Reillys always found 'em so. What's he done now—sewed up another sponge or forgotten to admire your new hat?"

Even when she frowned, Bette Thomas was awfully pretty.

"Granny," she said impatiently, "Dennis and I have been engaged for three years. Our wedding date has been set twice. First time he called it off—lack of finances. Second time he left me waiting at the altar—an emergency appendectomy. Now—well ——" She drew a deep breath. "We were to have been married this month. But the economy bird has raised its ugly beak again. I swear there's more Scotch than Irish in him."

"The Lord forbid," said Granny.

"Dennis says," Miss Thomas added, and she imitated the doctor's voice almost to perfection, "'It's simply impossible, Bette, my dear. I'm not making enough to support a sparrow. When we get married, we're going to have a home to move into. You're going to be able to quit pushing pills and changing sheets. We'll raise children and ——' Oh-h-h!" Miss Thomas stamped a tiny flat-heeled shoe and her chin jutted even farther.

"You love him greatly, don't you, lass?" Granny asked matter-of-factly.

Miss Thomas nodded. She busied herself remaking Granny's bed almost violently.

"He's very much in love with you too," said Granny, fiddling with the nylon and thread. "So stop your fretting. When the time is ripe—and I'm thinking that it is now—I'll have a little chat with The Man Upstairs. We'll get some action then." Granny raised a dainty lace handkerchief to her lips. "I'll swear they mix sleepy dust with those pills you feed me," she said.

Instantly, Miss Thomas became the observing nurse. "Off to bed with you," Miss Thomas said. "Here, let me help." As she settled Granny down, she said, "Granny, I'm sorry. Worrying you with trivialities when you have—have such problems of your own. I am very selfish."

When
OVER-EATING
brings on
UPSET
STOMACH

FOR QUICK RELIEF
GET
PHILLIPS' TABLETS

Any time you overeat, remember this—you never know when it's going to cause upset stomach, gas, heartburn or any other symptom of acid indigestion. So be wise—carry a pocket-size tin of Phillips' Tablets with you wherever you go. That way, you're *always* ready for fast relief—no matter when or where acid indigestion comes along. As pleasant to take as candy mints, peppermint-flavored Phillips' Tablets are made from one of the fastest, most effective stomach sweeteners known—and bring almost instant relief from acid indigestion. 30 tablets—28¢.

PHILLIPS'
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DOUBLE EAGLE

needs filling only 3 times a year
in normal car use

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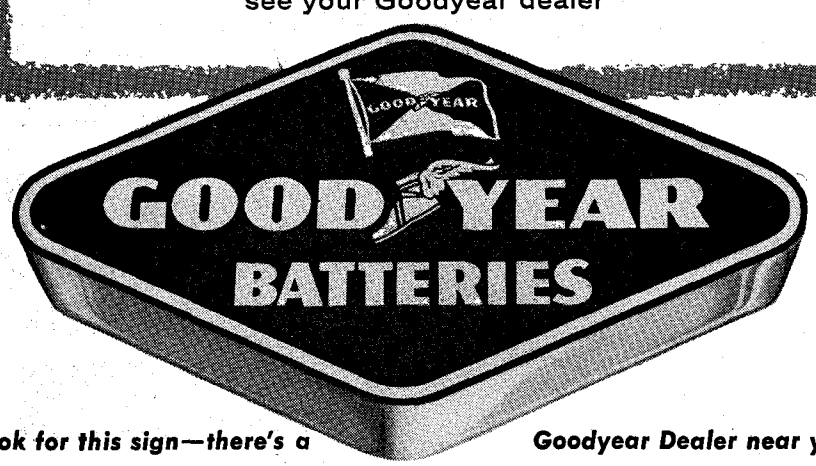
see your Goodyear dealer



Look for this sign—there's a Goodyear Dealer near you

Double Eagle—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Granny snorted. "Nothing of the sort. Nothing trivial about marrying and having babies and watching over a Sullivan, believe me. My, this feels good—hitting the—what is it the Brat calls it?—the sack?"

Miss Thomas smiled. "That's right. The sack. Dennis is Navy, you know. Six years."

"Humph!" Granny said. "A wicked combination. Wicked. A sailor Sullivan. He'll bear watching, my dear. But in the years to come, when, after his fourth beer, he starts talking about the girls in Singapore, you just bring up, casual-like, the interns in Mathers Unit." Granny winked at her as the nurse turned off her light.

In the dimly lighted reception room, Doctor Sullivan was greeted by a short paunchy man whose eyes, behind his steel-rimmed glasses, made him think of a mournful owl.

"Doctor Sullivan," the man said, extending a pudgy hand, "please forgive the late visit. But I have tried three times to see you today, and every time you were on an emergency case. You are a busy man."

"Most of us are," Doctor Sullivan said. "Won't you sit down?"

The little man sat down. He fumbled with a shining brown brief case and withdrew some papers. "My name is Peeler. Francis Peeler. I'm an attorney."

Doctor Sullivan's eyebrows lifted in patient response. He had figured Peeler to be another health-insurance man with some claims to be certified.

"The business that brings me here concerns a patient," Peeler said briskly. "At first, I was going to see her directly. Then, knowing little or nothing about her condition, I was afraid that it might be too much of a shock, coming from a stranger. The patient is Mrs. Mary Reilly."

The doctor started a little at mention of the name. "Not her brother?" he asked quickly.

Peeler shook his head. "Nothing like that. This is good news. Extraordinary good news. But I even hesitated to take it directly to her brother. He is—well, nervous and something of a recluse, you know."

The intercom buzzed. The familiar words sounded, "Doctor Sullivan! Wanted in O.R.! Doctor Sullivan, O.R.!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to make it fast," Doctor Sullivan said apologetically to Peeler.

Peeler handed the doctor several sheets of paper. "Here it is, everything complete," he said, beaming. "You probably remember Mr. Maynard. Passed away in this unit several weeks ago."

Doctor Sullivan was on his feet. "There are so many of them," he said.

"What? . . . Oh, yes." Peeler shuffled the papers. "Well, apparently Mrs. Reilly took very good care of him. Cheered him up, lent him books, sent him cards. Mr. Maynard was comparatively wealthy. We finally settled his estate yesterday. He remembered Mrs. Reilly."

"Well, that's fine. Just fine," Doctor Sullivan said. He was edging toward the door. "Thank you Mr.—ah—Peeler. I'll be glad to tell her about it."

"I will appreciate that," Peeler said, trailing the doctor to the door and shoving the papers into his hands. "It's better that way. I know if someone left me thirty-five thousand dollars and I heard about it abruptly, I would probably have apoplexy. Thank you, doctor. You doctors ——"

But the doctor was on his way to the elevator. It didn't hit him until the elevator reached the third floor. Then, the orderly at the controls almost fell off his perch as Doctor Sullivan suddenly exploded, "Thirty-five thousand bucks! Great jumping jejunum!"

The call to Operating was not important. After reading the patient's chart and making a cursory examination, he joined the conference on diagnosis and quickly concurred in the majority opinion—that of peritonitis.

With mixed emotions, he made his way to One-Sixteen. The door was ajar, but the light was out. He poked his head around the screen.

"Hey, Nosy Parker," he said softly.

He heard a little chuckle. "If you don't stop this night prowling, I'm going to call you Tomcat," Granny said.

"Feel up to some news?" the doctor asked.

Granny pulled the light cord. She sat up in bed, looking wide awake and a little perturbed. Doctor Sullivan knew that her active mind was running quickly down the list of patients on the critical list.

"No, no," he said immediately. "You know I wouldn't disturb you for bad news. Here, look at these papers. Then you can go back to sleep, sailing on your new yacht."

Granny Reilly studied the papers briefly. Then she frowned.

"Brat," she said, "I've always been allergic to 'whereofs' and 'whereases.' What does it all mean?"

Doctor Sullivan grinned widely. "Now hear this: Whereof you have been a good patient and (Continued on Page 53)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Having hash again, eh?"

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THE MAN WHO DRIVES THE IMPERIAL

He has the imagination to be different

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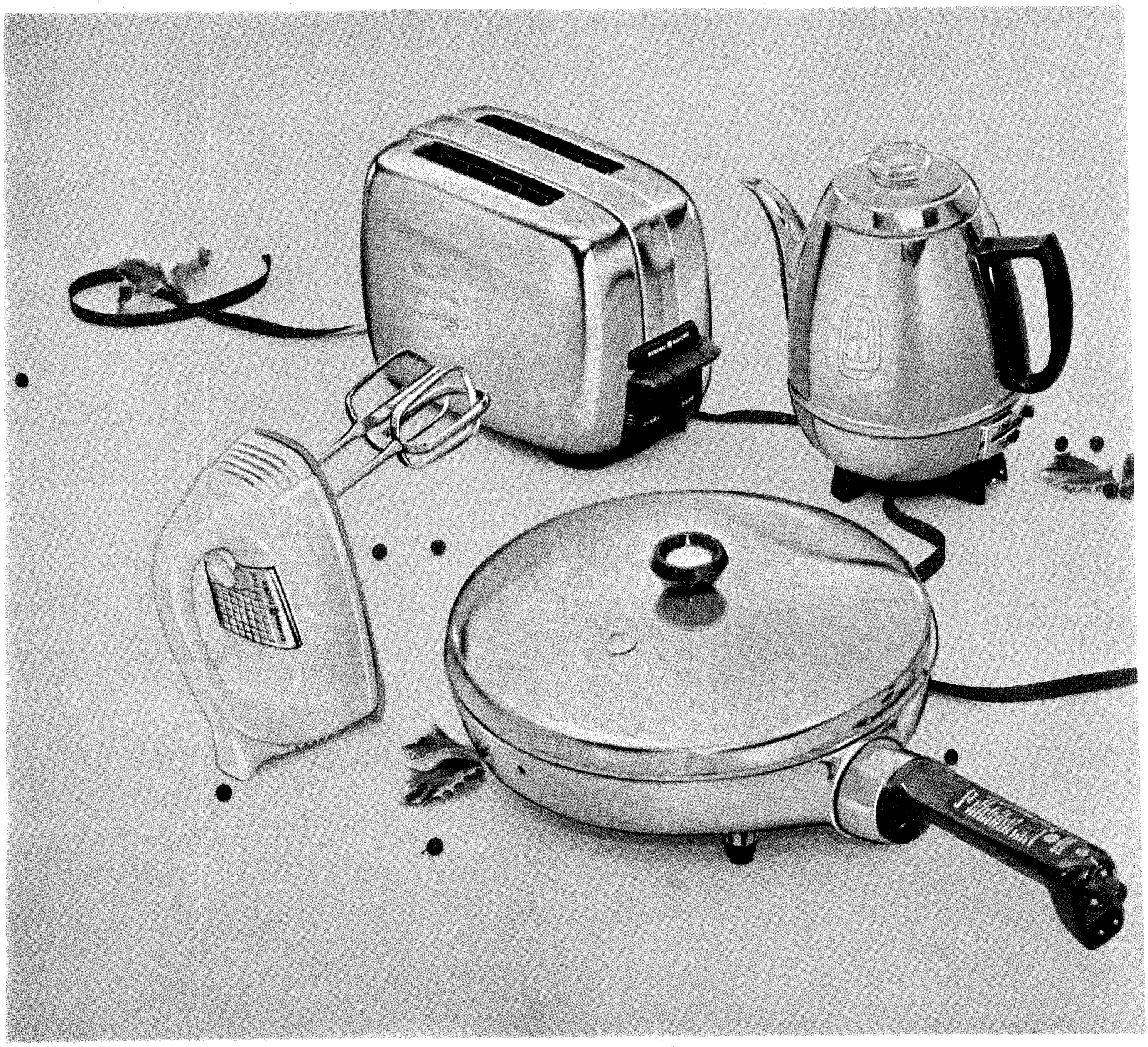

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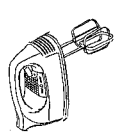
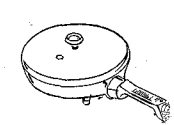


G-E PORTABLE MIXER *weighs less than 3 pounds.* Does all mixing jobs. 3 speeds; hangs on kitchen wall; sits on heel rest. Comes in Turquoise, Petal Pink, Canary Yellow and White. **$19.95***

G-E AUTOMATIC COFFEE MAKER . . . Makes 2 to 9 cups perfectly. No watching! No timing! Select strength . . . light signals you when ready, coffee stays hot. **$29.95***



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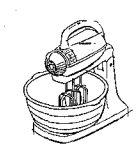

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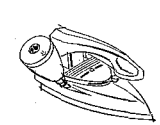

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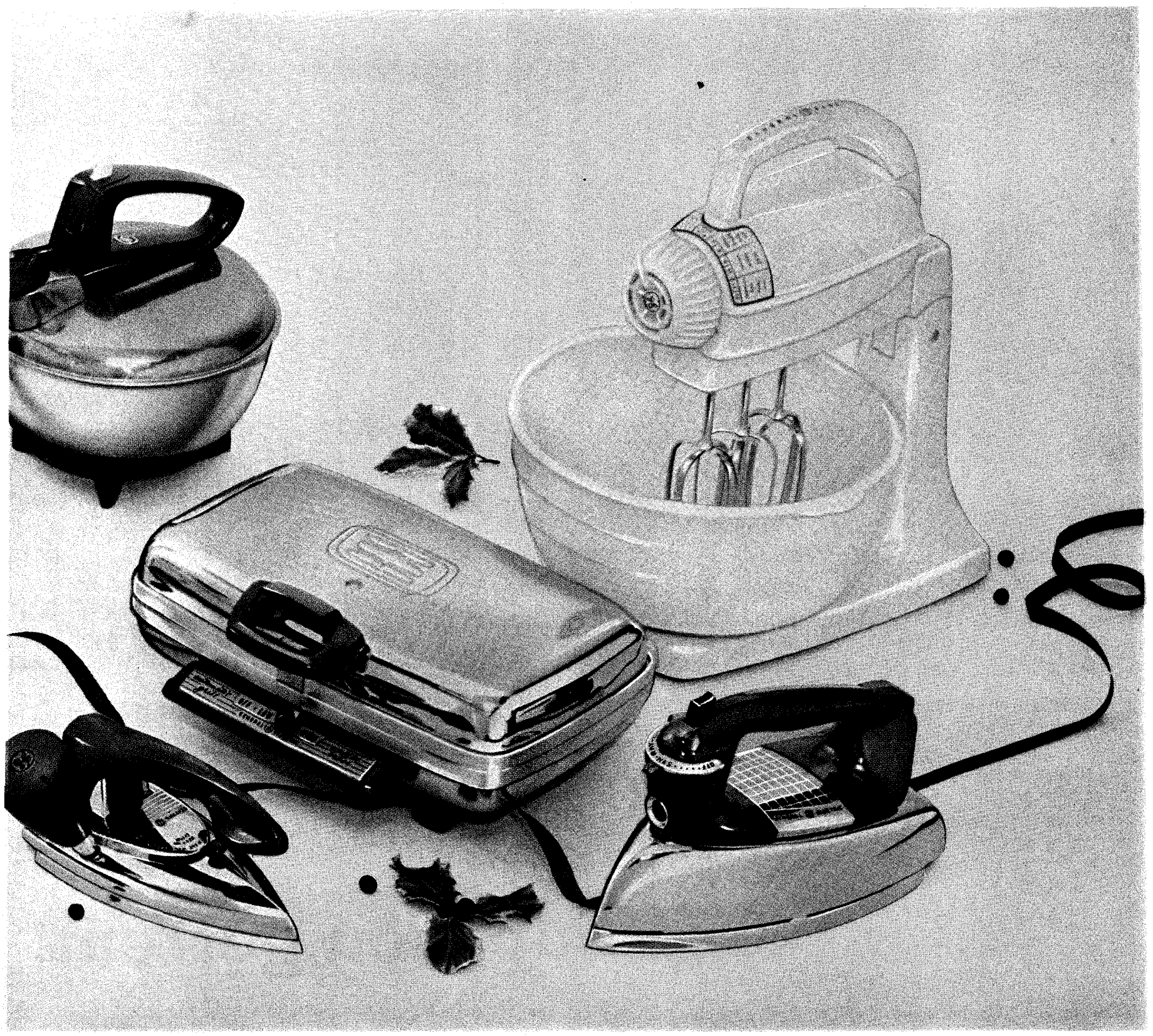

G-E SPEED KETTLE boils water *fast as you can use it* for instant coffee, tea, cocoa, soups! 2 cups in 1¾ minutes. Whistles. Automatic shut-off. Holds 2½ quarts. **$18.95***

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G-E STEAM AND DRY IRON . . . As a steam iron, presses without a damp cloth, irons most fabrics *without sprinkling*. As a dry iron, perfect heat for *any* fabric. **$17.95***

LET'S FACE IT. When it comes to Christmas presents, perfumes and negligees are here to stay.

Of course women love "frilly" gifts! But just you *find* us a girl who wouldn't be delighted to receive any of the handsome, as well as practical, gifts shown right here on these pages!

Why not browse around your local G-E dealer's? General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

**Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.*

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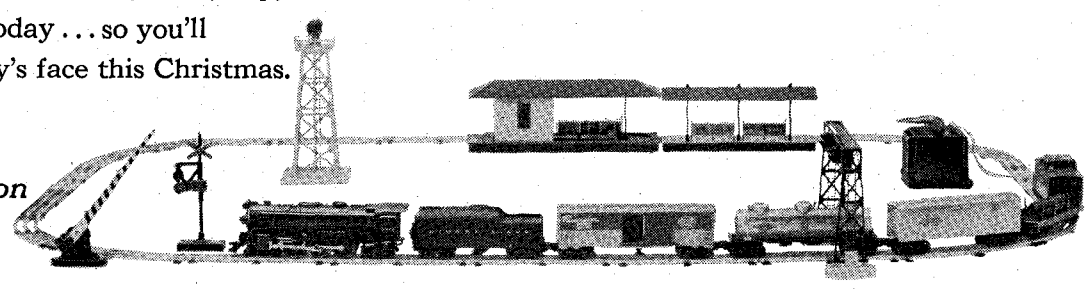
LIONEL® *Trains with Magne-Traction*



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(Continued from Page 48)

whereas you took good care of Mr. Maynard, he's up and left you thirty-five thousand bucks. May I be the first to warn you about moderation in all things?"

Granny's face became a little flushed. "Goodness gracious sakes alive!" she said finally. "There must be some mistake." She fanned her face with the papers.

"I warned you about flirting with the patients," Doctor Sullivan said, his heart warming as he watched her reaction. He knew that Granny had been worried about Henry and about a mortgage on their home. He grabbed her hand. "Look, do you see what this means? Now, if you wish, you can go to Mayo's or Johns Hopkins. Wherever your heart desires."

Granny frowned. "Why should I?" she said crossly. "I like it here." She paused a moment and looked sharply into the doctor's eyes. "Do—do you think they could make me better?"

"Well, they—ah ——" Doctor Sullivan began.

"Fiddlesticks!" Granny snapped. "Good thing you're a better sawbones than a liar."

Doctor Sullivan shrugged. "You give me no chance to explain. If someone left me thirty-five thousand dollars, I'd catch a fast boat to the Fijis."

"All by yourself?" Granny asked.

He smiled. "Nope. I'd still want to feel at home away from home. So I'd take a patient and a nurse along. You and Bette."

It was Granny's turn to smile. "You better marry that girl fast, Brat, before you have years to repent."

"I intend to," Doctor Sullivan said, "but Bette will wait."

"Women," Granny said testily, "tire of waiting. Especially attractive and talented women like Bette. My—the bids she gets from interns, doctors and smitten patients, young and old."

"How do you know?" Doctor Sullivan said sharply.

Granny Reilly tied a knot in her lace handkerchief. "I get around. Why, that girl could take her pick ——"

"It's a question of income," Doctor Sullivan said, and he sounded a little irritated. "Next year I hope to hang up my own shingle. Then we'll see."

"Humph!" Granny said. "Year from now she'll be hanging up didies. If you had any sense you'd move fast. Tonight. Tomorrow anyhow. But I never yet met a Sullivan with the sense of a donkey."

"And the Reillys never could keep their noses out of other people's affairs," the doctor said, but he was smiling broadly. "So get on with your knitting."

"That I will," said Granny, "whilst you bumble away your life on appendixes and tonsils and floating kidneys. Brat, come here." Doctor Sullivan moved closer. She took his hand. Her own hand, frail but warm, shook a little as she held his. "I haven't seen a wedding in twenty years. Sure and it would do me a world of good."

He grinned and squeezed her hand. "It's strictly beyond my line of duty, but perhaps I could arrange it."

"You're a good lad," she said. "And, I'm beginning to think, a smart one too."

In the dimly lighted corridor near the reception desk, Doctor Sullivan swung around a corner and nearly crashed into Bette.

He half dragged her into the reception room, tray of pills and all. They were alone. Quickly but deliberately, he took the tray of pills and placed it on a table. Then, just as deliberately, he placed his arms around her. Her uniform crackled as she stretched on her toes. The doctor kissed her. First warmly and softly; then, as her lips became more generous, hungrily.

When he finally released her, they were both breathing rapidly, and she said, her eyes wide, "Why, doctor!"

"Now don't tell me 'this is so sudden,'" he said. "I've been thinking and ——"

"I've been thinking, too," she said. "And I've decided to take my vacation, starting Easter Sunday. I'm tired and—and—well, I guess I've been kind of irritable."

He grinned. "Sounds perfect. I'll take mine too. We'll fly to New York. Take in some shows. Relax. Make love. Sleep——"

Her eyes were wide. "Now wait a minute, Dennis. What barbiturates do you eat? You know very well——"

"Tomorrow," he said firmly, "I want you to go shopping. You know, something old, something new, borrowed and blue? Any reason why we shouldn't be married on Easter Sunday? If so, say so. Or forever hold your peace."

She was back on her tiptoes and her arms were around him. "Oh, I do love you," she whispered. "I do."

It was Easter morn—for Doctor Sullivan a gory morning.

Officially, on Saturday, he had been on the three-P.M.-until-eleven-P.M. shift. At 11:05, just as he was en route to "Operation Shoestring," the nearest tavern, for a late sandwich and a glass of beer, an orderly came running down the front steps.

"Doc," he said, "there's an emergency in O.R. Doctor Stein is off duty and Doctor Simonds ain't got here yet. There's nobody to handle it."

The patient, a good-looking brunette in a rather masculine way, had been fighting with her husband. He had walked out. She had gulped down at least a pint of whisky and—they determined later—at least twenty-three sleeping tablets. The ambulance intern had rolled her into the D.O.A. room, but a persistent nurse had found a feeble pulse beat.

It was getting on for five o'clock in the morning before Doctor Sullivan could conscientiously relax and say to the nurse, "Doctor Stein will be on hand if there is any change. Or call Doctor Simonds."

He kicked off his shoes and rolled into bed. But his pillow had hardly settled before he heard it: "Doctor Stein, Doctor Simonds, Doctor Sullivan, wanted in emergency! Doctor Stein, Doctor Simonds, Doctor Sullivan, emergency!"

Premature eggnog parties had been stirring up business. Seven patients, three of them obviously celebrants, awaited the three doctors in dispensary.

They cut, they sewed and they wiped and sponged and set and diagnosed. "Just lacerations and abrasions and shock. . . . Possible fractured skull there. . . . Dennis, give me a hand over here—I have a punctured lung and a fractured tibia."

"Oh, happy, happy Easter morn," Doctor Sullivan muttered bitterly.

With a fresh sponge, he excised the last loose shreds of tissue, potential food for gangrene, mopped up a puddle of blood, then stitched a gaping laceration.

"Roll it," he said curtly to the nurse.

Again he washed and scrubbed, and this time shed his splattered whites. He was wide awake. He thought of the times in high school and college when he had run the mile. And how, just before collapse had seemed inevitable, nature came through with her reserve. That was the way he felt now. His "second wind."

Now the smells got him down. The iodoform, the alcohol, the ether and the smoking bacon fat from the kitchen.

He said, "Phew!"—and even as he spoke, he thought of the beach, and the sunshine that would be there, and the tangy, salt-laden air. He put on a clean white shirt, new shoes, a pair of new slacks and a worn but freshly pressed and cleaned jacket. It was a quarter after six. It would do him good, he thought, to spend a few hours at the beach, then come back and hit the sack in preparation for the big evening ahead.

The hospital cafeteria had just opened. He drank two cups of black coffee and felt better. In fact, as he strolled down the corridor toward the main entrance, his step was almost jaunty.

An orderly shuffled past him. The orderly was holding a candy bar in one hand and a bedpan in the other.

"Hi-ya, doc," the orderly said, clamping his teeth on the candy bar.

"Morning, termite," the doctor said. "How's everything?"

The orderly raised the candy bar and saluted with it. "Fine as old wine—raised in the shade. Yup-yup-yup," he said.

"Wait a minute." Doctor Sullivan felt in a pocket and extracted a crisp ten-dollar bill. "Remember to be on time tonight. Pete will handle the ambulance. You just see that she gets in and out of the church all right, and over to the reception in the parish house. We'll see that she gets back to the hospital all right."

The orderly finished the candy bar and accepted the money eagerly.

"Roger-dodger, you old codger," he said. "Paid and made. Your turn to fade."

The doctor looked at him curiously. "Termite," he said, "you don't know how lucky you are. Seven hundred and fifty thousand of you are institutionalized. But here at Mathers Unit you're allowed to roam at large."

It didn't register. The orderly said, "Yup-yup-yup. See ya at seven, if I ain't in heaven." He marched down the corridor, whistling The Stars and Stripes Forever and using the bedpan for a drum.

Doctor Sullivan made way for a stretcher and the old-timer struggling beneath the blanket was shouting, "Ain't no damn-Yankee doctor goin' to cut me up! You hear?"

He passed the registration desk and was heading for the entrance when Miss Culver, the receptionist, called him back.

"Everything set for the big occasion, doctor?" she asked.

"Seven-thirty tonight," he said, grinning. "You'll be there, of course?"

She nodded. Then she said, "Doctor, it's none of my business, but ——" She stopped.

"Go ahead," Doctor Sullivan said quickly.

"Aren't you afraid that the suddenness—not telling Mrs. Reilly about the wedding until they're ready to take her—might be too much of a shock? Besides, she—she'll want to be prepared. Best dress. Everything. You know women."

Doctor Sullivan hesitated, scratched his nose, then smiled.

"Thanks, Miss Culver. You're thoughtful. I've been too full of myself. I'll tell her now. If she's not awake yet, I'll leave an invitation and a note."

The door to Granny Reilly's room, as usual, was ajar. He poked his head around the screen. Her night light was still burning. But it glowed only dimly in the burst of golden sunlight that bathed the little room.

Granny was resting on her left side and apparently sleeping soundly. Her radio, containing an automatic clock, was playing softly. Organ music blended with voices in the old favorite:

The strife is o'er, the battle done,
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia.

He shut off the radio. He glanced at Granny's "work table." All the fishing-lure stuff was there. On top of it, though, lay a thick yellow pad. On the top page was scrawled in pencil: To Dr. Dennis Sullivan. Personal.

He flipped the page over and began reading:

Dear Brat: My fondest love and wishes for happiness to you and Bette. You couldn't hide something like that from an old hospital hound like me, you know. However, the appointment that I have is urgent.

Doctor Sullivan dropped the pad. He took two quick steps over to the bed. A closer glance at her face told him. He, who was so accustomed to seeing pain and anguish, had never—no, never—seen such blessed peace reflected on a human face.

"Oh, no!" Doctor Sullivan said, automatically reaching for her pulse.

But it was yes, of course.

He read the other pages, hastily and, at times, blindly:

. . . To my brother, Henry, ten thousand dollars to clear the mortgage. His private income will more than suffice for the rest of his years.

. . . To Mrs. Mabel Rice in Two-Oh-Six, the sum of two thousand dollars to cover all hospital expenses of her ailing husband.

Another five thousand to be divided among five other distressed patients, and the balance to serve as the nucleus for a new wing on the children's ward.

Last of all:

You and Bette are to take over, as your own, the six-room guest cottage Henry and I have on the St. Johns River. In return, I ask you and Bette to help Henry's new housekeeper to put up with him. Try my lures off the pier near the shellbank. Trout, whiting and red bass. Behave yourselves and I'll speak well of you both to The Man Upstairs.

Bette, who got to the hospital in fifteen minutes, held the doctor's hand as she read the message.

After a while, she looked at Doctor Sullivan.

"If I know Granny," she said lightly, but her voice broke, "right now she's peeking over Peter's shoulders, checking on the new arrivals." THE END

Green Grows The City

By Sarah Winfree Thorson

The forest has taken the city.
Overnight
The towering spears of green
thrust clean and bright
Up from the grimy pavement.
Look, they're here;
On every street the invading
trees appear!
Cedar and lordly spruce and
strapping pine
Parade past humbled stone,
march line on line
Down captive avenues. Their
banners rise
Triumphant on the wind, the
city lies
Gentled beneath their boughs.
Now to our doors
The annual victors come. Fetch
out your stores
Of hoarded, glittering spoils for
them to share.
In splendid armor deck them.
They shall wear
Jewel and bauble, silver and gilt,
and far
Above our heads lift high the
crowning star.

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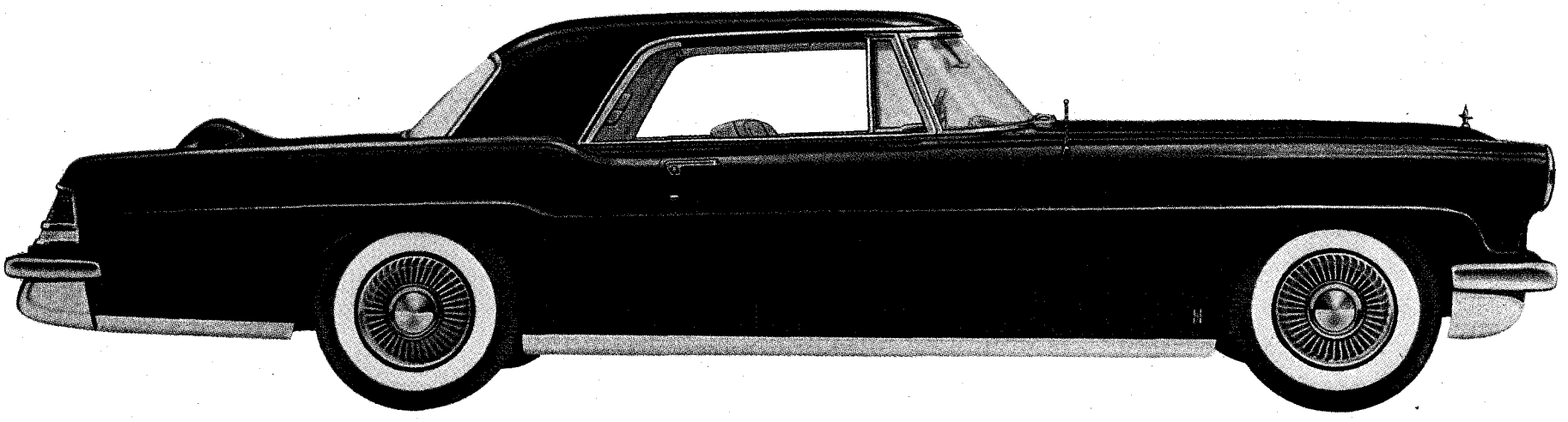
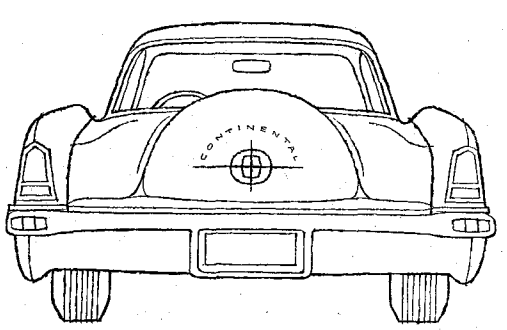


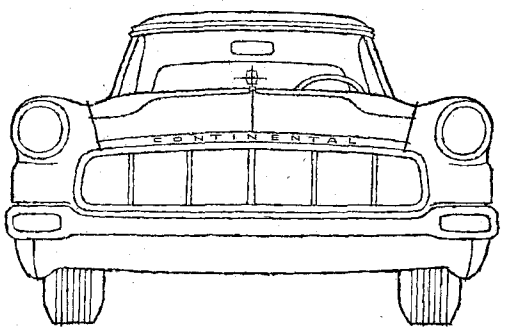
An experience awaits you—the excitement of being conservative

We think you will readily agree that the simple, straightforward lines of the new Continental *Mark II* are almost formal in their quiet elegance. To this extent, it is a conservative motor car.

But observe how long and low and truly exciting a conservative car can be! It is an excitement you can actually *sense*—in owning it, and driving it and knowing that it is your own personal possession.

And always there will be the inner satisfaction of knowing that in the creation of the Continental *Mark II*, neither time nor craftsmanship have been stinted to make it as fine a motor car as America has yet known.





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Mark II

Continental Division • Ford Motor Company

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Barren Christmas (Continued from Page 26)

say. "Walking round in smart uniforms, looking at the girls, and the rest of the country going to the pack for the want of manpower."

I got soaked to the skin getting Daisy into the byre, and while I was milking her, the rain was making big splashes like little teapots in the pools in the yard, although it had been dry only half an hour before. Then I had to take Stone down to the back paddock. There wasn't much shelter there, up on the rise, but the lower paddocks near the river weren't safe in a flood.

All night the radio was giving flood warnings, and before I went to bed the last warning said that the peak of the flood, racing down the river, would reach Singleton next day at noon.

"That's four in the afternoon for us," said dad, and he reached forward in his armchair and knocked out the dottle from his pipe. "Good job it will be daylight," he grunted.

We were sitting on the wide veranda, and I was helping mum paint a little cut-down barrel for a tub for the Christmas tree. Ralph was plaiting kangaroo hide for a bridle—he had tanned the hides himself in an old copper—and gran was just sitting. We couldn't see out into the night at all. It was just driving storm.

"Do you think it'll catch the house?" asked mum.

Dad said, "Could do. I don't think it can be as bad as last time. I think where they put up the embankment for the new road last spring will help to turn the water against the other side of the valley. Anyway, we've never had it bad enough to send us out of here. And the stock will be safe."

"Your father built this house," said gran. "He built it strong and true, and he had an eye for every risk." She was sitting back in her chair with her arms folded, and her face was in the shadow, but I knew she was looking way back behind the rain, and behind the hills, and remembering. "This house will be safe from floods," gran said. "Your father thought of everything. That's why he would never rest till he bought the Hundred Acre at the top of the rise, though it was the poorest land of all."

"Poor enough," said dad.

Woondibone—that's the name of our place—faces on the river, and there are four hundred acres of flat, rich bottom land. From there on, the land slopes up, and on the other side of the valley, where it lies to the sun, there are vineyards, but on our side the slopes did not catch the sun just the same way, and we had six hundred acres of them under sheep. The house is near the foot of these slopes, half a mile and more back from the river, and behind the house is the end of a long, gravelly ridge, running right back toward the hills, and cut through with three or four little gullies which feed the creek on the other side. That's our Hundred Acre—we've always called it that. It has no other name. There's also a lot of the run stretching right back into the hills, but it's poor land, still under second-growth bush, with a little heavy timber in the deep gullies. That's where we run the beef cattle and the young horses and the dry sheep, the wethers and store hoggets, and any beasts that are spelling for a while.

"I've got a beaut tree picked out," I told mum, when we had finished painting the tub. "It's super."

"I'll bet you have," she said. "Am I going to get any Christmas bells?"

"I'll fill a dray," I promised her, and she laughed.

I was just going to bed when a flash announcement came through on the radio, with another flood warning:

"At eight-twenty-five tonight—forty-five minutes ago—flood waters in a crest fifteen or twenty feet high burst levees at Georgetown, where citizens, police and an army detachment were filling sandbags. Casualties are feared. Further details are not available but will be announced as they come in. Meanwhile ——"

Mother looked up anxiously. "It's a bad one," she said.

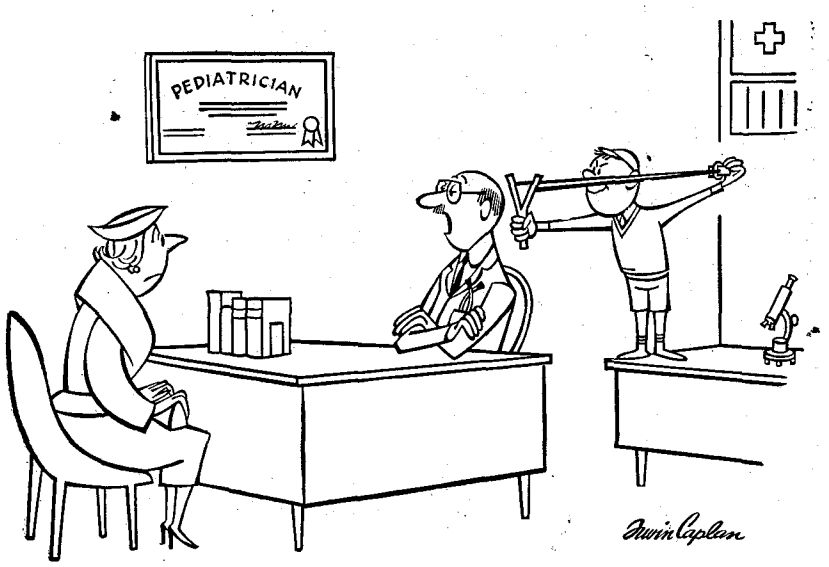
"First thing in the morning, we'll shift all the stock up to the Hundred Acre, Ralph," dad said.

I said good night to them all then and went to bed.

We'd had the flood in the house before. It came halfway up the table legs. We had shifted all the carpets and the rugs into the attic rooms, and all the furniture that mattered. The water stayed in the house a day and a half, and when it went down, the smell was something fierce. But if it didn't worry dad it didn't worry me, and I went to sleep soon, with the rain on the roof.

When I woke up the next morning the rain was coming down harder than ever. The river had risen, and it covered the bottom paddock. Dad and Ralph were there, working with a mob of sheep caught on a little rise round the three old gum trees near the riverbank.

The sheep were panicked, and they wouldn't swim to the other side of the water, and dad and Ralph were wading waist-deep, catching the sheep and bringing them, one at a time, back to the dry land near the (Continued on Page 57)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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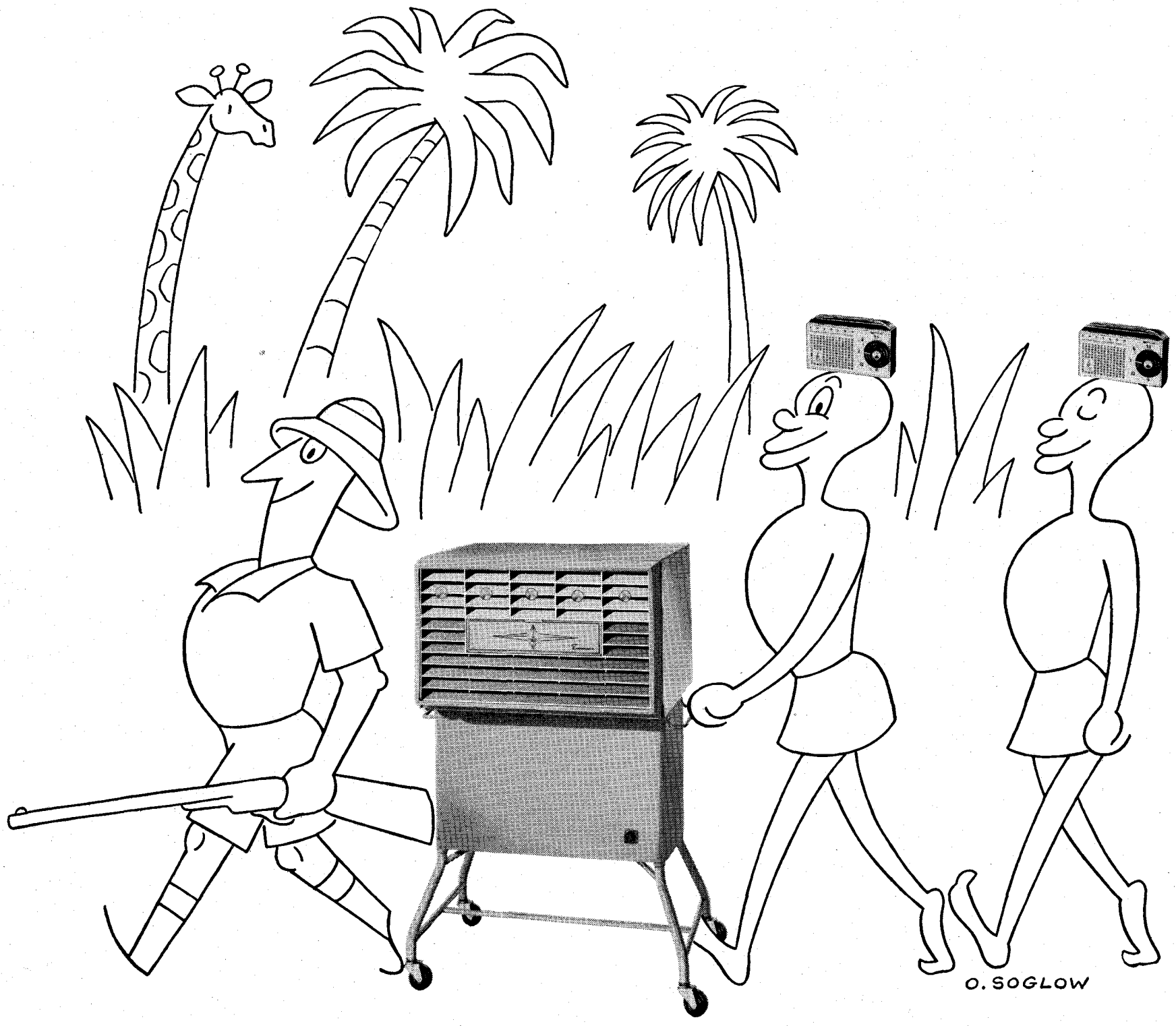

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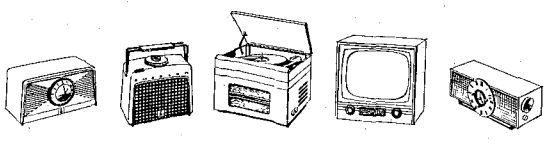

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(Continued from Page 55)

house. Rab and Spot, our two heading dogs, were helping them; Rab by the gum trees with the men, holding the mob while the sheep were caught, and Spot holding the safe mob on our side. I dressed as quick as I could and went down to help. Mum called me back and sent a basket of food with me, because they had had no breakfast.

The water was creeping up all the time, thick brown water. The whole surface of the water was covered with spiders and beetles and big sugar ants and mantises and every other kind of insect you could think of. I had my feet bare, and near the edge the centipedes were squirming over them, racing to get away from the flood. They didn't bite, but I kept a lookout for the spiders, because there are poisonous kinds here that are quite deadly.

Every time they came across with another sheep, dad and Ralph brushed off the spiders that had climbed up their legs for safety.

"I'll give you a hand," I offered, while they were eating the sandwiches.

"It's a bit deep for you," Ralph said. So I said I'd get the cow in and milk her after breakfast.

When they started to eat, we were standing on dry ground, and when they had finished, the water was up to my ankles.

Well, gee, we worked all morning. I don't think I ever worked so much before. It rained and rained, but it was warm and we didn't mind.

After lunch I thought of something. I thought the river would be backing up the creek, and if I wanted that Christmas tree, I had better hurry. So I took a tomahawk and went out to get it. And when I found it, the tree was standing in a foot of water.

I was away about three hours, I suppose, because I had to go round the long way and I was on foot, and the tree got a little bit heavy, even if it was only about seven feet tall. But I thought they'd be pleased that we had a tree for Christmas after all; only when I came back dad roared at me.

"Where the devil have you been?" he shouted. "You stay close to the house! And what the dickens do you think you're going to do with that damn-fool rubbish?"

I felt sore about that. If I'd been a kid I'd have felt like crying, because I thought he'd like for me to have remembered the Christmas tree. But it made mum happy. She put her arm round my shoulders—she was hardly any bigger than me at all.

"Your father's worried, Dave," she said. "He doesn't really mean it." And then she looked at the tree. "Oh, it's a lovely tree," she said. "I think it's the best we've ever had."

I thought so, too, and I got the tub and wedged the tree in it tight with bricks and stones, and covered them over with earth, and covered the earth with she-oak needles I had brought for that. It looked as if it was growing there.

I was still looking at it when dad came running into the house and called for me to give him a hand, and we started shifting things into the attic rooms. Mum and even gran came running too. But we had only rolled up the carpet off one floor when the water came up into the house. Dad said he had seen it coming down the valley like a wall. He and Ralph had shifted all the stock into the Hundred Acre by that time; everything outside was safe, and now Ralph had gone off somewhere.

We worked like mad, and we got the attic rooms crammed with things—the drawers that held the linen first, and some of the smaller furniture. We were still working when it was coming dark. I had a Christmas present for mum and one for dad, and I hadn't bought the others yet, because this was the day for my allowance, and I hadn't enough money before. But I sneaked those two up the stairs without anyone seeing me, and I hid them under my shirts in the drawer. Mum had the oil-burning cooker we used for camping on a stand near the attic windows, and she was making something for us to eat.

Just before dark, Ralph came down off the hill. He waded right up to his neck in water, and then he had to swim a hundred yards. When he came to where the garden had been, he walked again, but the water was up to his armpits, and the current was running strong, just as it does in midriver.

Dad waited till he got in and then he bawled him out too.

"Hell of a time to go off on your own," he said. "Might have had a chance to save something if you'd been here! Where were you anyway?"

Dad didn't usually swear like that. He was hurt and sore and worried.

"Nicholson's stock were up against the fence," Ralph said. He looked as though he didn't have a care in the world, and I guess that made dad madder. "I cut the wires and let them into our Hundred Acre. Then I went round, and Peters was having trouble. I cut the wires there, too, and then I gave him a hand for a while. He's lost stock. Lost a lot of it."

"Hasn't Peters got high ground of his own?" dad asked. He didn't really want Ralph to tell him. He was mad clear through. "There's not more than a scratching of feed for our own stock on the Hundred Acre. What the dickens do you think we're going to feed them on? Suppose we have to keep them there a week?"

"They're neighbors," Ralph said.

I didn't like dad talking like that. I went out and down the stairs again. It was up near my shoulders on the ground floor, and it was dark, and the water seemed cold now, and there were wriggly things in it. I felt my way out on the veranda, and the tree was there in its tub; only you couldn't see the tub. I grabbed it by the branches and tried to pull it, and it came easily in the water, so I worked it round through the doors and back to the stairs. I got it up the first four stairs all right, but then the tub was half out of the water, and it got mighty heavy.

I was pulling at it and I fell, and the tree fell with me, and I must have made some sort of a noise, I guess, because dad came down then.

"For heaven's sake, we don't want that kind of rubbish up there," he said. "We haven't got room to move as it is. Haven't any of you boys got any sense at all?"

He yanked me up the stairs by the scruff of my neck; and then he went on talking about Tommy being stubborn, and Ralph being stupid, and me a bit of both of them rolled together. Even eating didn't make him feel good. Mum made a pretty good job of the meal, considering.

Twice—once early in the night and once after midnight—it stopped raining, and there was a break in the clouds. We had no electricity now, and we had to use storm lanterns, and we couldn't hear anything on the radio, and the water came higher and higher on the stairs. Outside, when the moon came out, the current raced on both sides of us. Once a tree hit the house, and the whole place shook.

The tree hit us with the butt first, and then swung around. It stayed against the wall, and Ralph climbed out—dad made him put a rope around his waist—and walked it along so that it would go free into the current. Dad was holding the lantern out, and mum screamed. I looked out and there was a fat old tiger snake draped around the branches. Ralph put his bare foot just a few inches from its head, it looked like, but the snake just stayed there, weaving a little bit, its tongue darting in and out.

Farther out in the current there was stock going down the river. The beasts were all swimming—cattle and pigs mostly, only a few sheep—but they were all swimming with the current, and we didn't think there was much hope for them. There was a little flock of ducks swimming against the current, but they were going downstream too. All in among everything there were big clumps of water hyacinth broken adrift; and it looked like little forests racing down to the sea.

I went to sleep, but Ralph wakened me. It was still dark, but there was a little light coming, and I knew there was only one more day to Christmas Eve. When I went past the head of the stairs the Christmas tree was standing on the landing with its top branches sticking out of the water. Ralph must have gone down after I went to sleep, and brought it as far as the landing.

There was water on the attic floor now, and dad and Ralph wanted us to shift on the roof. It didn't seem as if the flood could come any higher—it didn't seem as if there could be that much water in the world—but if it did, they said we mustn't be trapped inside the attic. They had rigged up the trestle table so it was half out the attic window, and you could climb on it and step back on the roof at the gully between the two gables.

We all climbed out, and then they put the trestle across the gully of the roof for mum and gran to sit on, and Ralph went back and got rugs and a cow cover, and all the tinned food and the stove, and we made it a little camp on top of our own roof. Dad pulled down the wireless aerial and made a kind of stay with it, and we draped the cow cover over it, because it was still raining, and sat there in that little tent.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Some day we'll look back and laugh at all this."

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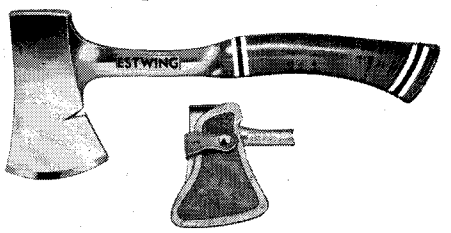

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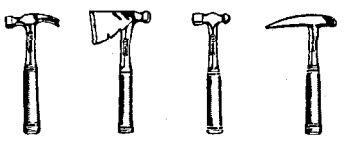

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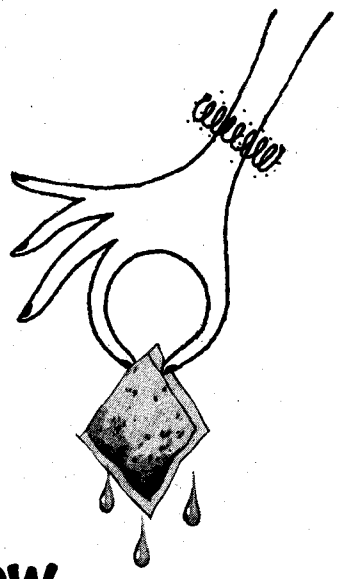

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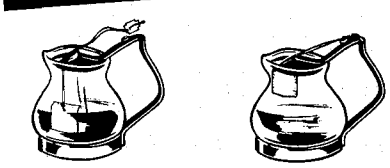

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But before I came out of the window I got the two little flat parcels that were my presents for mum and dad and brought them with me, tucked inside my shirt. Gran was rocking back and forth on the edge of the trestle table, with her feet hanging down in the gully, and mum was comforting her.

When it was light we could see how bad the flood really was. The Hundred Acre was like a big long island now, and it was just crowded with stock—with horses and cows and sheep everywhere. They were all restless, and the cows were bellowing and the sheep were bleating. They didn't race about, but they stood nervously, the horses holding their heads high. I could see Tempest and Stone. And I could pick out all the Peters horses and Nicholson's, and there were some I had not seen before. And in one corner there were three kangaroos, and there was a fox lying near them. The dogs were not in sight—they must have been on the other side of the hill. Normally we would have to ride right back into the hills and beyond, ten miles or more, to see a kangaroo, and they were not too plentiful even there. But here were all these animals, and none of them interfering with any of the others.

Out in the current there were dead animals floating down now among the living. The trees that stood out of the water and the electric-light poles were covered with spiders and little lizards and beetles, and some of the trees had snakes in the branches. There wasn't anything to do but just look at the water, and everything we looked at was something else to worry about. Mum kept talking of the neighbors who lived on the lower levels. Every now and then she'd say, "I wonder if the Tullys had much warning," or "the Smiths had just finished painting the house," or something like that.

"Nobody had much warning," dad said. What he meant was, nobody thought it was going to be so bad. But every flood had been worse. Every flood had brought down the silt and made the river shallower, and made things worse for the flood to follow.

The water was still creeping up a little—about four inches every hour, dad said.

Round about ten o'clock we saw a little boat come around the farthest point upriver, about a mile away. It looked like the old boat Jim Tully used for fishing or duck shooting. It was made of old iron on a wood frame, and you had to keep bailing it all the time. He just used it round the swamps; it wasn't safe enough for the river.

"Jim's mad to take that thing out," dad said. "I don't know what he's thinking about."

But I could tell by the way the rower was using his paddles that it wasn't Jim Tully. And I knew who it was.

"It's Tommy!" I shouted. "Tommy's coming!"

Nobody said anything, but they all stood up. Mum had her hand at her throat, and when the little boat twisted and swirled in the current, she looked like Death. But it came fast. It was half full of water when Tommy brought it up, heading it straight for the house. He wedged it in the gully right in front of the trestle table, and stepped out on the roof, grinning as though he had just put it up on the bank of a creek.

"How's everybody?" he said.

"Could be worse," Ralph told him.

"Why did you come, Tommy? It was risky," mum protested.

"Thought I might be useful," said Tommy. "Things are bad, dad. They don't expect it to go down for three days. Still raining in the headwaters. I thought you might have trouble. The rescuers are out, but I thought it might be days before anyone got here. I've been on the road since the day before yesterday."

He had an old jersey on, and rolled-up trousers, and bare feet.

"You must have something to eat," mum said, pumping the oil stove.

"Tully might have needed his boat himself," dad said.

Tommy's face sobered. "Bad news about the Tullys," he said. "Old Jim's gone. He didn't have time to make the house. He climbed the haystack, and the haystack went. No other news of him. They brought in all the little Tullys and Mrs. Tully—got them off the roof. I remembered about the boat. It was sunk, of course. I waded in and cut the rope where it was tied to the post near the road."

"Can we go back in the boat?" I asked him, but Tommy shook his head.

"Not a chance. That current must be running ten knots."

"At least we can get over to the Hundred Acre," Ralph suggested.

"That was my idea," Tommy said.

It took hours to get over, one at a time, with another one rowing, and then to bring over all the gear stacked on the roof. It was late afternoon when we had finished. There were airplanes flying over all the time, little spotter planes and a seaplane, and two or three of the big air-force bombers. I saw Tommy looking up at them. Tommy always looked as though he had a sight of heaven when he saw an aircraft; and I noticed dad frowning, but nobody said anything. Tommy had always stopped work to look at any plane in the sky, and dad had always hated it. He hated the air force anyway. He had been a prisoner of war at Regensburg when the RAF bombed the place, and his chest was all scarred with flying road metal from a bomb burst. But I think he felt it worse that Tommy didn't like the farm better.

We got a fire going when we reached the Hundred Acre, and with the rain stopped, we had a chance to get dry. The Peters family were there too. They had come over in a raft—the three of them, the father and mother and Shirley, who was only ten. And they didn't have anything to eat. They had brought nothing at all except a white cockatoo in a cage; and the cockatoo was driving everybody mad saying, "Hallo, Hallo" and "Cocky wants a drink" all the time. We had to share them some of our rugs and the tinned stuff. Gran was feeling very sick. She was just lying wrapped up in rugs near the fire.

Only about half the Hundred Acre was out of the water, and there were so many cattle it was already trampled and muddy, so there wasn't anything for the animals to eat. When it came night, the cattle bellowed softly all the time, just standing in one place with their heads low, and moaning softly every now and then. There were snakes and lizards everywhere, but we didn't kill them, we just left them. If it was good enough for the fox and the kangaroos to sit quiet, it was good enough for us, Ralph said.

"A lot of this stock won't last three days," dad said next morning. "There's not going to be any feed when the water goes back either. All that mud. They might have had a chance without these other animals." The Peterses had their own fire, and he was speaking softly. They wouldn't hear.

"While there's life there's hope," Ralph said cheerfully, and he began to whistle, and dad didn't like that either.

But gran struggled in her blanket, and moved as though she wanted to sit up, and mum ran to help her. She started to cough then, and mum soothed her, and wanted to make her comfortable, so she could lie down again, but gran said, "Leave me. Let me be."

She looked at dad and said, "Your father would have been ashamed to hear you, and on Christmas Day. Look you here," she said; "we spent our first Christmas under a tree, your father and I—in a wagon under a tree—and little as we had, it was there to share. I never thought to hear the day a lad of mine would grudge his neighbors a bit of help; and on Christmas Day."

"It's not Christmas Day, gran," I told her. "It's Christmas Eve."

"It's Christmas Day," she said, stubborn with her great age. "It's Christmas Day for Ralph. It's Christmas Day whenever you're thinking of other people, and not of yourself. If you're not happy, it's not a Christmas Day, and if you're thinking of yourself, you're not so happy." She looked confused, and pulled the blanket round herself, and lay down; and mum sat at her back with her arm over her.

"Gran's sick, poor thing," she said, but gran never stirred.

We had no water, and the brown flood water was thick and muddy. Ralph got an old drum, and he and Tommy filled it at the edge of the flood, and stood it up so it would settle, and we could maybe boil some off the top. But there was nothing we could use straightaway, and we were thirsty.

And then mum found that gran was fevered and hot. We worried then. She was very old and very tired; and she had had a hard time in the two nights—nearly three—of the flood.

But about ten o'clock that morning a navy helicopter swung low over the hill, and we all jumped up and waved. The pilot had a loud-speaker attached to the helicopter somewhere, and his voice came booming down. "If you can hang on another twenty-four hours, hold up your right hands!" it said.

I held up mine, and the others would have, too, but Tommy yelled, "No!" and pointed to gran. Then we all pointed to gran, and straightaway the helicopter began to come down.

Tommy nudged me and shouted something, and his eyes were shining, but I didn't know what he was saying, for the noise was terrific under the rotor blades. The helicopter settled down light and easy.

A man came out of the machine, and they lifted gran in, her eyes big and wide, as though she were frightened. And then Tommy said something to the man. They went off, the big eggbeater lifting into the air with a sort of a leap, and Tommy looking after it with his eyes lifted and his hands on his hips. Gran raised an arm to us, and that was the last we saw.

Dad was happier now. "That's one worry off our minds," he said.

"Worries never last long," mum told him.

"Neither does tobacco," he said. "I'd sure feel happier if I could fill the old pipe." That was something I hadn't noticed. Dad had no tobacco in his pipe. When everything looks different, you don't notice some one little thing. I felt under my shirt for his present. It was still there, alongside mum's; and I pulled it out and gave it to him.

"Merry Christmas, dad," I said. "I wanted to keep it for the right day, but I guess you might like it today."

He looked at me and said, "Oh, Dave," in a soft kind of way. He unwrapped it, and it was a new leather tobacco pouch, same as I thought he might like. I wondered and wondered

(Continued on Page 60)

Time Out

By Thomas Usk

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Now you can assure your family enough cash to help realize their most important hopes for the future—without having to sacrifice your living standards today.

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(Continued from Page 58) whether to spend more money and fill it for him in the store, and then I thought it would look better filled, and thank goodness I bought the tobacco as well.

"It doesn't look like Christmas, but I think there's a feel of it in the air," he said. He picked me up and swung me high, same as he used to do when I was a little kid. I thought of something else, and I asked him, "Dad, can we have a Christmas tree for tomorrow?"

He laughed and looked around. There weren't any real she-oaks on top of the hill, of course, but there was a little gum tree, the biggest of a group, about ten feet high.

"We could use that one," I said.

"We haven't got anything to put on it, son," dad said.

But we didn't have the tree in the tub any more, and we didn't have the Christmas bush or the Christmas bells; and there weren't going to be any presents, only what I still had for mum; and there wouldn't be any Christmas dinner or anything; and suddenly they all seemed to see it my way, and we began to get the tree ready for Christmas as well as we could. We cut away all the other saplings and just left this one gum tree standing by itself, and it was a lovely little tree, with the first blossoms it had ever had crowning it.

We just stood and looked at it then. There was some horsehair caught in the fence, and dad said, "You're not going to get my tobacco back to hang on it. Because it tastes so good. But I'll hang this instead, just to show it should have been there."

And he tied the wrapping paper into a little bundle and hung it on the end of one of the branches. And I hung mum's present on another. Then everybody tied handkerchiefs and bits of stones and sticks and things everywhere; and it looked really a bit like a Christmas tree, even if it was a kind of Christmas tree that nobody had ever seen before; and every stick and stone stood for a present from one to the other; and we invited the Peterses to share the tree, and they hung things on it, too—the little girl Peters put both her hair ribbons there.

Late in the afternoon one of the big air-force bombers came over and circled the hill. The back door in the fuselage was open, and Tommy ran to dad, very excited.

"Move the stock back!" he yelled. "It's the feed!"

Dad didn't ask him then. He and Ralph and I ran at the stock, shouting and waving our arms, trying to send them to the other end of the hill so that there would be a clear patch left at our end. The bomber had circled and was coming back, and everybody was down holding the stock back.

"I asked the helicopter pilot," Tommy said. "I told him we needed stock food. This is the feed arriving."

The bomber was overhead now, and three bales of hay came flying from the open door. It circled again, and again three bales came out. We were all on our feet, staying back. I don't know why I watched it all so carefully; I saw the third lot come all the way down. I saw the bale hit the Christmas tree and break it off.

The last bundle was a bundle of blankets, and in the blankets, wrapped up, were parcels of food, and tablets to purify the flood water for drinking, and dozens of little things we hadn't known we'd needed.

"What about your peacetime air force now?" said Tommy. "What about them?" He was nearly crowing.

Dad put his pipe in his mouth and said, "You win. A fellow can't be expected to know what he's talking about all the time, can he?" He was happy because the stock could be fed.

Ralph was looking at all the things wrapped in the blankets.

"Plenty of falderals to hang on the Christmas tree now," he said.

"But there isn't any tree," I said.

I felt mighty sick about it too. I wanted that tree; and that old bale of hay could have landed most anywhere else in the Hundred Acre.

Ralph ran his fingers through my hair and said, "Gee, Dave, that's the worst kind of luck."

"It doesn't matter," I said. "I'd rather the stock had the hay." And just then I remembered, and I rushed to the tree where it was lying in the ground. And my present for mum, the little flat bottle of French perfume, was smashed.

And then I started to cry just like a little kid. I thought I was too old to cry, and I reckon I'll remember it because that's the last time I'm ever going to cry, but I couldn't help it then. I was crying when mum came over, and I showed her the broken bottle. She picked up the stopper.

"I'm going to keep this anyway," she said. "It'll make the nicest kind of a remembering present. You know, I'd have used the scent, and that would have been that, but the stopper I'll put away and keep it always. It's the only thing I'll ever have that will really remind me of this Christmas and how we all were." It sounded silly, but there was a kind of sense in what she was saying, and I listened.

"Everything's going to be all right, you know," she said. "Tommy's going to join the air force and dad's going to be proud of him, and you and Ralph and all of us are going to be happy. It's going to be a really happy Christmas for us all."

Dad was near, and he had his back to us, but I think he was listening.

"There wasn't any roof for the Babe in the Manger; His home was somewhere else, and His gifts came from strangers, just like ours have," mum said. "But that's the Christmas everyone all over the world remembers."

And it might sound silly, but when I look back on it now, that Christmas we spent in the flood last year was the happiest ever.

The Burning Hills (Continued from Page 43)

He had fired point-blank at a moving spot of darkness, and then he was away, his horse running up the canyon at breakneck speed. Behind him were other shots and shouts.

Deliberately, he slowed his pace. Behind him he heard a rush of horses, startled shouts and replies. On his left a canyon mouth opened, almost choked with brush, but the horse found an opening. Brush slapped at his face and clothing as he pushed through.

High up the rock wall, moonlight glanced off the rocky trail. Trees left a space for a rider and he forced a way through, finding the vague trail that led up the cliff. Ten minutes later he was white in the moonlight atop the mesa, yet already they were behind him and he heard hoofs click on the lower trail.

Swiftly he glanced around. Poised on the rim was a rock as large as a piano. He swung down and got behind it, trying its weight with his hands.

Below there was movement. He stooped, took the strain, paused to gather strength, then heaved. The rock tipped, grated, then hung. His boot toes gripped the mesa top. The rock tipped, grated, leaned farther out. Alone on the mesa's rim he stood, the veins swelling in his brow, throbbing in his throat. Suddenly there was a stabbing pain in his side, and then the rock fell free.

The boulder tumbled off into the vast blackness below, there was a rattle of accompanying gravel, an agonized cry of animal fear, a wild scramble, and then the forlorn screams of a horse and man falling away into darkness.

Alone on the cliff's edge, his chest heaving with effort, he suddenly filled with some primeval, berserk fury, and he shouted, his voice rolling down the corridor of rock, "Come on, damn you!"

Sweating and trembling, his body shaken with pain, he leaned a moment against the saddle, gathering strength. They would think awhile before they tried that path again this night.

Over a mesa white in the moonlight he rode steadily, his torn side a throb of agony, and he rode until the sun was rising, until it seemed he had never known any other life than the saddle.

Before him in the gray light was a dull red finger of rock, and at its base an ancient cottonwood, white-limbed and dead. He pushed his horse through a curtain of willows into a pocket of rock and trees almost encircled by a tiny stream. The aspen were gray with morning, the grass dew-wet and heavy when he drew rein at last. An old rock house crouched like a tired hound against the cliff's face, and there he slid from his saddle and drank.

For a long time then he lay still, until the morning sun warmed his shoulders and crept along his tired muscles and ate away the night's chill. He made coffee, ate of the beef and tortillas, and then he slept.

At first, when he awakened, he listened for a long time. Birds chirped and played among the branches, his horse cropped grass, the stream chuckled over its stones. Only when he was sure he was alone did he rise and strip off his shirt.

His wound had been torn open by lifting the rock, but he bathed it, then bandaged it again with the same cloth. Then from near the steeple rock he studied the trail down which he had come, and moved out to brush away the last few tracks. Most of the trail was over bare rock, and although there would be signs, there would not be many.

Every hour of delay was an hour gain. Would they be so anxious to pursue him that they would not bother Maria Cristina? There was hope of that. In any event, he could do nothing. Yet the men who had shot into the back of a dying man would stop at nothing. They had started after him to avenge Bob Sutton's death, but now another man had died, and, recalling the cry from the canyon, perhaps two.

Trace Jordan searched for and found a way out of the hiding place. He found it late in the afternoon, a trail screened by brush that led over the rocks and away to the south. He was, he knew, either in Mexico now or close to the border. The way north was barred to him, the way south lay through Apache country. Yet it was the only way that remained.

The killers of Johnny Hendrix were among the pursuers, yet there were honest cowmen there too. He wanted his horses back, and he wanted the killers to pay, yet if he stayed there would be no end to the killing. Johnny was dead, but the Sutton-Bayless outfit had lost several men. It was price enough. And there was Maria Cristina.

He had his first hot meal in days over a fire of dry curl-leaf, almost smokeless, back in the rocks. Yet he was restless. There was no telling what they might do to a girl alone. She (Continued on Page 65)

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Give the man in your life the only shaver that offers

the 16-Hour Shave

WATCH THE ROBERT MONTGOMERY SHOW MONDAY NIGHTS ON NBC-TV

THINK A MOMENT. Wouldn't it be a wonderful feeling to know he'll be using your gift practically every day of the year. *That* in itself is a grand reason for giving him the ease and comfort of Schick electric shaving. But there's more.

For of all the things men want in a shaver, none has caused so much excitement as the news of Schick's 16-hour shave. And justly so. For here is the supreme convenience in shaving—a shave so clean he'll rarely, if ever, have to shave again from breakfast to bedtime!

Watch-maker's precision

Christmas morning, let him find the distinctive black and silver Schick Caddie Case under the tree. Be prepared for his excitement when he opens it and finds the most talked about electric shaver since Colonel Schick invented the first one, 25 years ago. Note the pride in his eyes when he discovers the precision craftsmanship and sleek, jewel-like beauty of this all new Silver Jubilee Schick.

Shaving freedom of the 16-hour shave

Don't be surprised if he wants to shave right on the spot. For those combed edges set whiskers up straight... firmly guide them into close shaving position. The Super-Honed shaving heads, precision-honed to new sharpness, shave whiskers off clean—flush with the skin line. And that Hi-power Rotary Motor, the most powerful in the world for its size, breezes through the toughest whiskers... with never a pull or a pluck. The result: the shaving convenience of a lifetime—the 16-hour shave!

14-Day Money-Back Trial

Ask your Schick Dealer about the money-back trial that gives your man up to 14 days *after Christmas* to discover the shaving convenience of the Schick. Buy the all new Schick "25" and get a $7.50 trade-in allowance on any old electric shaver—in any condition. At better stores and Schick Shaver Shops in leading cities. Only $29.50. Schick Incorporated, Lancaster, Pa.

P. S. *You buy this shaver with confidence, knowing more men use Schick electric shavers than any other make.*

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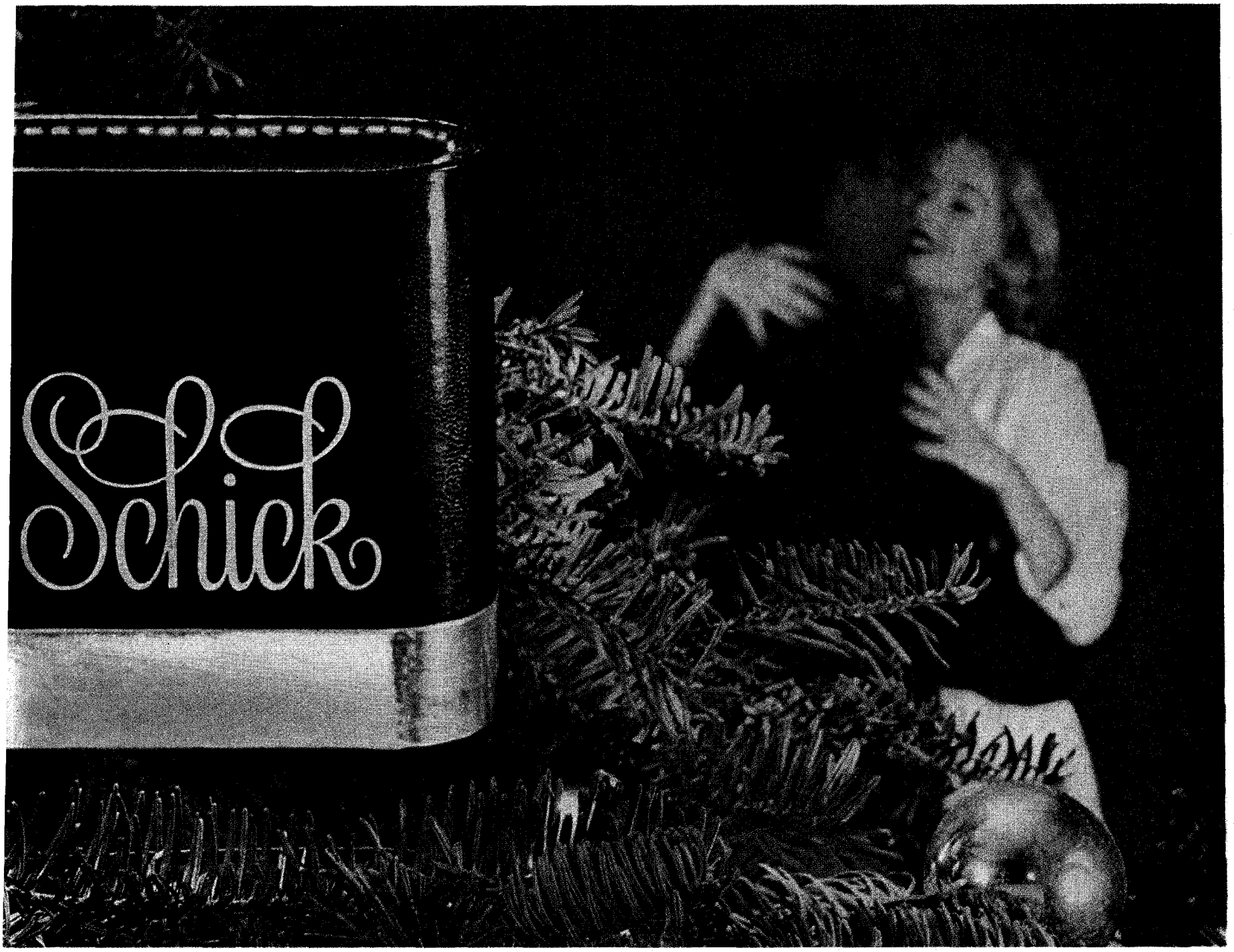
from Breakfast to Bedtime



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No parts to break or wear out • Transparent, unbreakable cartridges • Cleanest and easiest filling fountain pen.

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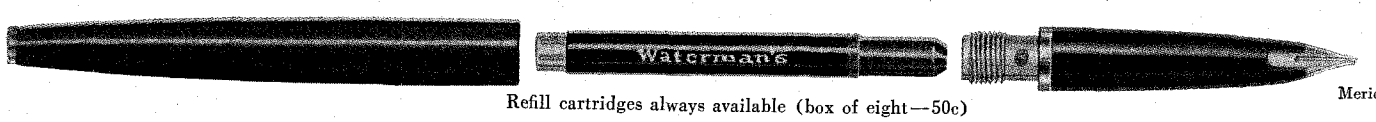
14 Kt. gold nib **$12.50**



Refill cartridges always available (box of eight—50c)

Merido metal nib **$5.95**

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Waterman's C/F
the Cartridge-Filled fountain pen

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(Continued from Page 60) had a brother, but one man would be helpless against that crowd. Far up the canyon a hoof struck stone. Jordan came soundlessly to his feet and took up his rifle. He crossed the rocks to a position where he could see the trail. And then for a long time the night was still.

Vicente was at the table when Maria Cristina came from her room. Surprised to find him around so early, she went past him to the fire. Coffee water was on, and she added coffee.

"Do not take the sheep out."

She turned to look at him. His face seemed older in the morning light, quieter than she had ever remembered it.

"I will take them," he said.

"You?" She was astonished.

"They must be saved."

For the first time she saw the rifle by his chair, and he wore an extra cartridge belt. It had been her father's belt.

"You think they will come here?"

"They will come," he said.

She turned from him and broke an egg into the pan, trying to order her thoughts. Vicente was different. He was a man. She looked at him, puzzled by this change.

"I will take the sheep to the notch," he said. "They will not look for them there."

This, then, was what Vicente had sought to avoid. Now that it had come, he was no longer afraid. Shame filled her. Shame that she had doubted him, shame that hers had been the fault.

There was quiet resolution in his narrow face, and she realized at last that he had never been afraid, only he had sought to avoid an issue that could only result in defeat and destruction for the Chaveros.

"Vicente"—it was as near as she ever came to a plea for understanding—"he is a good man. I could not let him die."

He took the egg from the pan, a tortilla from the warm pile on the plate. "It is enough that you have a man."

She returned to the fire, humbled by his quiet dignity. He would take the sheep to the notch. It was, of course, the best place for them.

"Take the others with you," she said.

"And you?"

"It is I they will want. If I am not here, they will follow."

"You are my sister. I will stay."

"Go. I can handle them."

Vicente hesitated. The others would need him. Juanito was too young, and without Maria Cristina or himself, his mother would be helpless. And his wife, Rosa, she was a fine girl, but she did not plan.

Maria Cristina had handled men before. This time she might succeed where his presence might precipitate violence.

The sun was not yet up when she saw them go. Juanito started ahead with the sheep; then her mother and Rosa with the burros, loaded with some useful, some foolish things. Vicente held his rifle in the hollow of his arm, and this morning for the first time he had tied down his holster. He stood very straight this morning, and his eyes were proud. Yet he was quiet at the end. "When you can, come."

"I will, Vicente."

Dry-eyed, they stared at each other, this brother whom she had despised and loved, now no longer to be despised. There had never been emotion between them; there could be none now.

"Vicente, go with God."

He turned his back abruptly and caught the pommel. He turned when seated. "You—do you come to us or go to him?"

"He is gone." Within her the words created a strange emptiness where none had been before. "He is gone."

"He will come back. Is he a fool to ride away from such a woman?"

She watched him ride away. His vest was patched, his boots shabby and old, yet he was a man, this one. Her father would have been proud.

Inside, the house looked empty and forlorn. She took the broom and began to sweep. Not to think—that was the thing now. There was nothing to think about. There was only to wait.

What had she done? Ruined their lives for a strange gringo? A man who meant nothing to her and whom she had scarcely seen? She remembered the hard strength of his arms, his sudden, strange gentleness—she was a fool.

He was a drifting man, a man from the malpais, a gun fighter. And what had he told her? That she should join him or he would come back. But to join him would be to lead them to his hiding place, and how could he come to her when it would mean his death? No matter. What she had done, she had done. It was enough.

She was washing dishes left from breakfast when she heard them coming. She went to meet them, drying her hands on her apron. There were nine of them, sour and dirty with sleeping in their clothes, wearied from long hours in the saddle. Mort Bayless was there—she had heard stories about him—Joe Sutton, Jack Sutton—no friendly face among them.

Jack Sutton's face was ragged from lack of sleep. He looked drawn and mean. Beside him (Continued on Page 68)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"By the way, you've got a birthday coming up sometime this month, haven't you?"

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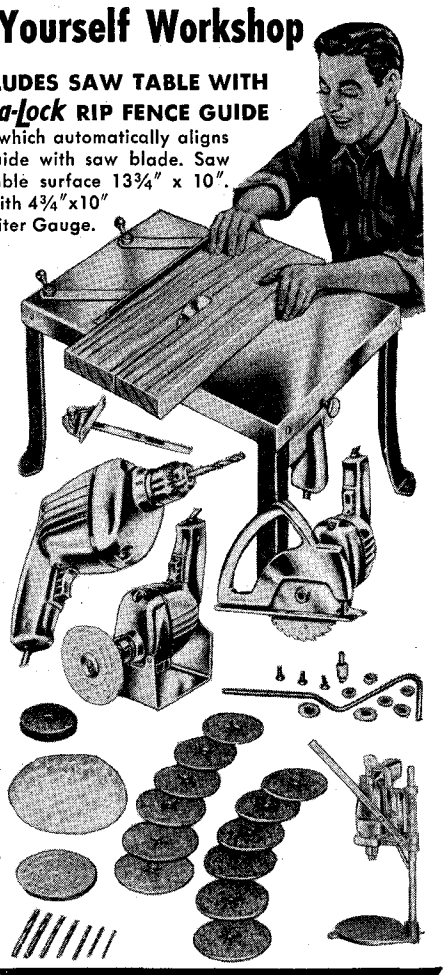

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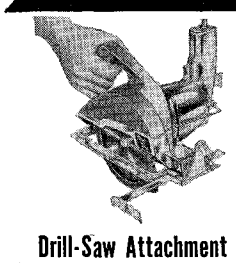

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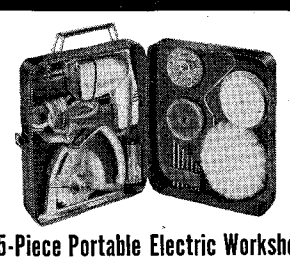

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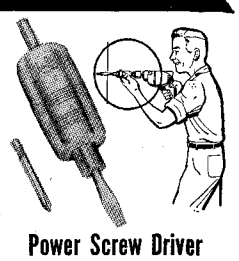

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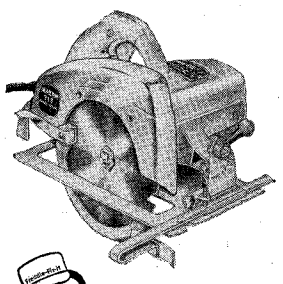

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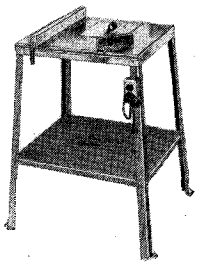

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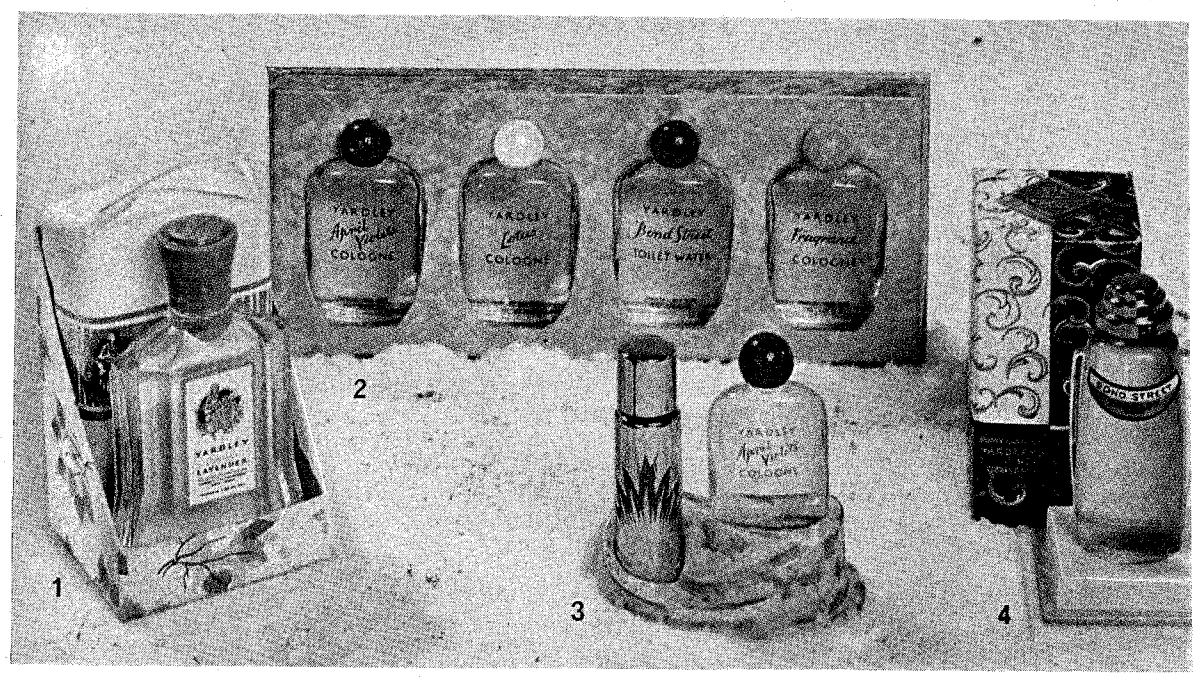

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BOND STREET SETS: (1) Dusting Powder, an exquisite flaco of Bond Street Perfume, Toilet Water **$6.50.** (2) Bond Stree Toilet Water and purse flacon of Bond Street Perfume **$3.7**

At all fine stores. All plus tax (except soap). Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A

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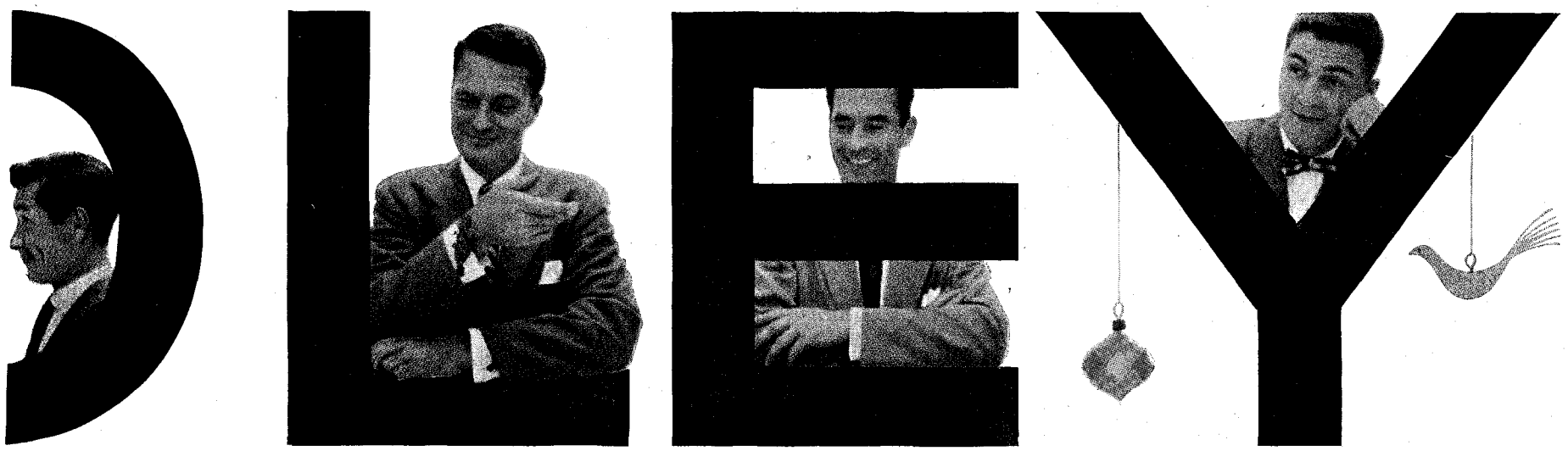
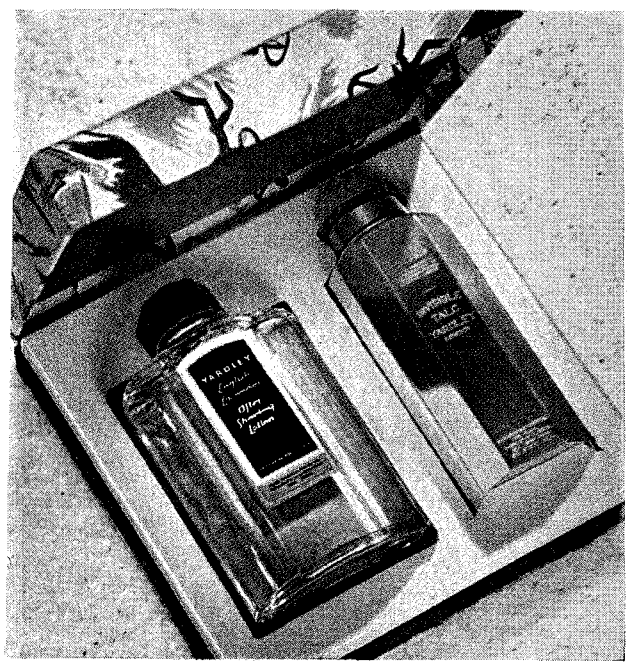
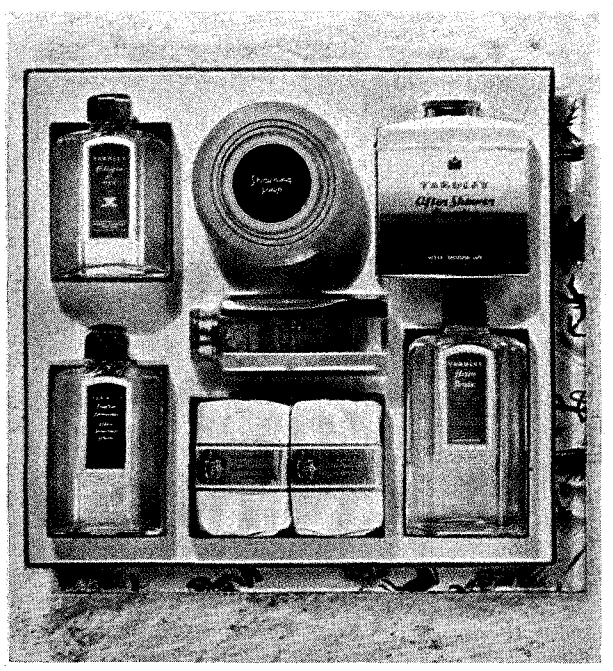


For him: London-styled Christmas gifts from $1.50 to $15.00

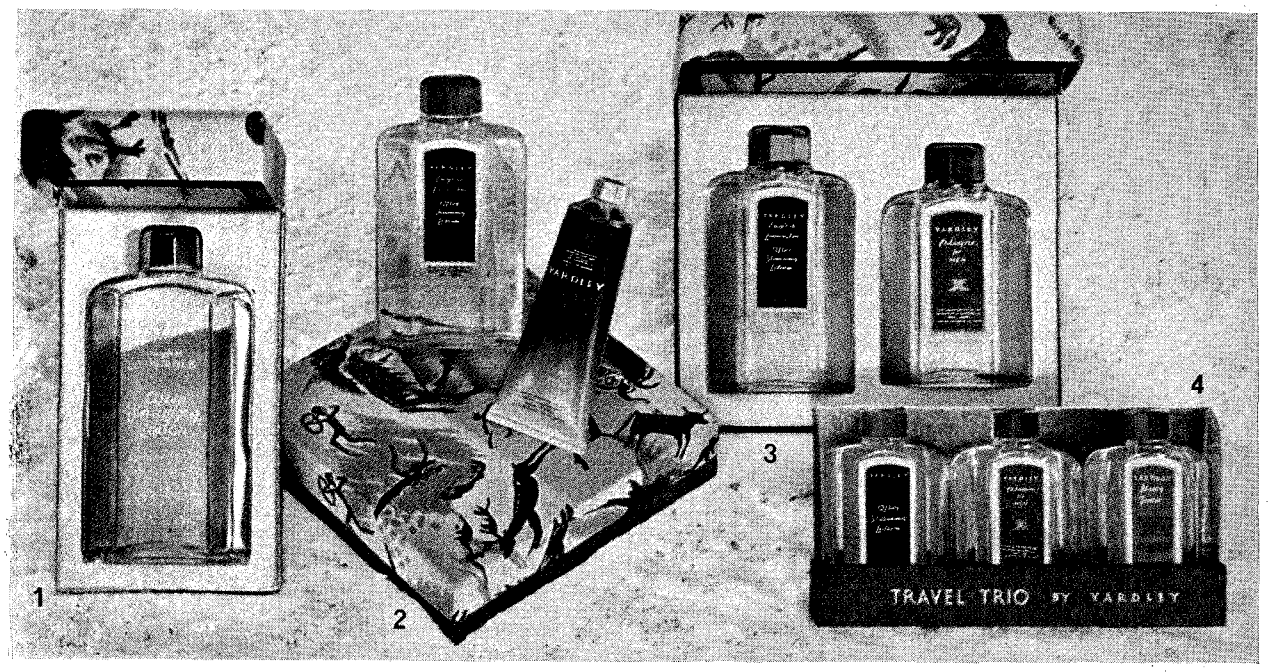


ENHANCE ANY SHAVE, electric or lather. Give him Yardley's After Shaving Lotion paired with Invisible Talc in a handsome gift box. Great for every man on your list **$2.50**

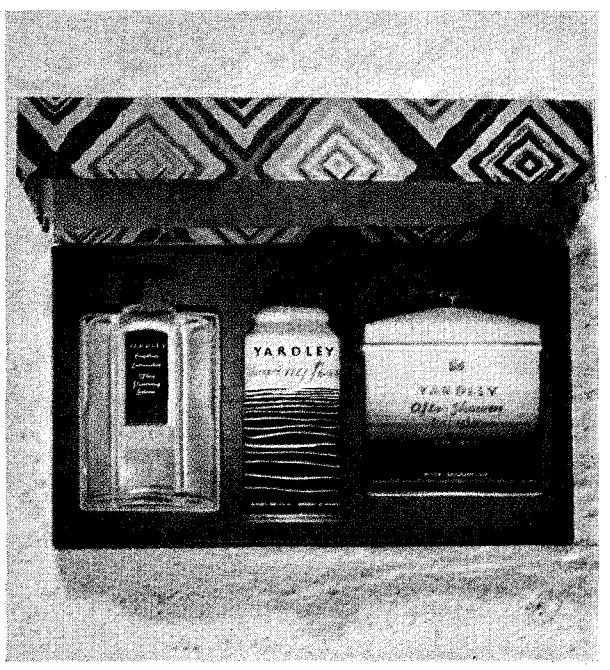
TRIO OF SHAVING LUXURIES for the man who shaves with a brush. He will welcome this gift set of Yardley Invisible Talc, Shaving Bowl and After Shaving Lotion **$3.75**



GOOD GROOMING AIDS: luxurious gift box of Yardley Cologne, Shaving Bowl, After Shower Powder, After Shaving Lotion, Invisible Talc, 2 cakes Lavender Soap, Hair Tonic **$9.65**



CHRISTMAS FAVORITES FOR MEN. (1) De luxe bottle Yardley After Shaving Lotion **$1.75.** (2) After Shaving Lotion, plus tube of Shaving Cream (either brushless or lather) **$1.50.** (3) Yardley After Shaving Lotion and Cologne Set **$2.85.** (4) Travel Trio: After Shaving Lotion, Cologne, Hair Tonic **$2.00.** Other Yardley sets available up to **$15.00**



THREE FOR EVERY DAY, for his club locker, and shaving shelf at home: Yardley's After Shaving Lotion, Shaving Foam and refreshing Yardley After Shower Powder **$3.65**

from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

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(Continued from Page 65) Ben Hindeman was, as always, stolid, indomitable. A man who might have been cast from iron, before whom other men must bend or break.

"Where'd he go?" Hindeman asked, taking out the makings to build a cigarette.

"I don't know."

She made no attempt to evade the issue. If she could not defeat them, she could at least face them with pride.

"He comin' back?"

She shrugged. "Back? Why he come back?"

Joe Sutton spoke into the momentary silence, "The sheep're gone, Ben. I think they've pulled out."

Ben Hindeman put the cigarette between his chapped lips. By glory, this was a woman! The way she stood there—no fear in her.

He considered it, taking his time. Ben Hindeman was a careful man, and outside his own family, a ruthless and cold-blooded man who lived for the brand. Old Bob Sutton had been the boss, but now the mantle had fallen to Ben's shoulders, as Old Bob had always expected.

Jack Sutton did not like that, but there was little he could do. Among the sixty cow hands who rode for S-B, not more than eight or nine would follow him, and none would risk a showdown with Hindeman. Direct, relentless and powerful, Hindeman wasted no effort. He destroyed what got in his way, smashing it down without malice or cruelty, simply because it was in the way.

There was something here that bothered Ben. There was in this Mexican girl something fierce, something tigerish and dangerous. She was not like his wife, who had the strength to yield and to endure, but this was a woman with an aggressive strength, she had a brain. That was something Jack would never understand.

It was because of this quality that Hindeman, who believed in no wasted effort, had left the Chaveros alone. They were better off in the canyons making their small living harmlessly from their sheep than hiding in the hills and living off S-B stock.

What Jack did not realize was this girl would fight, and that not too many miles south there were Mexicans she could enlist to help her. And the best S-B range lay on the south side of the border. It lay within the power of this girl to wreck the S-B if she were hurt or angry, and if she realized it. At the same time Hindeman knew the danger that could come from successful defiance of S-B by Trace Jordan. Jordan must be found. He must be killed.

"Why did you stay?" he asked finally.

"Why should I go? This is my home." There was a fine insolence in her tone when she looked boldly at him and asked, "Do you fight women now?"

Mort Bayless' dry voice cut across the stillness, "Give me ten minutes with a quirt and spur. She'll talk."

Ben Hindeman looked at the tip of his cigarette, impatient with such talk. Mort was always bloody with women. Beat his own wife until she ran off and never came back. Mort had followed her—maybe that was why she hadn't come back. But any fool should know this woman would not talk unless she chose.

"Ben?" It was Jacob Lantz. The old tracker had squatted beside the house. "He'll come back, Ben."

Hindeman caught the look of something like fear that came to her face suddenly and was gone. Ben Hindeman was smart in his way. He was a one-woman man, and that woman was his wife, on their ranch near Tokewanna, but he knew a woman when he saw one. *I'd come back*, he told himself. *By the Lord Harry, I'd come back.*

"That's it," Ben said. "We'll wait."

Mort's face twisted with anger. "Wait?" He shoved his horse forward, almost knocking over Jacob Lantz. "I'll not wait! By the ——"

"Mort." The chill voice arrested his movement, brought sanity to replace his sudden fury. Hindeman's shotgun was across his saddle bows and the twin muzzles had him in their eyes. "I'll give the orders here."

Mort hesitated, feeling something cold and ugly within him. Yet there was no room for argument with Ben Hindeman. The shotgun was no casual threat.

"You wait, then," he said finally. "I'm going into town."

Maria Cristina walked into the house and sat down, her legs too weak to stand. Yet she had seen other things. There was a man with a bandaged face, like he had been shot through the cheeks. And Dave Godfrey was no longer with them. Trace Jordan was piling up a score.

Joe Sutton brought food into the house, piling it on the table. He faced her, hat in hand. "Will you cook? None of us are much at fixin' grub."

His manner was diffident, yet she was about to say no when she realized that well-fed men might relax and grow sleepy. "I'll cook," she said.

It was something to do, and it would keep her from thinking. They believed Trace Jordan would come back, but would he? Because of her?

Six of them stayed, the others riding away after fresh horses. Hindeman, Jack and Joe Sutton, Lantz, Buck Bayless, and a dour-faced man she knew as Wes Parker stayed. Godfrey, she heard later, had been knocked over a cliff by falling rocks. He was dead.

She did not want Jordan to come back, yet she remembered the feel of his hands on

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her shoulders and the strange weakness that came over her when he touched her. It was a feeling she had not known before, and it frightened her.

She did not want to give so much to any man. To love was to give—to put herself in the hands of a man, and to one strange to her and to her ways. She would think no more of him. He was gone.

It had been enough, and more than enough, that other time. She had not been in love, but was desperate for some wider life than that in their little corner of desert and mountains. With her father gone, she was one more mouth to feed, so she had married Bud Hayes. She had never loved him, but he had loved her, and he had been a good man until he began to drink. But he was a weak man. This man was different. There was something in him that made her believe even when she told herself she was a fool to listen. Men were liars. All of them.

Most women are sure that a wrist watch keeps much better time if it is surrounded by diamonds.

DAN BENNETT

She remembered how she had first seen him, lying across his half-opened blanket roll, his face ghastly, blood seeping from the broken wound in his side. He had seemed dead, and then she saw him breathe.

He was gone now. He had got away. He would not come back. And if he did, these men were waiting to kill him.

Buck Bayless pushed back from the table and looked at Maria Cristina with grudging admiration. "You can cook, Mex. I'll give you that."

She flashed him a sullen look and turned away. Behind her, Joe Sutton got to his feet, saying a little self-consciously, "Thanks, ma'am."

Wes Parker glanced at him scornfully, but Hindeman added his thanks and Joe felt better. Only Jack Sutton loitered at the table. The food had been good, but Jack loitered because he could not convince himself that any mere Mexican girl could be cold to him. He stalled over his coffee, wanting to be alone with her.

Ben Hindeman came to the door after several minutes and said, with heavy sarcasm, "If you're going to stay in there, Jack, get away from the window. If Jordan sees you, he'll never come in."

Irritably, Sutton moved.

Maria Cristina was thinking that tonight Jordan would not come back. Tonight he would wait for her. Tomorrow? He would wait tomorrow too. After that she must get away.

She came to herself with a start. She believed him! She was no foolish girl to listen to the talk of any cowpuncher. Yet it could not be that she was in love with this man. She could never truly love a gringo. Yet he had moved her as no man had, and his hands upon her —— She hurriedly dismissed the thought and returned to cleaning up.

Behind her, Jack Sutton sat with his hands shoved down behind his belt. He watched her move about the room, the flattening of her dress against her thighs, the way she moved her shoulders.

"You," he said, "comin' it high an' mighty, an' up there with him!"

She turned her back to the sideboard, her eyes taunting him. "You don't like that, do you? You think you big man! You think I should like you! Bah! You nothing! You animal! What woman want you? All you know is steal an' kill!"

He came off his chair with a lunge and slapped her across the mouth. The sound was like a pistol shot. Then he swung with the other palm, and she grabbed behind her for a kitchen knife.

Before she could use it, Ben Hindeman sprang into the door. "Stop it!" he roared. "Damn you, Jack! Leave that girl alone!"

Sutton stopped, his face white with fury. He turned on Hindeman, his fingers spread, his face hungry with the lust to kill. "Don't talk to me like that, Ben! Someday I'll kill you!"

"All right." Ben Hindeman rolled his tobacco in his jaws. "You call it, Jack. Just any time." He jerked his thumb toward the door. "Right now you get out an' leave her alone. We ain't got time to let you mess things up by grabbing at her skirt. We're huntin' a man."

Jack Sutton waited while a man might have counted a slow twenty; then he walked by Hindeman and out the door. Something about Ben was too much for him. He had looked Jack right in the eye and never missed chewing his tobacco. He looked just the same when he watched a branding or bought a barrel of flour.

"Forget it, Ben. Only she gets under my skin."

Hindeman looked at the knife Maria Cristina gripped. "Yeah," he said dryly, "I can see where she might."

Hindeman left and Sutton turned in the door. "No matter what happens to Jordan, you're still here. After we're through with him nobody will care what happens to you. And when I get through with you there won't be anything for anybody."

Maria Cristina put down the knife. "I'll kill you," she said, utterly calm. "I'll kill you first."

The day drew on. The waiting men watched the hills through the heat waves, watched a soaring buzzard. There was no other sound, no movement. Heat gathered in the canyon, sultry and thick. Jack Sutton swore bitterly and mopped his neck.

Buck Bayless sat in the shade near the lean-to barn and tossed pebbles at a panting lizard whose sides worked desperately at the hot, heavy air.

"It'll rain," Lantz said. "This'll bring rain."

They stayed in the shade and out of sight. There was no telling when Jordan might decide to return. Buck Bayless thought of what Lantz had said—that when Jordan came back they could have him. Bayless was remembering what had happened when they caught up with Jordan the first time. There was something about Trace Jordan that was not good to contemplate. He was a tough, savage fighting man who would fight like a cornered wolf.

Joe Sutton moved over beside him. "They had no business," he whispered to Bayless, "pullin' that stunt. Just like Jack an' Mort."

Buck Bayless had been thinking the same thing, but he wasn't going to say it. Let Ben handle Jack. He wanted no part of him. But he was sure now that bunch of horses had been stolen, like Jordan claimed.

"They sure tackled the wrong man," he said.

Bayless did not like this riding over the hot, bitter hills, over these rocks shaped like flame. A cloud left a momentary shadow. It might rain, at that. It was overdue.

"I'd like a beer," he said irritably. "I'm gettin' fed up."

Jack Sutton said nothing. He overheard the last remark, and the sooner they all felt that way, the better. He wanted to be alone with that Mexican girl. He would show her then. He would show her plenty.

Lantz sat quietly in the deepest part of the shade. He always knew where shade would be deepest and last longest. He watched Jack (Continued on Page 73)

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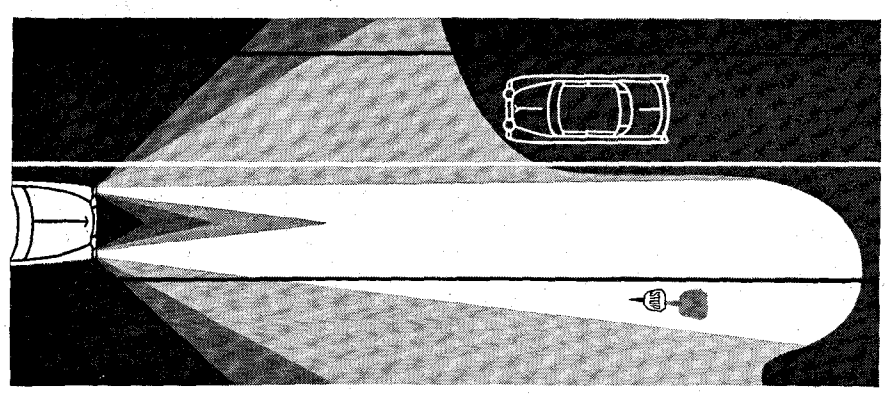
MORE LIGHT..

Featured on all General Motors cars and trucks for 1956 and offered now for replacement of all sealed beam headlamps!



The picture above typifies the new Guide "pattern of safety." Headlamps throw more light to the right on the lower beam . . . reduce glare for approaching drivers, but increase visibility 10% or more.

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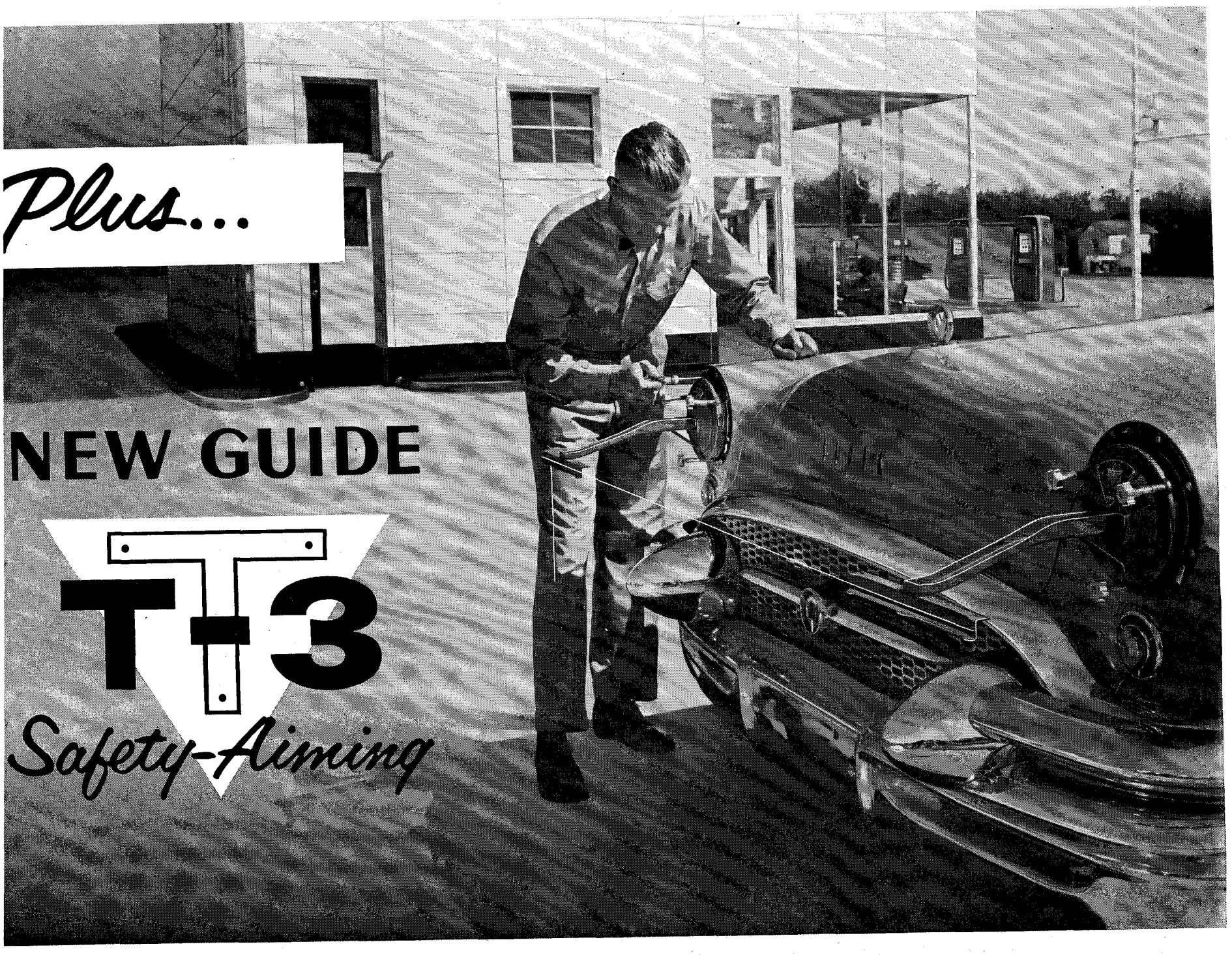

New Guide T-3 Headlamps can be perfectly aimed— in minutes—in daylight—with exclusive Guide T-3 Safety-Aimers!

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Shaves CIRCLES around all other electric shavers

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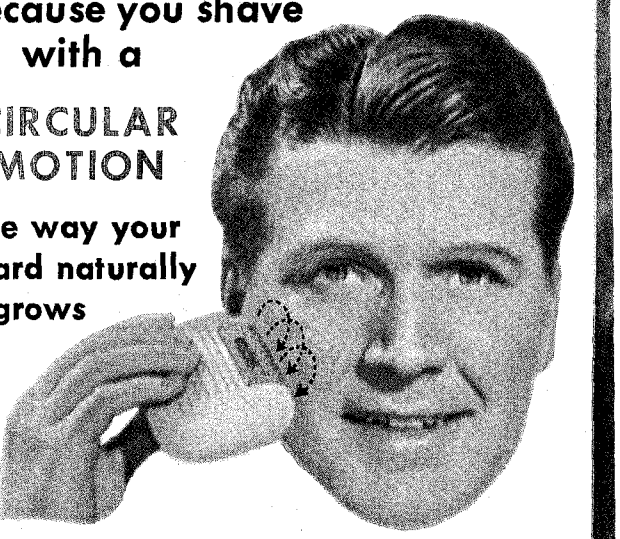
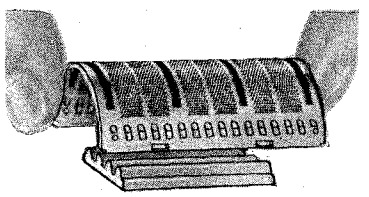


EXCLUSIVE Big SMOOTH Single Head



See how Shavemaster's LARGER continuous-round shaving head completely covers the ordinary multiple type shaving heads.

Sunbeam Shavemaster is completely different from all other electric shavers—delivers an altogether *different kind* of electric shave.

Because of its patented principle, with the big, comfortable head, you can shave in circles with a gentle massage-like motion which shaves closer, cleaner, faster. Even though your beard is tough as wire, Shavemaster will not irritate the tenderest skin.

That's why more men have switched to the Model W Shavemaster than any other model electric shaver—men with all types of beards, all ages and occupations. Ask your dealer about the 14-Day Home Trial Offer. See him today, and start enjoying this wonderful new shaving satisfaction.

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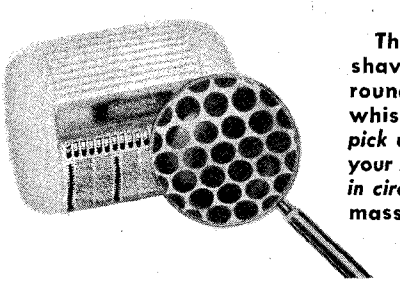
5 YEAR FREE SERVICE Guarantee

Sunbeam Shavemaster is the Only shaver with a REAL motor which has a powerful brush type, series wound, 16-bar armature, and exclusive long-lasting Nylon crank-shaft drive mechanism. Because of these and other superior engineering features and workmanship Sunbeam offers this Shavemaster with a FIVE YEAR FREE service guarantee. This Sunbeam FIVE YEAR guarantee includes Free Service on all mechanical and electrical parts of the Shavemaster including the motor. It includes all parts and labor with the exception of the Comb & Cutter, the Cord, [illegible] caused by misuse.

Only Sunbeam has this 5 year Free Service Guarantee

Your whiskers can't escape



The Sunbeam SMOOTH continuous-round shaving head is screened with a network of round holes that are closer together than the whiskers on your face. *These ROUND holes pick up whiskers from ALL DIRECTIONS the way your beard naturally grows.* That is why *shaving in circles shaves all the whiskers* with a circular massage-like motion.

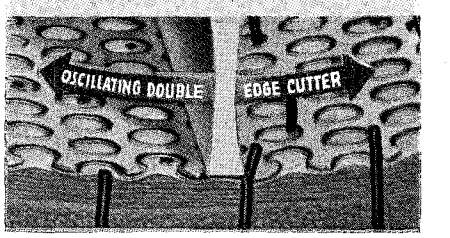
Close as a straight-edge, and Faster

See how the big, smooth head gently flattens the hair follicle mounds so that the whiskers project out. Whiskers can't escape. They are shaved at the base of their "craters," below the normal surface of the skin.

There is No Metal Between the Cutter and the Skin Surface

Each hole is counter-sunk from the outside. The skin rests in these "dished-in" holes, enabling the double-sharp edges of the hollow-ground cutter to shave close as a blade without irritation. The lightning fast cutter makes over 28-million shaving actions per minute.

THIS MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE SHAVEMASTER HEAD shows how the diameter of the average whisker is only one-third of the diameter of the holes, thus the beard enters freely and instantly from all directions.



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(Continued from Page 69) Sutton from time to time, knowing what was in his mind.

Supper was a good meal again. Hindeman pushed back from the table, but did not get up. Jack tried to wait him out, then gave up. Nobody could outwait Ben. He sat there, stolid and immovable as a mountain. Exasperated, Jack gave up.

Ben rolled a smoke and lit up. He was no hand with women, and never had been. He did not even understand his wife, with whom he had lived happily for some years. Yet some women would sell a man out. Some could be frightened. Some could be reached through their families. Yet how to reach this one?

He doubted it could be done, but he was going to try. Ben Hindeman was a man of single purpose. He had one idea at a time, and he never stopped until he had gone through, all the way. It was one of the things that held Jack Sutton from making a break. Ben wouldn't scare and he would be hard to kill.

"You love this man Jordan?" He asked it suddenly.

"Why you ask that?"

"Don't know, exactly. Curious, maybe. You done a lot for him."

"What I do? He is dying. I feex him up. I do it for you. I do it for anyone."

"You might, at that. You're a lot of woman." He turned it over in his mind, searching for something to take hold of. "Don't like us much, do you?"

"I should like you?" she shrugged, lifting her brows. "My father is keel by you. You try to drive us out. This is our country."

"We could change that," he began slowly. "Give you more land. The old man was dead set against sheep. I'm not." He looked up at her. "I could stake you. Go partners in a herd. You got enough family to handle 'em. We could split fifty-fifty."

He was sincere; she knew that. And if Hindeman was behind her, nobody else could object. Not out loud.

"What your wife say?" She was faintly amused.

Hindeman looked rueful. "Might cause trouble," he said; "the womenfolks don't like you much."

"For no reason. I don' bother them. I am good girl."

Ben Hindeman looked up. "I believe you," he said, and was surprised not to have thought of it before. "Yes"—he was thinking of all he had seen and heard—"I'm sure of it. But you know how women are. You look"—he flushed a little—"you look sort of sexy."

"So? I am woman."

"Well, how's about the sheep? Is it a deal?"

"No."

"Because of my wife?" He hesitated. "I can handle that."

"Because of what you wish me to tell."

"Tell us where he is. I'll pull my men out of here and you can have the sheep."

"I do not know where he is."

"He say anything about comin' back?"

She hesitated, and instantly knew her mistake. Quick knowledge came to Hindeman's eyes. "No," she said. "Why he come back?"

But she had hesitated too long. Hindeman got to his feet, feeling better. He would come back, all right. He would be worried about this girl. "You send for me when you want to talk. We'll get him, anyway. But you tell me where he is and I'll take care of the town. If I say you're all right, they'll treat you nice."

That was true. Hindeman's was the voice of authority. They might not like it, but nobody would go against him. And Trace Jordan might try to come back, and be killed. Yet she did not think of Hindeman's offer, she worried only that Jordan might come back and ride into a trap.

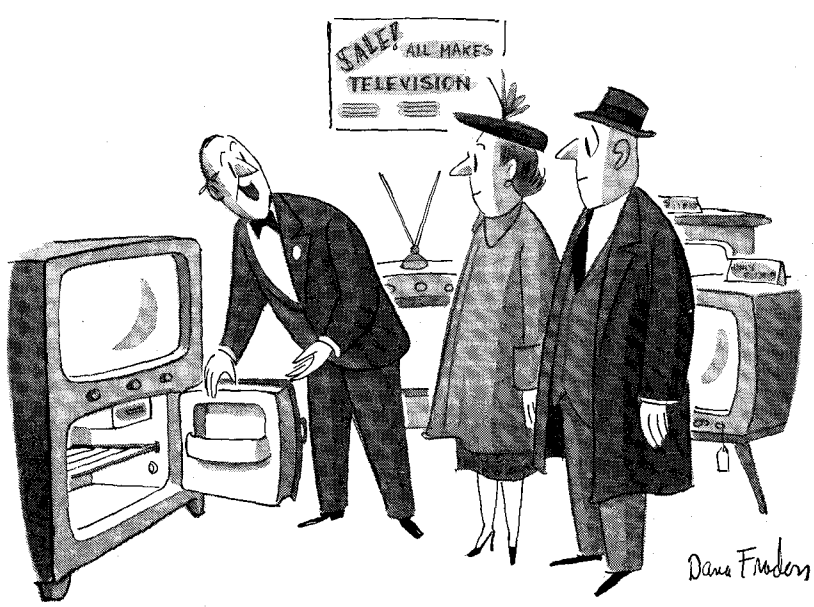
She made coffee and left it at the edge of the fire, and then went to the door and told them of it. Then she went to her room, but she did not undress. They would drink that coffee. They would drink it to keep themselves awake. But suppose they drank it and never wakened? There were desert plants that held poison. Many of them she had known since she was a child. Rosa had told her of others. Rosa's mother had been a famous medicine woman among the Navajos.

But she was no murderess. But suppose they only slept? She did not immediately sleep, but lay thinking. Somewhere out there in the desert stillness a pinnacle of rock pointed a beckoning finger at the sky—a quail called into the stillness—and there Trace Jordan waited for her.

Angrily she pushed her head into the pillow, and after a while she slept.

The problems Trace Jordan presented were the sort Jacob Lantz relished. Not since he had trailed renegade Apaches had he enjoyed his work so much. There were dozens of good hideaways in the Animas or the Guadalupe Mountains, but Jordan would push south into the wilderness of the San Luis. Jordan could live in that country because he could live like an Apache. But he would not go far until the girl was with him. So he told Hindeman.

"Nonetheless," Hindeman said, "we'll ride after those sheep and have a look. We'll take Joe with us."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now this one has a built-in refrigerator so you don't have to miss any of the program."

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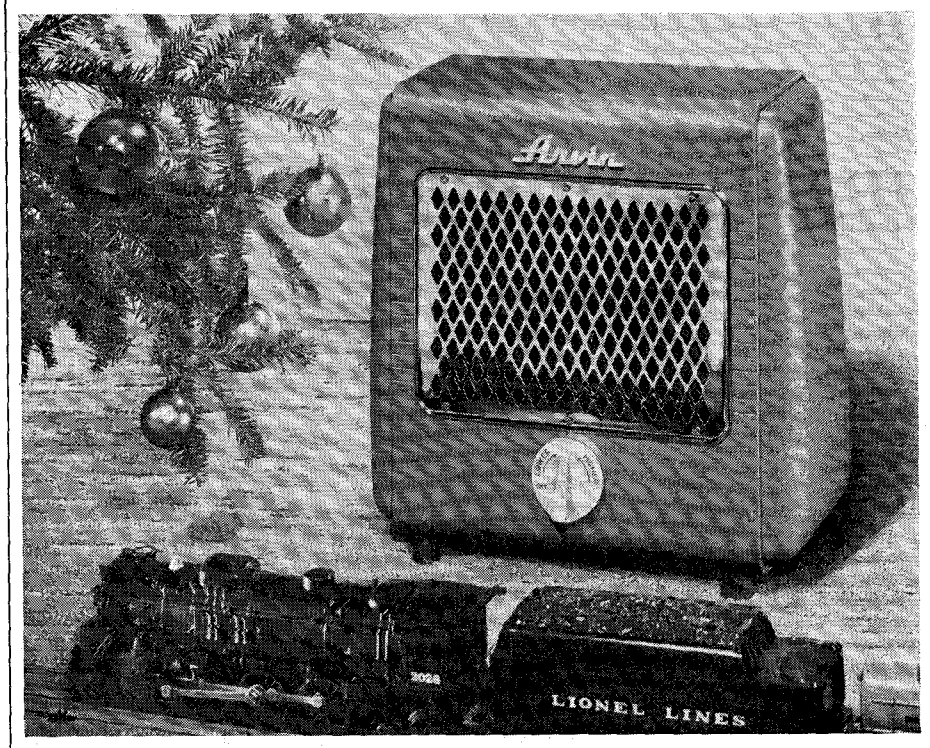
WITHOUT TURNING UP THE FURNACE



Arvin Automatic Heater

THERMOSTAT-CONTROLLED

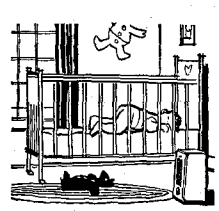
now as low as $14.95

No need to turn up the furnace just to make one hard-to-heat room comfortable. Now, for the lowest price ever, you can let an Arvin Automatic Heater take over. Set its thermostat control for the desired heat, and it automatically clicks on and off as needed to keep room temperature as *you* want it. It's that simple!

This new Arvin Automatic has a big range-type heating unit, and its fan-forced warm air takes the chill off a big room fast, yet can't overheat a small room. Beautifully finished, compact, easily portable. It's a tremendous value and an ideal Christmas gift!

OTHER ARVIN HEATERS $10.95 TO $34.95

Combined fan-forced and radiant heat, red signal light, a Safeguard Safety Switch that cuts current instantly if heater is upset—all these features are available in other Arvin Automatic Heaters, priced to suit every budget. In fact, you can buy a non-automatic Arvin Heater for only $10.95!



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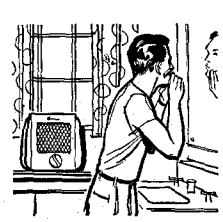
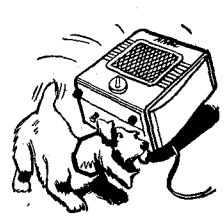


No need to shiver while you're shaving or bathing.

Keeps your sun porch warm regardless of wind or weather.



Safety Switch cuts current when deluxe model is upset.

Electric Housewares Division, **Arvin** INDUSTRIES, INC., *Columbus, Indiana*

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UNIVERSAL Coffeematic

with the FLAVOR-SELECTOR

the *fastest* way to good coffee!

Enjoy the full-bodied flavor of *real* coffee so quickly and so easily made in a Universal Coffeematic. Just set the Flavor-Selector . . . Coffeematic will signal when your coffee's ready, and keep it piping hot without increasing the strength. With a Universal Coffeematic and its new companion, the Universal Toastamagic, you'll make tomorrow's breakfast better . . . automatically.

Ten-cup model shown, $29.95; in copper, $32.95. Other models from $24.95

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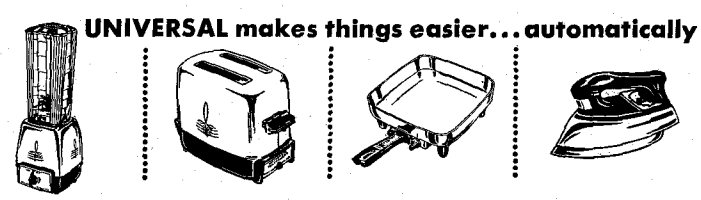

MIXABLEND TOASTAMAGIC FRYING PAN STEAM 'N DRY IRON

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Lantz looked thoughtfully at the house, but said nothing. Leaving Jack behind was asking for trouble, and Lantz wanted nothing to happen to that girl. She was his best chance to catch Jordan. An hour after daybreak the three rode away. Jack Sutton rolled a cigarette and watched them go.

Wes Parker sat down, looking expectant. Buck Bayless rubbed his jaw nervously. Maria Cristina saw them, and she had seen Hindeman go. She took the butcher knife and placed it under a cloth on the sideboard.

Boots grated on gravel and Jack Sutton stepped in. He was smiling a thin smile, but there was no smile in his eyes.

"Ben's gone," he said.

"Yes." Maria Cristina's eyes were watchful. "I know."

"I been waitin' for a chance like this."

"You are coward. You afraid of him."

Sutton stepped into the room. "No, not afraid of him. Just smart. Ben gets the work done. He keeps trouble off my shoulders, so I let him have his way."

"You get out. You no business here."

Jack Sutton smiled. It was not a nice smile. "I've plenty of business here. I'm going to teach you a lesson."

He walked around the table and stopped in front of her. She made no move to escape. Her eyes watchful, she merely waited, showing no expression.

He lifted his hand, palm open, and then he struck her. Maria Cristina's eyes widened, but she merely stared at him, the print of the blow on her cheek. Her very impassiveness infuriated him. He doubled his fist, and as he did, she jerked the knife from under the cloth. He caught the gleam and whipped back just as the point of the knife ripped up through his shirt.

Stepping back, he tripped over a chair and fell. Instantly, Maria Cristina was around him and out the door. He leaped up and grabbed at her, but tripped over the chair again. Then she was through the door and running for the gully.

Wes Parker sprang to catch her, but she turned on him and slashed with the knife. He sprang back, swearing, blood streaming from his arm.

The delay had given Sutton time to get to her. Evading the knife, he knocked her down. Before she could rise, he kicked the blade from her hand. She got up, moving back, her eyes alive with hatred, but he moved in on her and, disdaining her blows, picked her up and carried her back to the house and dumped her. Instantly, she sprang back and stood panting, watching him like an animal at bay.

Outside, Wes was swearing, the blood still streaming from his arm. Buck Bayless stared at the house, his face sweating. He ran his tongue over his lips.

"Don't stand there like a fool!" Parker yelled. "Fix up my arm!"

Bayless started toward Parker, but his attention was on the house. Inside, Maria Cristina stood against the sideboard, watching Sutton come toward her.

"I've been waiting for this chance," Sutton said. "And I'll use it."

He struck her, and then methodically, he began to beat her. Blood trickling from a cut lip, she tried to escape him, but he came after her, his fury mounting with each blow.

"I'll kill you!" he said hoarsely. "You ——"

"Jack!" That was Buck's voice.

Sutton stopped, fist lifted. Outside, he heard the rattle of horses' hoofs. Angrily, he struck out, but Maria Cristina was watching, and she sprang back, falling to the floor.

Ben Hindeman was getting from the saddle as Sutton strode from the house. They faced each other and, for a long, tense minute, neither spoke. Then Hindeman went into the house. Maria Cristina was just rising from the floor, but she lacked the strength and fell back. Hindeman swore softly as he saw her bruised and bloody face. He took her arm to help her up, but she jerked free and arose by herself.

"You are animal! All are animal! Cowards! You fight women!"

Hindeman's face showing his shame, he turned quickly and went outside. Jack Sutton was loitering, waiting for him. Hindeman saw the readiness in Sutton. He was ready for a showdown, and the very idea made Hindeman impatient. This was no time for that kind of trouble.

"Are you crazy?" he demanded. "We need that girl. You kill her and where are we?"

Sutton turned on Lantz when Hindeman had passed. "It was you brought him back, damn you! One of these days, I'll ——"

Lantz was chewing a blade of grass. His little eyes were utterly cold. "When you try, you better make sure. I ain't so fancy with a hand gun, but I'll kill you, Jack! I'll hunt you like I'd hunt a varmint, an' I'll kill you!"

Jack Sutton strode past him to his horse. The fools! The damned fools! He got into the saddle and rode out of the canyon at breakneck speed.

Hindeman returned. "If he bothers you, Jake, you come to me."

The old man turned bleak eyes to Hindeman. He

(Continued on Page 76)

Can You Name This Star?

This smiling seven-year-old with the carefully trimmed bangs was born not far from Hollywood, but might never have achieved movie fame except for another star's interest in her. Norma Shearer saw her photo in an album at a ski lodge in the Sierras run by her parents, and soon got her a role opposite Van Johnson. Since then, she has made twenty-four movies, including Connie, The Naked Spur, and Rogue Cop, and has been married twice. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Janet Leigh

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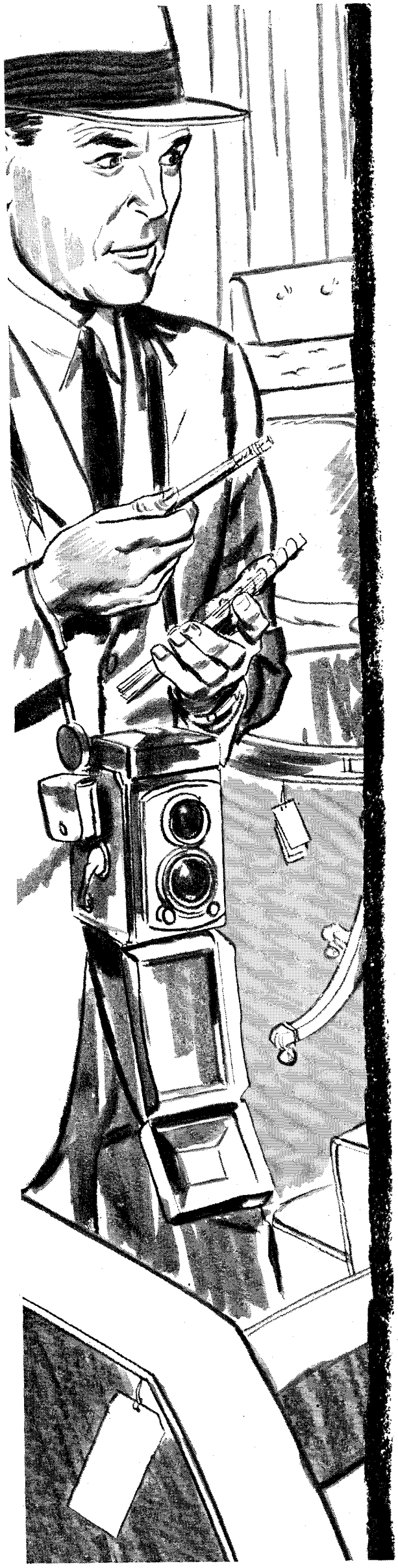

"Competition? We're for it 100% —it gives us our best buys!"

Inquiring Reporter: What do you folks think of the bills in Congress that would allow greater freedom of competition in making transportation rates?

Wife: Well, competition certainly brings us better values. Right now, we're shopping for furniture for our new home—and each store tries to offer us the most for our money.

Husband: Yes, competitive prices mean better values. That's why I was surprised to learn that government regulation doesn't always permit different forms of transportation to make competitive freight rates.

Inquiring Reporter: A special Cabinet Committee appointed by the President recently recommended that this be changed, so that one form of transportation wouldn't have to make rates higher than would otherwise be necessary just to protect some other form of transportation. The Committee recommended that each kind of carrier be allowed to make its rates *competitively,* based on its own conditions and not those of some other kind of competing carrier.

Wife: That certainly should help people like us.

Husband: Right! After all, we pay the freight on whatever we buy. I'm in favor of letting competition play a greater part in determining prices in transportation.

For full information on this vital subject, write for the booklet, "Why Not Let Competition Work?"

Association of
American
Railroads

941 Transportation Building
Washington 6, D. C.

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(Continued from Page 74)

spat. "You better take care o' him, Ben. Not me."

Hindeman stared at his big hands. What was this chase doing to them? Tearing the outfit apart, that was what it was doing. And it had been Jack and Mort and their crowd who brought it all on them, stealing those horses. It was just that some men had the killer streak in them that nothing but death could stop.

Those mountains down there, the Sierra de San Luis. That could well be where Jordan was. If he got away across the malpais into the Sierra Madre they might just as well forget him. But they did not dare. Nobody realized more than he how many were the enemies around them. Old Bob had ridden roughshod over people, and his nephews had been worse. Moreover, there were people who wanted their range. The slightest evidence of weakness and the S-B would be only a memory.

Turning on his heels, he walked back to the house. Maria Cristina's face was swollen from the heavy blows. It was barely recognizable. "Will you still cook?" he asked.

She stared into his blocky, granite-hard face. "I cook," she said, and turned from him.

Later, he saw her walk from the house with her basket and go to the patch of squaw cabbage. He watched her, then let her go. She was in plain sight there, and couldn't get away.

She stooped to pick some breadroot, taking the starchy taproot from the ground. She moved on then and stopped for a moment near a dark-leaved plant with white flowers. And then she walked on. Returning to the house, she set about preparing a meal. Several times men came to the door for coffee, but she turned them away, saying it was not ready.

Wes Parker had been sent to town. Jack Sutton had not returned. Only Lantz, Buck Bayless and Hindeman were there.

Finally she dished up the food and they ate. She watched them for a while, then poured more coffee. After that she hastily packed sandwiches and other food in an old flour sack and nobody watched her. She was always moving about, always busy.

Frightened now, she listened anxiously for Sutton's return. Several times she glanced out, seeing cigarettes glowing in the dark. She heard a queer laugh, then a chuckle. Bayless called out to Hindeman, but there was no reply. She waited until no cigarettes glowed near the barn, nor was there any sound of voices.

Crossing to the barn, she found them sprawled on the ground, sleeping. She took a Winchester from one of the men, took cartridge belts from two, and a box of .44 shells from inside the barn door. At the corner of the barn she untied a horse and, making every move count, led him to the house and loaded food and blankets. Getting into the saddle, she walked the horse away from the house and, when well away, broke into a trot.

All was still—and then Jack Sutton rode out of the darkness. He glanced at the snoring men and then, with a chuckle, he turned to Maria Cristina's trail and started off at a walk. Behind him there was silence. The lights from the house shone on the men, who slept heavily in their drugged sleep.

Jack Sutton was only to a degree a family man. Many a man who dared not face him with a gun might have shot him down from ambush had he not been backed by the Sutton-Bayless outfit. The family was a protective cloak. Ben Hindeman, on the other hand, had a fierce loyalty to Old Bob, whose daughter he married, and to the brand. He was wise enough to know that at the first sign of weakness the wolves would close in for the kill.

Jack Sutton was not thinking of this. He had lately undergone that final and subtle change that came to many gunmen. At first, such a man may suffer when he kills, but the second comes easier, and by degrees the gunman becomes contemptuous of his victims and kills casually or for the love of it. Yet his own danger increases, for now men wish to kill him. So he becomes a destroyer with a hand ever ready to grasp the gun.

In Maria Cristina he had found someone he could not frighten, nor could he believe she was innocent of blame during those visits on the shelf. What he wished now was to find Jordan and kill him before her eyes. He wanted to break her spirit, and, at the same time, to prove his own superiority. So he was in no hurry to catch up, wanting her only to lead him to Jordan.

It was very hot when the sun came up, and the country through which Maria Cristina rode became increasingly dry. Yet by an hour after dawn she was sure she was being followed. This was dry country and behind her she had seen a plume of dust. It was such a dust cloud as would be left by one rider. And that could only mean that Jack Sutton was behind her.

Twice she varied her direction, choosing a likely route, then an unlikely one. She used every subterfuge she could think of, and she deliberately avoided water holes. All that morning she refused herself even a swallow of water, although twice she paused to sponge the mouth of her horse.

She told herself she was going to Trace Jordan for two reasons—because sooner or later she believed she would be killed by Jack Sutton, and because she was afraid Jordan would return. Dust mounted in her nostrils. Dust caked her face and sifted over her clothing. Sweat streaked the dust. The horse plodded wearily on.

Maria Cristina did not believe she could deceive Jacob Lantz for long, but she might lose Jack Sutton. His very confidence might defeat him. Yet she must try to outwit Lantz as well, and when they reached a long rocky shelf, she decided the time had come. She pulled up and dismounted.

Jacob Lantz was the first to awaken. The sky was gray when he opened his eyes, and then, as realization dawned, he sprang up. Swearing bitterly, he ran to the house. The light still burned, but a quick search revealed everything.

"Gone!" he shouted. "She got away! Tricked like a lot of tenderfeet!"

... ...

Junior—Miss?

By Sjanna Solum

Dungarees
or tailored shirt,
socks to the knees,
boyish, pert
D. T. barbering,
khaki shorts:
Fashion harboring
a girl—of sorts!

... ...

Ben Hindeman's head ached violently, but he hurriedly saddled up. There were extra horses in the barn, and, at the last minute, Joe Sutton had returned to join them.

Lantz went to his cup and found the dregs of what he had drunk. He touched his tongue to it, tasting. "*Toloache!*" he spat viciously, and went swiftly to his horse. "Somethin' here," he said a few minutes later. "Jack's followin' her."

Shrewd in the ways of hunted and hunting men, Lantz understood why Jack Sutton hung back. He believed she would lead him to Jordan. Would she do it?

Through the hot, still morning he worked out their trails, yet he noticed Jack's only in passing. It was the girl he must follow.

When her trail finally petered out on the rocky shelf, Jack was already gone. Somewhere back along the route she had tricked him. Lantz worked patiently. He found the tiny white scar made by a hoof on sandstone, but it was the last one.

He circled, then circled wider still. Neither heat nor thirst disturbed him. The glare of the sun squinted his eyes, but he continued to search. He stopped suddenly—a tiny red thread. He chuckled as he picked it up.

"What's so funny?" Bayless demanded irritably.

"Gal's smart. Tied her petticoat around her horse's hoofs."

No use to try to follow her now. There would be few marks, maybe miles apart. Working out such a trail might take weeks. But it would not be necessary. Cottonwood Creek was dry at this time of year. So was

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Cowboy Spring. Somebody had blown out the dam at millsite, so where, then, would she go?

Jordan had been with her before he left. She knew she would be followed, so she would try to lead them off the trail. So then, he could figure the trail until she tied on the petticoat was faked. To circle around to a water hole in any other direction would not take a day or two days, but a week. Therefore, somewhere in that vast expanse to the south, Trace Jordan had to be waiting for her.

One by one, he ticked off the possibilities; then he said, "Got an idea."

They mounted and followed him. Yet three hours later, when they rode up to Wolf Pen Tank, there were no tracks around, and green scum covered the water. Not even a stray steer.

Angrily, Lantz bit off a chew of tobacco. "Now, where in tarnation ——"

He swore bitterly, remembering. Old Chavero had once holed up for several days at that intermittent stream that came out of the ground near the pinnacles. "That's it!" he said. "That's it!"

Bayless swore. "How long's this goin' on?"

"Come on," Hindeman said; "we'll find 'em."

They left Wolf Pen at a brisk trot. The afternoon was well along, and in a short time it would be cool and they could move faster. . . .

At dusk, Trace Jordan pulled the picket pin and saddled up. Then he led the red horse to the path that led out the back way. He was restless and worried, unable to sit down or relax. His wound was itching; it must be healing. He drank more water and moved to where he could look down the trail. There was nothing in sight.

Yet he had almost dozed off when he heard the sound of a walking horse. He came to his feet, Winchester in hand. Twice as he listened the horse stumbled. It was very tired. He shifted the rifle to his left hand and touched his pistol. He moved to the patch of meadow, passing soundlessly through the grass. The moon was just coming over the rocks and the meadow was bathed in pale light. Ghostlike, the horse and rider materialized from the darkness. Jordan started to her, seeing her hair against the light. Then faintly—far or close, he could not guess—he heard another sound.

"You are here?" She spoke softly, yet her words carried. He did not reply. Somebody or something was out there in the darkness; somebody who also listened.

She walked her horse deeper into the clearing. She made a silent, lonely figure, like an Indian woman on her horse. "You are here?" There was a plaintive, lost tone in her voice that twisted his heart.

He waited, and in the stillness there was no sound. She sat still upon her horse, waiting for some response. He could almost feel the hope going out of her. Was he, as she must have believed, only another man who would ride away? Had he taken her help, let her get into a corner and then left her alone? Desperately, he wanted to speak, to cry out, to ——

"No." It was another voice. "He ain't here. But I am."

A tall man in a conical hat stepped from the shadows. She tried to start her horse as he grabbed at it, but the horse was too tired to move quickly. Sutton grabbed the bridle and jerked the horse around, and then he reached for Maria.

Trace Jordan picked up a small stick and tossed it into the brush a dozen feet away. It lit in the brush, and instantly the man by the horse turned, and Jordan saw moonlight on a gun barrel.

Sutton waited, his gun poised. Then he relaxed slowly. "Animal," he said aloud. He turned toward Maria Cristina. "Now I'm goin' to finish what I started."

She was still too close to him. There was too much risk of her being hit if shooting started. Jordan picked up a small stone and tossed it into the brush across the clearing. Sutton froze in place, listening. Then he holstered his gun.

"Get down," he said, "or I'll pull you down."

Maria Cristina had sat still, apparently too weary to move, too defeated to try. Now she moved suddenly. She threw her leg over the horse and dropped to the ground on the opposite side. She slapped the horse and he lunged. Sutton sprang back and Maria Cristina dropped into the blackness at the edge of the brush and was absolutely still.

Jack Sutton stood alone in the clearing, staring at the shadows, listening for her breathing. "Do you no good," he said conversationally. "I'll have it my way now. Ben ain't here to stop me."

There was a faint whisper of grass around Trace Jordan's feet as he moved. Trace Jordan was going to kill a man. He had to kill and not be killed, for she must not be left alone with Jack Sutton. He stopped, and he knew Sutton could see him.

"Who is it?" Sutton demanded. "Buck? Ben?"

Tension was building, but more for Sutton than for him. He knew whom he faced; Sutton saw only a shadow in the night.

"Speak up!" Sutton said impatiently. "Who are you?"

"I reckon I'm the man you been hunting," Jordan said, "unless you hunt only women."

TO BE CONTINUED

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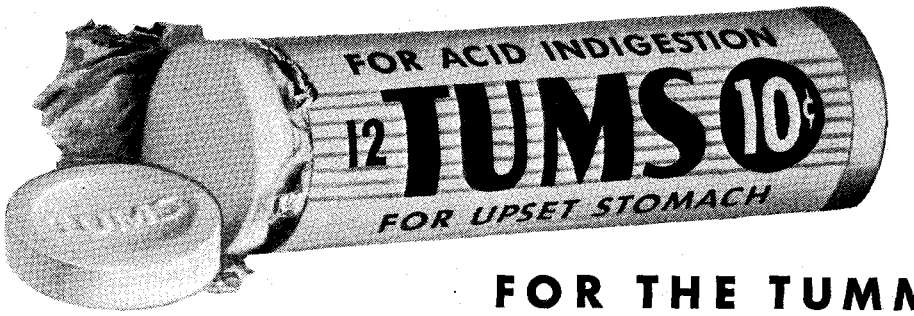

FOR THE TUMMY

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The Girl Who Wore Glasses

(Continued from Page 24)

man, it's different, naturally, because you can always get somebody, especially if you're a B. M. O. C., but the Ring was only four weeks off, and let's face it, the smoothest dates are taken in January. Patch knew about Dolly and me, and he was needling slightly.

I said, "Oh, I haven't decided."

Patch snickered. "The field's pretty clean, boy."

I decided I didn't much like my good old roommate's sense of humor. I said, "Don't weep for me, brother. Don't let your heart bleed."

The babe in front of us turned around and said, "Sh-h!" and gave me a look up and down the charcoal slacks and the Ivy League jacket. I gave her the wide-eyed stare and said, "Me?" and she blushed and turned back.

She was a square, a real cube. A lousy haircut, and glasses—just plain glasses—and clothes that would have done nothing for Marilyn Monroe. I knew her name—Drusilla Pringle. She was in a math seminar with me, and sometimes I passed her papers along.

Patch began to kick it around. He was enjoying himself. He said, "Down, boy; you're disturbing the lady."

I began to enjoy myself too. I said, "Silence, brother. Doc is dropping pearls."

Pringle twitched her shoulders and got up and changed her seat. A real cube.

I said, after she left, "Is it human?"

Patch shook his head solemnly. "I see it in Soc Four, boy, and it is not human." He said then, "About the Ring, boy. You'll be scraping the bottom of the barrel."

I said, "Anybody I take is from the top."

Patch looked at Dolly. "But they don't hardly make them like that no more."

I don't know what got into me. Maybe it was Dolly, sitting with Skip and leaning her red head over and smiling at him, or maybe it was Patch's dumb, good-natured face, which I suddenly wanted to push in.

I said, "I could pick the lousiest babe in this room, and in three days all you guys would be wondering what you missed."

Patch nodded respectfully. "Sure, boy. If you take them they're from the top." He meant it too. Patch took from the middle and was perfectly satisfied, but he admired a man who could take from the top.

I said, "Shut up; you bore me," and he shut. But toward the end of class he pushed a paper at me, and it said, "Pick Pringle." You talk about single-track minds.

I just looked bored, and then he wrote after it, "Scared?" and that did it.

I grinned at Patch and said, "You got a deal, brother."

He said, "I can hardly wait for the Ring," and I said, "Pringle and Charter will be very, very popular."

Patch said, "Twenty bucks says so? Oh, my big mouth!"

I said, "Chicken. Make it thirty."

I caught up with Pringle in the hall, gave her the smile and said, "I'm sorry about what happened. It wasn't very funny."

She looked at me, startled—she wasn't expecting to be spoken to, especially by Charter—and blushed clear up to her hair. She said, "That's all right."

I walked along with her; Patch was grinning behind us. I said, "That ape to the rear is Patch Leonard, and I'm Lance Charter."

She said, "Yes, I know you are. I know Patch too."

Patch said, "Sure, Soc Four. So long, Drusilla," and ambled off.

I said, "How about a malted?" and she looked surprised. "Do you have a class?"

She said, "No—all right."

I took her to the drugstore, not the cafeteria. The gang all went to the cafeteria. As we walked across campus I was already having regrets. She gave me a rough time. She hardly said one word to me, and when I reached over and took her books, she blushed again.

I talked—Charter can always talk. I asked what classes did she take besides math and English 98, and did she like them, and where was she from, and all she said was things like "Yes" and "No" and "Harleyville."

I hid her in a back booth in the drugstore. She wouldn't have anything but the malted.

While we were waiting for it, she said, "Why did you speak to me?"

I blinked. This was a new approach. I said, "Because I wanted to."

She said, "You never spoke to me before."

"I never disturbed you before." I offered her a cigarette and she shook her head.

We drank in absolute silence, while I looked at her from time to time. Completely hopeless. Pointed little face, small features, mousy coloring. And those glasses and that haircut! I began to dislike Patch Leonard.

She looked down and drank her malted, and her eyelashes were a surprise. They were long and very thick, and much darker than her hair, which was sandy and straight. Then I had an idea. "Take off your glasses."

She jumped and looked up. "What?"

"Off." I reached over and pulled them away. She made a little grab for them. I said, "You shouldn't wear those things," and it was true. She had beautiful eyes, dark blue, with that vague soft stare that very nearsighted eyes have. I said, "Well, hey!"

She said, "I can't see three feet in front of me without them."

I said, "Well, the table's narrow." It was from corn, but she liked it. She didn't try any more to get the glasses back, and she smiled. It was the first time she had smiled at me, and it improved her several hundred per cent.

I said, "What do people call you besides Drusilla?"

She stopped smiling. "Nothing. I don't have a nickname."

"I'll call you Dru. Or would you rather be Drucie?"

"Dru, I guess." She smiled again. "What's the Lance for—Lancelot?"

I sputtered into my straw. Nobody knew that but my birth certificate. This babe guessed too close. "No, just Lance. Lanny, usually."

She said, thinking it over, "I like Lance better."

Things weren't so bad after that. We even talked. The babe could talk, though it wasn't the kind of chatter I was used to. She got going on Doc Heinzelman—she liked Doc Heinzelman; well, so did I—and on some books she had read, and on Alfred Tennyson. She was an English major, with a minor in math. She was going to be a schoolteacher.

Well, if she wanted to be intellectual, I could be intellectual too. I had read a few books myself; I even had the marks to prove it. So we talked, and I even forgot to look at my watch until she looked at hers, and I was amazed. We'd been sitting there more than an hour over one malted.

Dru said, "I've got to go. I have a train to catch." She put out her hand. "It was a lot of fun. Thanks."

I held her hand slightly longer than necessary. I was surprised at how little it was. She was a little girl. Dolly was big. "Are you doing anything tonight?"

She looked at me, and I could read her mind: *Me? What would I be doing?* "No."

I said, "Stay and have dinner with me. We'll see a show or something." I smiled and leaned my head back, lowered my eyelashes and looked at her under them. It was a good trick; it always worked.

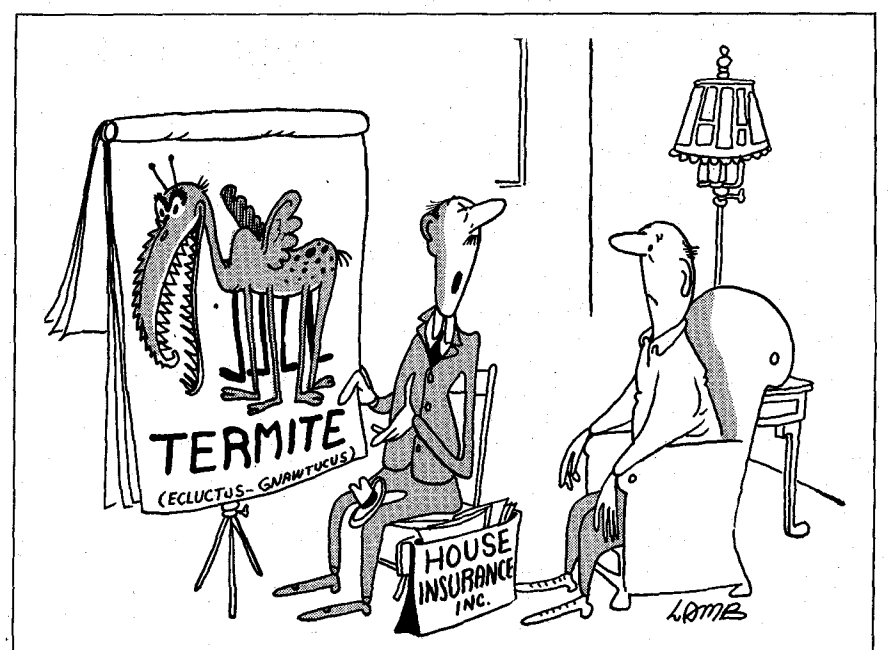
We had spaghetti at Louie's up the road and went to the town movie. I didn't even try to hold her hand; I understood women. I drove her all the way home to Harleyville. Thirty miles on the nose, a little town, a wide place in the road.

She didn't ask me in. Naturally. She gave me her hand and smiled, or I thought she did—it was pretty dark out there—and said, "Thanks for a lovely evening, Lance."

I said, "We'll do it again." I didn't try to kiss her lips; as I said, I understood women. I took her hand instead and put it against my cheek, and then I moved my face around and kissed the palm. She gasped and shivered, and I let her go. I said, "See you tomorrow," and went down the steps. When I climbed into the convertible and looked back to wave, she was standing exactly as I had left her, except that she had her hand against her mouth.

I gave her the rush after that. Patch rode me pretty hard, and he shot his mouth off about the deal, and some of the brothers placed side bets. It was a Thing. They played

(Continued on Page 82)



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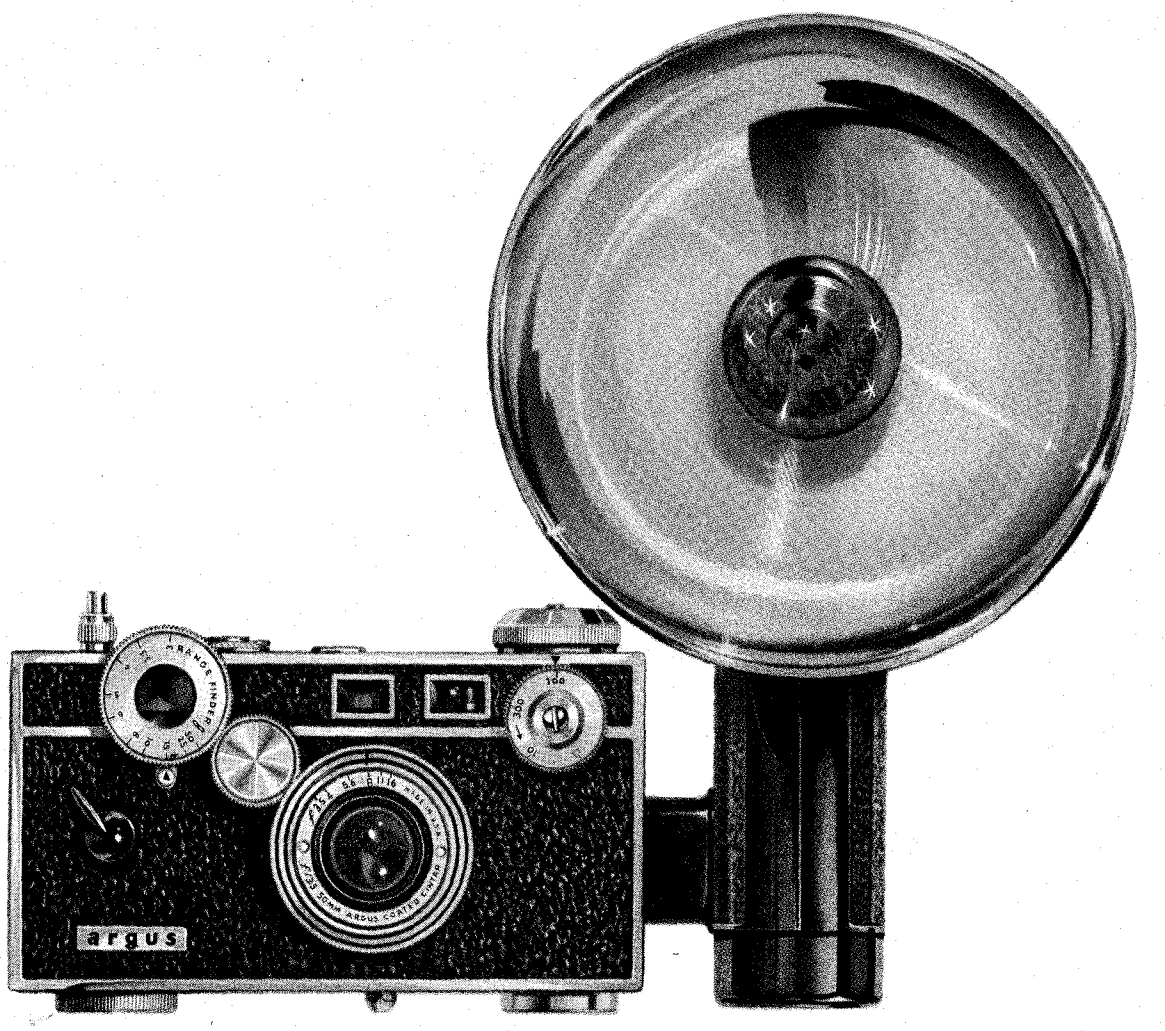

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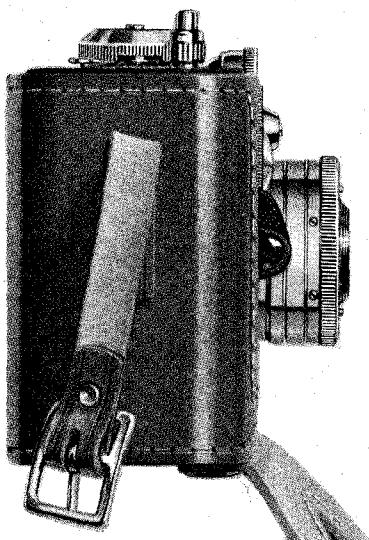

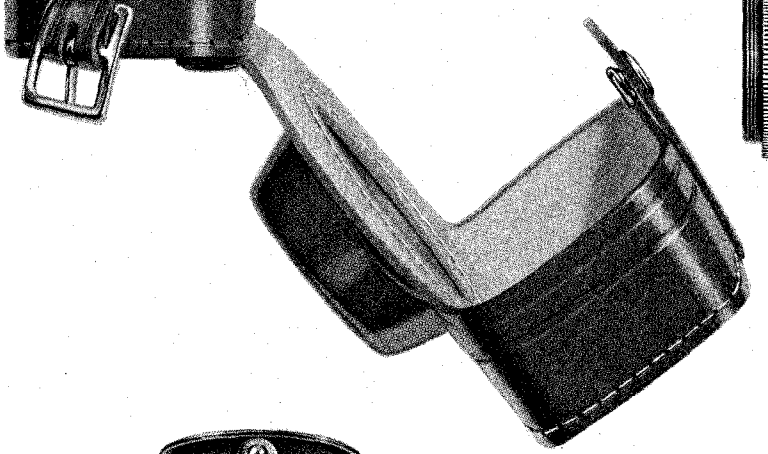

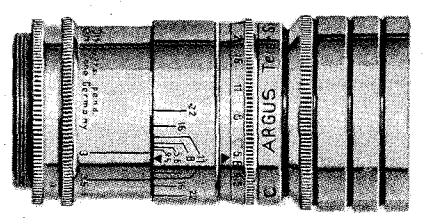

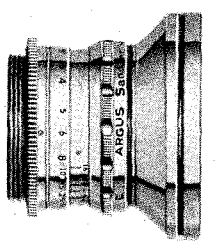

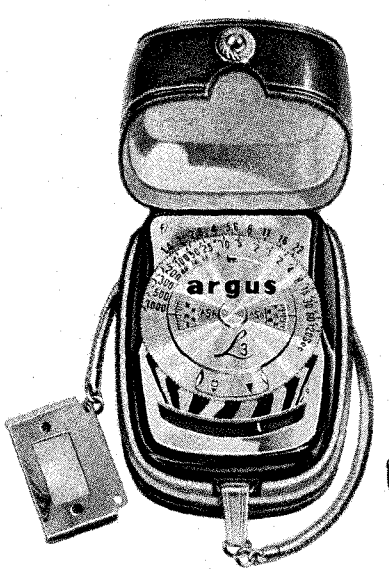

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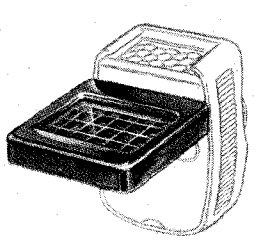

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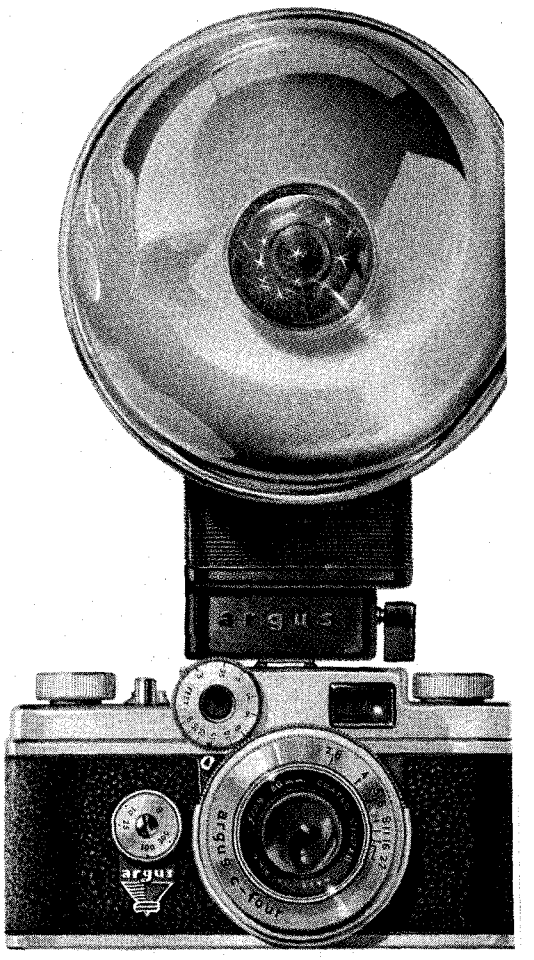

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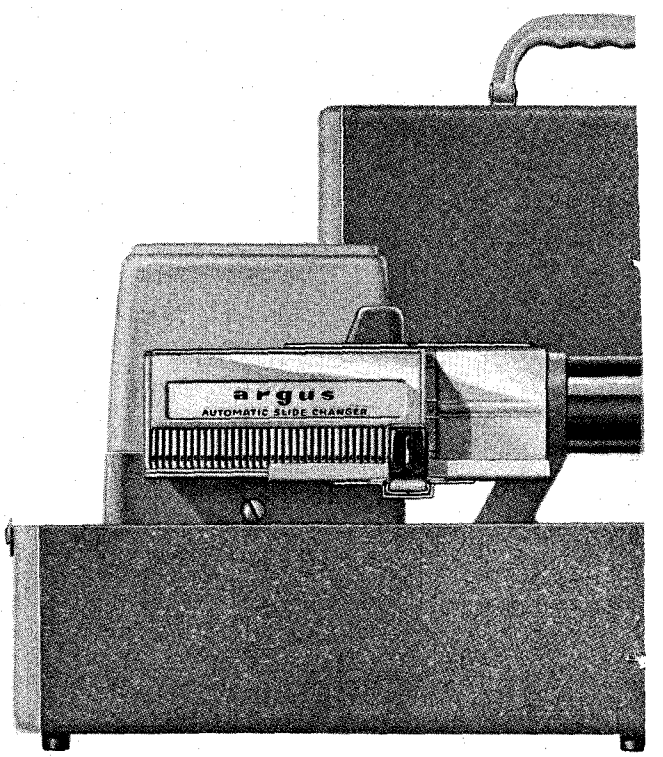

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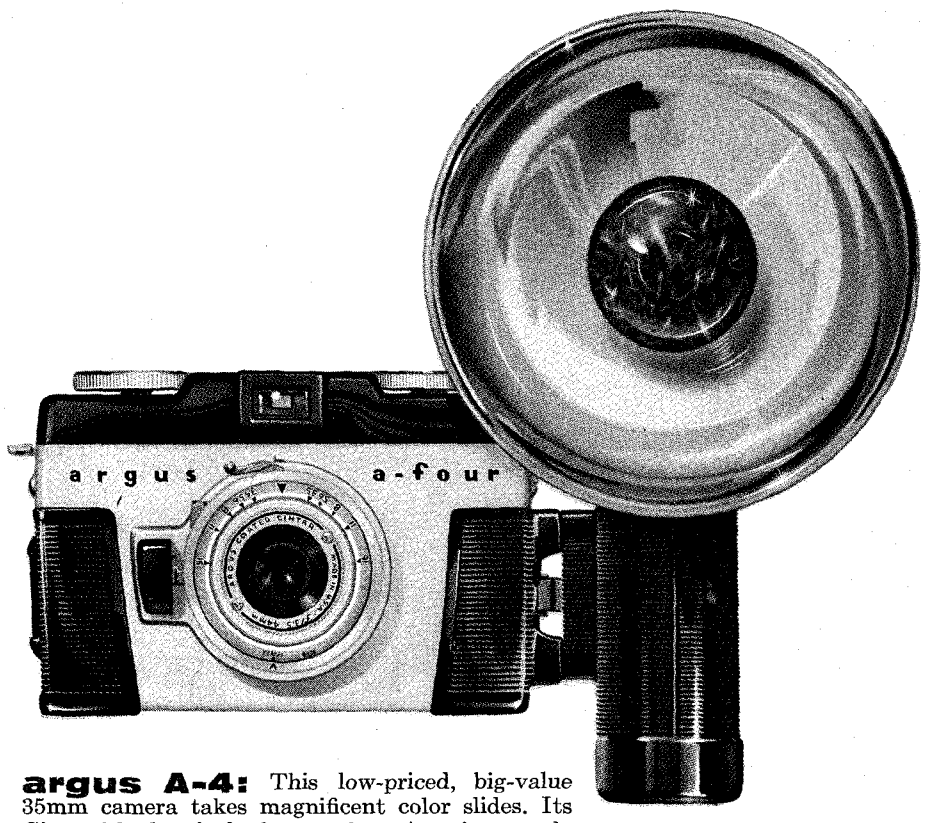

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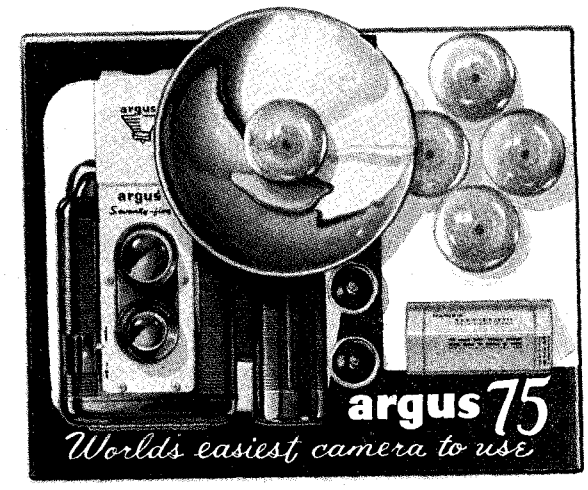

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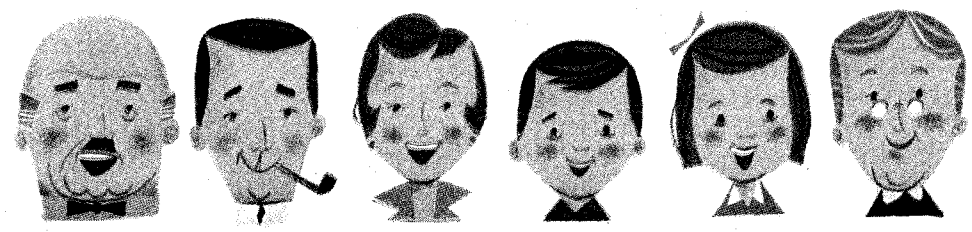

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(Continued from Page 78) it up; they rode it; they made a production. It became the Thirty-Buck Thing.

Drusilla Pringle and I were together nearly all the time. Most afternoons she worked in the library on Student Aid, but we had lunch and dinner together and went somewhere every night. Sometimes, believe it or not, it was only to the library to study.

Dru learned fast. She changed right under my eyes. She began to come to school in sweaters and skirts that did things for her. She was dainty and small in them; she made babes like Dolly look overblown. She never wore her glasses any more except in class. She began not to talk so much. She began to sit and just stare at me, and her eyes got a look—a drowsy look, the eyelashes falling over them, heavy.

I waited a week before I really kissed her. She asked me in to meet mother and daddy. Mother and daddy made no impression on me, except that mother twittered and daddy humphed. But at least they had sense enough to put themselves to bed ten minutes after we came in.

Well, as I said, I kissed her. We were sitting on the couch, and I put my arm around her, and she shivered. I leaned over and kissed her mouth, and she caught her breath and closed her eyes. Her lips were tight, and they trembled. She had never been kissed before, you could have laid money on it.

She pulled back almost right away and opened her eyes and said, "Your mouth is so soft. I never thought a man's mouth would be so soft."

I said, "Shush," and kissed her again. She began to respond to it. When I left her you wouldn't have known her. Her mouth was relaxed and full, and she was beautiful, straight hair, mousy features and all.

Patch was having more fun than anybody over the Thing. He kept talking about what a sucker he was and pretending to worry about his thirty bucks. I knew him four years, and he was always loaded. I didn't say anything. The gang thought the whole thing was very funny. They got to calling me Svengali or sometimes Pygmalion. I didn't say anything about that either. I was feeling good. The deal was not only working, I was enjoying myself. The little Pringle was all right.

Best of all, Dolly began giving me looks and tossing that red head at me, and I figured I could have moved in any time I wanted. That felt good, after the time she gave me over Katy Humes.

I began to wonder about Dru, though. What was she doing in a place like this? The kind of person she was—or used to be—might have been happier at a big university. I asked her once, "Why'd you come here?" and she told me earnestly, "They have an awfully good English department."

Well, so they do. But looking at her, something dawned. She came here because she wanted to be like the babes who come here, and she'd never make it—she never would have made it, if it hadn't been for me. I began to feel pleased with myself.

Then she asked me, "Why did you come here?" And I said, "Oh, all the Charters do."

They did, too, for three generations back. It was a family tradition, like being Friends; the college had a Quaker background, though it didn't work at it much any more. And when your father dies and your mother has nobody left but you, you follow tradition even more so.

Well, Dru kept getting prettier and prettier. One morning she came to class with curly hair, and she looked like a baby—the cutest baby you ever saw.

She laughed breathlessly at me and said, "I sat up all night and gave myself a home permanent. It took me an awful long time, because I didn't know how."

I took her to the cafeteria for lunch, and heads turned, so I knew it was time. I said, "Dru, will you go to the Ring with me?"

She went pale. "Lance, do you mean it?"

"Sure I mean it. Will you?"

The way she looked at me! "Of course I will. You know I will."

I wanted to kiss her. I said, "Come for a ride with me."

I bet it was the first time she ever cut a class in her life. We drove out of town, out into the real country. It was a honey of a day—perfect spring weather.

We got out of the car and walked into a field full of flowers. It's corn—it's pure corn—but it's something I'll remember forever. We sat down, and the flowers were all around us, and I said, "I love you," the way you do, only it wasn't the way you do. All of a sudden something hit me, like the poetry, just like the poetry. It hit me so hard I felt dizzy. I said, "Dru—baby," and kissed her, and she kissed me back, and she knew how to kiss now; I had taught her.

But it turned into a different kind of kiss than you might think. She was still pretty innocent, and she didn't know how urgent her mouth was or what she might

> The trouble with most mines of information is that they're too deep.
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do to me with it. I wanted to make love to her, and I knew she wanted it, too, even if she didn't know it. And what did Charter do? He took her home, and went home himself, and first felt wonderful and then felt awful.

My good old roommate was batting the breeze with some of the brothers, and they started in on me as soon as I came in. How was the Pringle, how was Trilby, how was what's-her-name—Galatea?

I got rid of them pretty soon and said to Patch, "You want to call it off?"

He looked amazed. "You kidding?"

I started to take my clothes off to take a shower. "You keep saying you're so broke."

He complained, "Aw, Lanny, what's with you? You're going to win for sure."

I said, "I'd just as soon call it off."

He looked wounded, and then he looked puzzled. I could hear the gears grind. What did I want to spoil his fun for? Let's face it, I was his hero, and he enjoyed watching me take from the top—or make my own top—even on his thirty bucks.

All of a sudden I felt very tired of my dumb friend. Why had I become his roommate anyway? I thought, *You know why, Charter. You like being watched; you like being admired.*

All the gear-grinding produced was one word: "Why?"

You think I'd tell him? I said, "It takes too long. A four-week joke isn't funny."

He said, "Aw, Lanny, let it ride."

I took off my pants and threw them on the bed where Patch was sitting. He said, "Hey, you got grass stains on these. What were you doing, romping in the fields with —— Well, Lanny boy!"

He got a look on him that made me gag. He admired me. This big, filthy ape admired me! *Go on, Charter, call him names. You made the bet too. You're just as filthy as he is.*

Patch was saying with awe, "I almost ought to pay you the thirty bucks now."

"Shut up! For the love of Pete, shut up!"

So I took my shower, and the deal was still on.

I saw Dru every day, every night. We studied for exams together. We went for drives, but I kept away from fields of flowers. Socially, things had moved into high gear even before exams. There were parties and things at the house, and I took Dru, and she was a big success. I gave the brothers hell first: "Listen; no snickers, no leers, no I-know-something-you-don't-know, you hear me?" It probably wasn't even necessary; they didn't want to spoil their Thing; they were perfect gentlemen.

The girls, now. Has it occurred to you to wonder why some girl hadn't told Dru what gave? Well, at first not so many of the girls knew it. It had started out as a man-type Thing; even Patch and his big mouth could see that. And then, after it leaked, the girls who knew it were flattered to be let in on it, and they got interested in the Thing, too, and none of them liked Dru enough to warn her or disliked her enough to hurt her by spilling it. Still, I worried. Sometimes a Thing can get just too good to keep.

Dolly, now. Dolly would know. She would wonder what Charter saw in Pringle, at least at first, and she would get it out of Skip, and then she would wait and see, and what she did after that would depend on how much, if anything, she still thought of Charter. Dolly was the one to worry about, and I was worrying plenty.

Three days before the Ring she caught me alone in the cafeteria. She slid into the booth and said, "Hi."

I said, "Hi," and gave her the smile. "Buy you a malted?"

I had finished mine and she had half finished hers before she spoke to me. She looked up sort of sidelong; it was a look she practiced, just as I practiced the thing with the eyelashes.

She said, "I don't see you much." That was Dolly, in spite of the sidelong look—direct.

I said, "Well, whose fault?"

"Mine. Still carrying a chip, Lanny?"

"No." Not carrying a torch either.

Dolly said, "Light me a cigarette, will you?" I passed it over, and she said, looking at me through the smoke, "Skip asked me to go to the Ring with him."

I said politely, "That's nice."

She said, "I told him I'd think it over. I've been stalling him off."

That was quite a stall—three days left. I said, "Skip's O.K. You couldn't do better."

Her eyes got a little narrow. "So it's still on with Pringle?" Real direct, Dolly.

"Yes, it's still on."

She began to make smoke rings. "Ever occur to you it was a rotten thing to do?"

I made smoke rings too. "Yes. Are you going to tell her?"

She looked sweetly across at me and called me a word in a soft, ladylike voice. Then she said, "How low do you think I am? As low as you?"

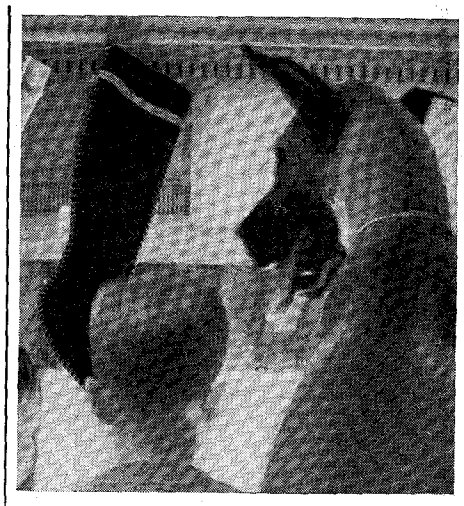
I said, "No, Dolly; I'm in a class by myself," and she stood up and walked away.

She was O.K.—Dolly. She'd thrown herself at me, and I'd thrown her right back, but she wasn't going to use the beautiful chance she had to get even. All she did was call me a word, and the word fitted. It might have been invented just for me.

I saw Dru that night, as always. I took her back to Harleyville—the convertible was really getting mileage—and kissed her enough to make me dizzy, and went home. It was late; good old Patch was snoring.

I couldn't sleep. I tried to lie quiet, but my nerves tightened up and my skin began to crawl. I got up and sat by the window and looked at the campus, pretty in the moonlight, and listened to Patch shaking the walls. At first I just worried normally about the deal, and what Dru would do if she found out. Then I thought about Dru, and how much I loved her, and what a word I was, and then I got the idea. It was a perfect beaut of an idea, a real little monster.

(Continued on Page 84)



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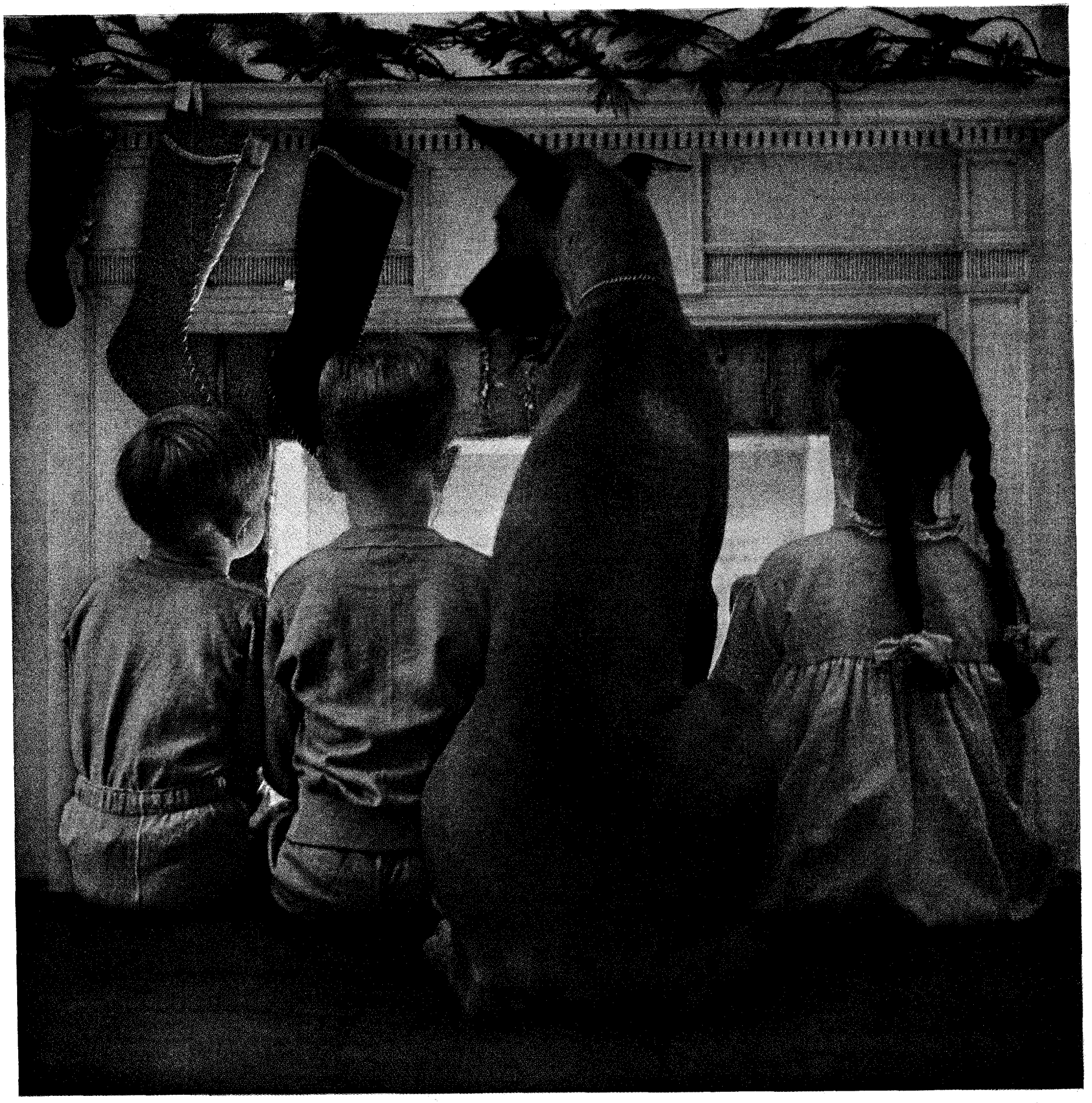

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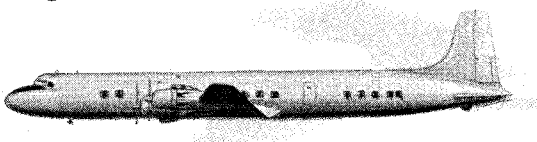

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DC means DOUGLAS

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(Continued from Page 82) *Charter, you've got to tell her yourself.* My nerves really jumped. *Tell her yourself.* I thought, *Charter, you've had it.*

But I couldn't get it out of my mind. Because all of a sudden I was thinking something else, something about women. First a babe is just a babe, and usually that's as far as it goes; then she's the girl you love, and I'd gone as far as that with Dru; and then she's the one you want to marry; and all at once I knew I wanted to go that far too.

Not right away, not after only four weeks of knowing her and roughly two of loving her, but sometime. Sometime Drusilla Pringle was going to be the girl I'd marry, and you can't let somebody marry you, even if she will, without knowing all about you, what kind of heel you are. And also, that your mother flipped and named you Lancelot.

I began to hold a crazy little dialogue with myself. *Why tell her? Nobody else will—I hope. The joke will be over in three days anyway, and they'll soon forget it. After graduation, who'll remember?*

I said to myself, *You will, Charter.* I said to myself, *No woman could ever forgive a thing like that,* and then I said, *But you have to ask her to.*

So the craziness won, and I went back to bed. On the way, I poked Patch where it would hurt the most, and he choked and strangled and shut up. I went right to sleep.

I was in fine shape for the math exam the next afternoon. I don't know how I passed it. Afterward, Dru and I went for a drive. I parked the car in one of those country lanes where nobody ever goes and said, "Dru, I want to ask you something."

She smiled at me. "Something serious?"

Heaven help me, she thought I was going to ask her to marry me. "Yes, serious. Do you believe I love you?"

She stopped smiling. "Lance, something's the matter with you. You look sick."

I was going to be a lot sicker in a minute. "You didn't answer me."

She said, "Yes, Lance, I believe you love me."

"Then will you listen while I tell you something, and not jump out of the car and run away or anything?"

She was beginning to look frightened. She said, "I promise."

I lit a cigarette. I drew deep on it and plunged. "Dru, you asked me why I spoke to you the first day. I spoke to you because I took a dare. I made a bet with somebody that I could. I bet him that ——" How could I possibly say it?

I risked a look at her, and she had begun to get pale. I threw the cigarette away; it was making me sick. I said, "I bet I could give you a rush, and everybody would wonder what they missed. I bet I could make you popular just by taking you out, because Charter's a big man on campus, and anything Charter does is O.K., and Charter's girl is O.K. I bet I could take you to the Ring and we'd both be very, very popular."

She was perfectly white, and her hands were clenched tightly in her lap, but she didn't move. I took a deep breath. The worst of it was out, and she hadn't run away. I said, "So I did give you a rush, and I did make you popular, and I proved my point. But something happened that I didn't count on. I fell in love with you."

She didn't look at me, but she wet her lips a couple of times, as if they were too dry to move, and said, "Was it Patch you made the bet with?"

I nodded, and she nodded, too, very slowly. Then she said, "Why?"

"You mean why Patch?"

"No, why the bet? Who did you really have to prove anything to—Dolly?"

"Yes, Dolly; but I'm not in love with Dolly. I never was—the way I'm in love with you. Dru, you said ——"

"I said I believed you. Yes, I know." She frowned. "Lance, why did you tell me?"

I wanted to touch her, but didn't dare. "Because I love you, because someday I want to marry you, and you've got a right to know what kind of a—all about me."

She said, "Are you through?"

I felt helpless. What kind of reaction was that? "Yes, I'm through, except to beg you to forgive me. Dru, please—Dru, I'll never take a dare again!"

She said, "You listen to me a while. You just listen to me." She said, "Do you know what it's like to be Drusilla Pringle? To want all your life to be popular and beautiful, and not know how?"

I said, "You are popular and beautiful. Dru, you didn't say if you forgive me."

She didn't pay any attention. She sat beside me, her head bowed a little and her hands clenched in her lap. "I didn't even want to be popular with just anybody, just with you. For four years I wanted you. What do you think I was a math minor for?"

I couldn't say anything.

"But you wouldn't look at me; not the great Lance Charter." The words sounded bitter, but the voice didn't sound any way at all. She said, "You want to know something? I never had a real date in my life till you asked me. I was never inside a fraternity house till you took me. And I never made a team or a club—how many is it you belong to?—because I'm awkward and shy and afraid of people."

I couldn't take much more. I said, "Don't do that," and put my hand on her shoulder.

She didn't even seem to know it was there. I took it away. She said, "You and your friend were right when you picked me. I was a real square. I thought you went to college to learn, so I studied hard and got good marks, and that made me a square."

I couldn't let that one pass. I said, "Baby, you're all mixed up. Learning something in college doesn't make you a square. Neither does getting good marks. You're only a square if you use your marks as a substitute for something."

She seemed to consider it. Then she said in a reasonable voice, "Yes, I see what you mean. By the way, how much was the bet for?"

I felt as if she had hit me. "Thirty bucks. Dru, you're getting off the track. Don't you remember? I fell in love with you! And you didn't say whether you forgive me."

She said, "Did you call off the bet?"

How could you tell her about a big oaf named Patch, and the way his mind worked? How could you tell her the way you get tangled up in things and can't get out, and how you don't know what to do? I said, "No, I ——"

She said in a gentle voice, "If you loved me, I think you might have called off the bet."

And I had thought the worst was over.

She said, "I suppose everybody knows about it—except the squares, naturally. They'll be watching to see how very, very popular Charter and Pringle are." I couldn't say a word. She turned and looked at me, and her eyes glittered. She said, "I think I'd like to go home now."

Neither one of us said one word, all the way to Harleyville. I couldn't and she wouldn't. At her door, she said politely, "If you still want to take me to the Ring, I'll go. But I'd rather not see you till then."

I said, "Dru, will you forgive me? I asked you four times."

She smiled a little bit. "So you did. I'll see you Friday." She turned away from me and went inside.

The next two days I prefer to skip over. I did what Dru said—I stayed away from her. On the day of the Ring I sent her camellias and dressed myself in my tux as if I were going to be laid out.

I drove to Harleyville to pick her up, and when I got there she wasn't ready. Mother and daddy talked to me in the parlor. It was the first time I had ever really talked to them, and, so help me, they were nice people, too kind to try to be subtle.

Mother twittered, "Whatever's the matter, I wouldn't worry about it, Lance."

I jumped. "Did Dru ——"

"No, she didn't tell me anything." She smiled and looked surprisingly like Dru. "She's a stubborn girl, but I think she loves you."

Daddy humphed, "Sure she does. She's crazy about the boy."

Just then I heard Dru's heels on the stairs, and mother said a surprising thing, "I think my daughter is up to something. Hold on, Lance dear; hold on tight tonight."

Drusilla came downstairs in a blue dress with my camellias on her wrist, and she was the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life. I told her so, while mother and daddy beamed, and she smiled at me kindly and said, "Thank you, Lance. Shall we go?"

She was sweetly silent all the way up to town. By the time I had got over being stunned by how beautiful she was, we had gone five miles. I said, "Dru, will you please tell me whether ——"

She gave me a smile and said very softly, "Don't say anything, Lance."

I shut up. It was a long thirty miles.

Well, the Ring was as usual—hearts and flowers, and so forth. Dru was a sensation. Pringle and Charter were very, very popular.

Dolly was there with Skip Collier. I danced with her three times, and she was all sweetness and sparkle. She fitted nicely into my arms—Dru was too small for dancing with a tall man—but I didn't care. I went back to Dru and danced with her when I could fight off the stags, bending far down to put my cheek on her hair.

We didn't say one word till about the middle of the evening. Then she smiled up at me and said, "Dance over by the orchestra, will you, and tell them to stop playing?"

I stopped dancing. "What?"

"Keep on dancing, please; I'm getting bumped."

My feet moved, but it was purely automatic. She smiled at me again. "Please?"

Well, they're still talking about it. It'll be a campus legend, I guess, the historic Ring where Drusilla Pringle made the speech.

She stood up on the platform beside the orchestra leader, smiling sweetly and looking perfectly self-possessed, and after the joshing and clowning and shuffling had died down, she began to talk.

Her voice wasn't loud, but it was clear, and it carried. Oh, my, it carried. She said, "I'm Drusilla Pringle. I think many of you know that. I'm Lance Charter's girl. You know that too." She paused a minute and smiled again, sort of sidelong; it was a smile worthy of Dolly.

I swallowed hard. I was beginning to feel funny. Beginning! I thought I might suffocate. I tried to say, "Dru," but nothing came out.

She said, "And I'm sure a lot of you know about the bet." A few people gasped, and a few said, "What'd she say?" and then it got quiet again. "If you don't, just ask the couple next to you, and they'll tell you. It's quite a story; it's gone all over." She laughed, a soft, chuckling laugh that made everybody feel warm and easy and not embarrassed any more. Except me. Awkward and shy and afraid of people? She was doing all right.

She said, "I have a certain interest in that bet, and I think that both of the people who made it ought to pay up, the loser because he lost, and the winner because it wasn't the nicest thing in the world to do. Don't you agree?"

You should have heard them agree. They were loving it.

"And so," Dru said, "I want thirty dollars from Lance Charter and thirty dollars from Patch Leonard," and she held out her hand.

This was turning into an expensive evening. I gave her three tens. I was numb. Patch came shuffling up from the back, with some people beginning to cheer, and his face getting redder with each step, and gave her the other thirty.

Then she said, "And now, if you'll clear a little path for me, I'll take it over and drop it into the Red Cross box."

Clear a little path? They carried her over on their shoulders. She was the queen of the Ring. Then the orchestra began to play again, and everybody danced.

It took me fifteen minutes to fight my way to her, and at least that many cut-ins to get back long enough to say, "Dru, come outside. I want to talk to you."

She was meek. "Yes, Lance. You can talk now."

I fought off the stags and got her out into the shrubbery. I said, "All right. You got even. Are you satisfied?"

She nodded. "Perfectly satisfied. Let's find a place to sit down, shall we?"

I found a bench in the moonlight where I could see her. I took hold of her shoulders and shook her. "I hope you're proud of yourself. I hope you enjoyed making that speech."

Suddenly she began to shake all by herself. "Oh, Lance, hold on to me! I was so scared—I'm still scared! Suppose nobody had laughed?"

It threw me, but I did what she said; I stopped shaking her and just held on.

She said in a low voice, "I didn't really do it to get even, Lance. I don't know if I can explain it."

I put my arm around her and kissed her for the first time in two days. I said, "Never mind. I had it coming."

She kissed me back, and her mouth was warm and sweet, and she knew how to kiss now. She said, "Lance—oh, Lance!"

This was a hell of a time for it, but I said, "It's really Lancelot," and she didn't even shudder. She said, "I like Lance better." Then she said, "Lance, I'd like to explain it. You were so miserable the other day, and you'd have held it against yourself forever, and I wanted to do something outrageous, too, so it wouldn't be so one-sided."

While I was taking that in—I was still dizzy from the kiss—she was touching my face lightly, almost absently, running her fingers along my cheek and chin. I took hold of the hand and kissed it.

I said, "I didn't think you'd forgive me. I didn't see how you could."

She sounded surprised. "Oh, I forgave you two days ago."

Women! I thought I understood them. I said, "I'm going to kiss you so hard it'll show. You won't be able to go back to the dance."

She laughed softly and touched my hair with her other hand, while her eyelashes got heavy and lazy. She said—I'll never understand women—"I dare you!"

THE END

Complaint to TV and Radio Advertisers From a Rural Family

By Luke Neely

Those places you want us
To rush right down to
Are the kind we drive forty
Miles to town to.

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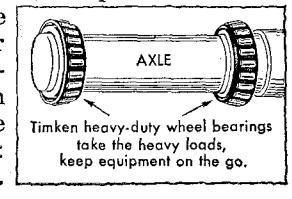
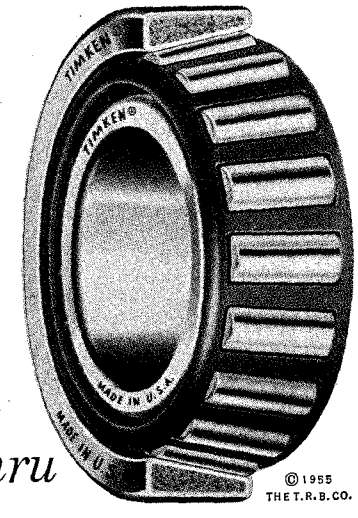


Timken heavy-duty wheel bearings take the heavy loads, keep equipment on the go.



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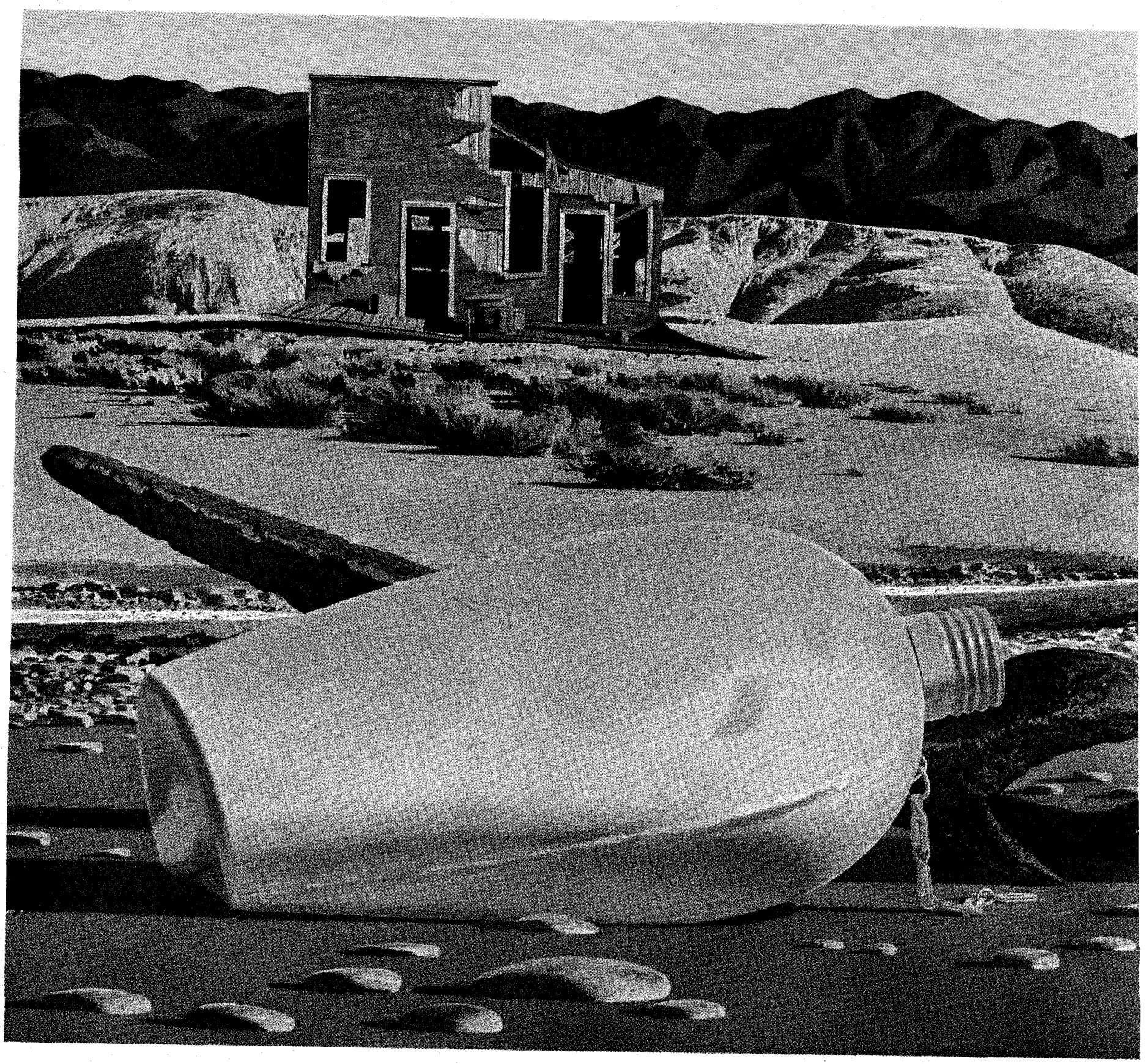
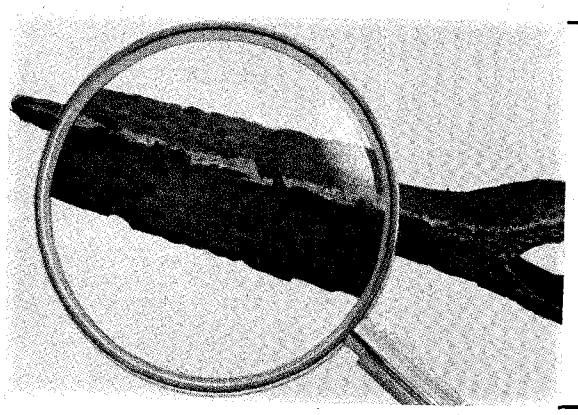
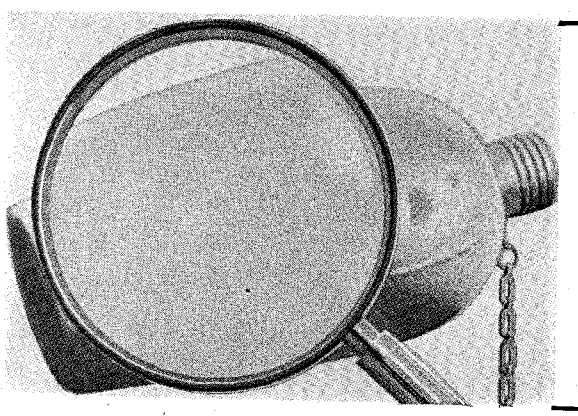


For the metal that lasts



Iron and steel have no "built-in" protection against rust. Unless protected by paint or other costly finishes, they will rust when in prolonged contact with moisture, and can be destroyed.



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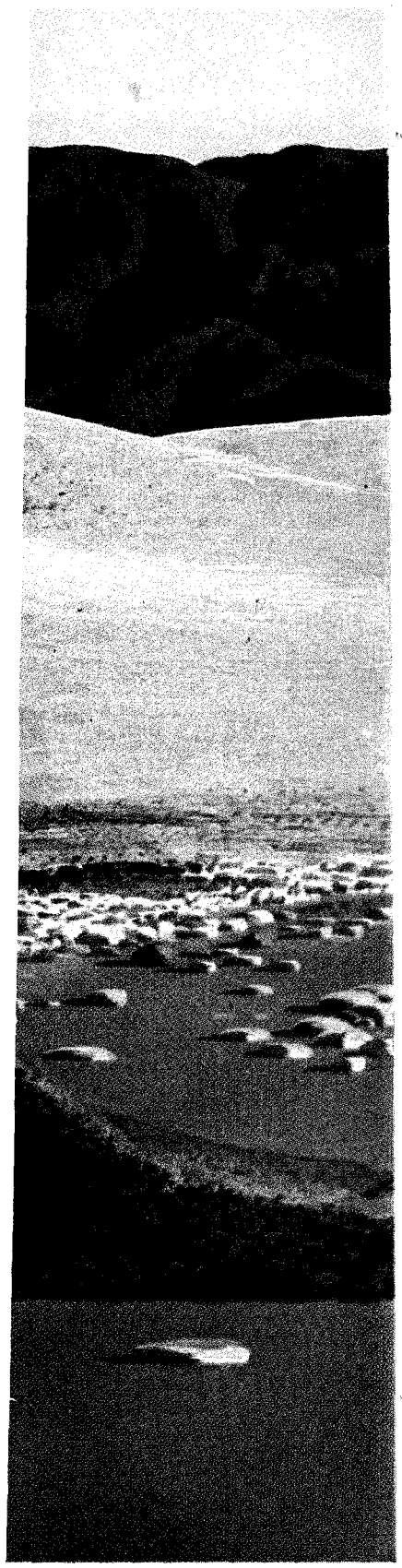
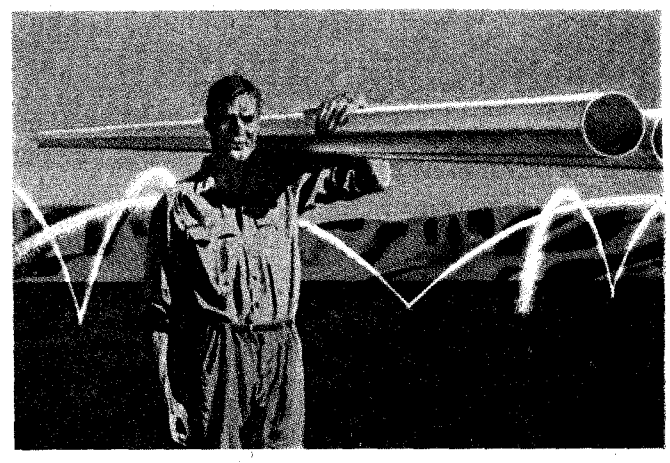
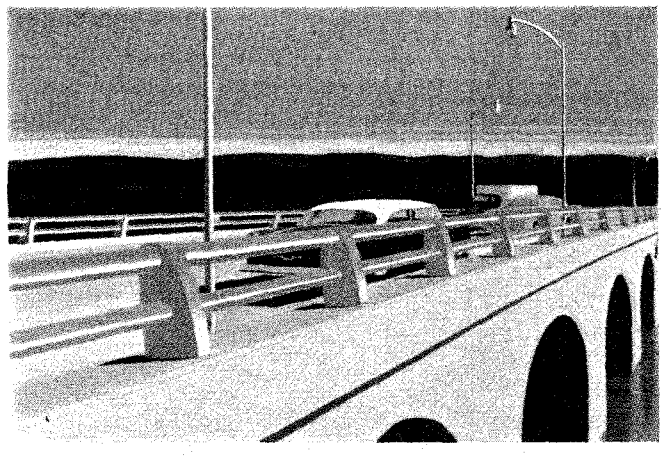


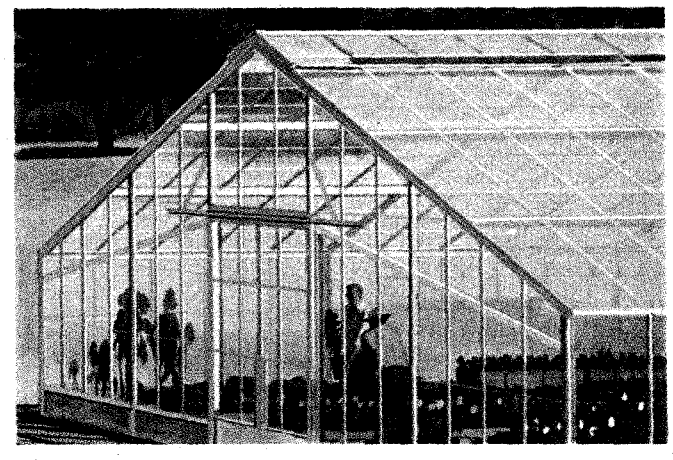
Tumblers and ice buckets made with Kaiser Aluminum keep their beautiful high lustre for years and years. They'll never tarnish, never be marred by rust.



Kaiser Aluminum Irrigation Pipe gives greater corrosion resistance than any other pipe, greatly extending its life. It's light, easy to move.

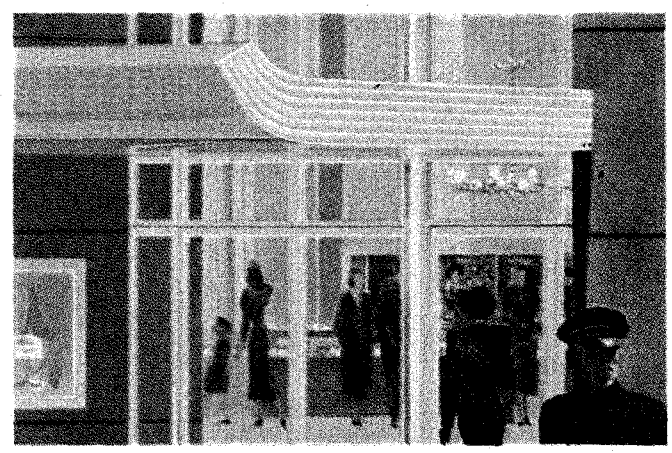


Bridge railings made with Kaiser Aluminum resist corrosion damage from continuous exposure. Never need paint, require minimum maintenance.



Greenhouses made with strong Kaiser Aluminum stay bright, unaffected by rust, despite time and weather. Light weight makes them economical, easy to erect.

Playground equipment made with Kaiser Aluminum stands up under most rugged treatment. Needs no paint or other upkeep, will never rust.



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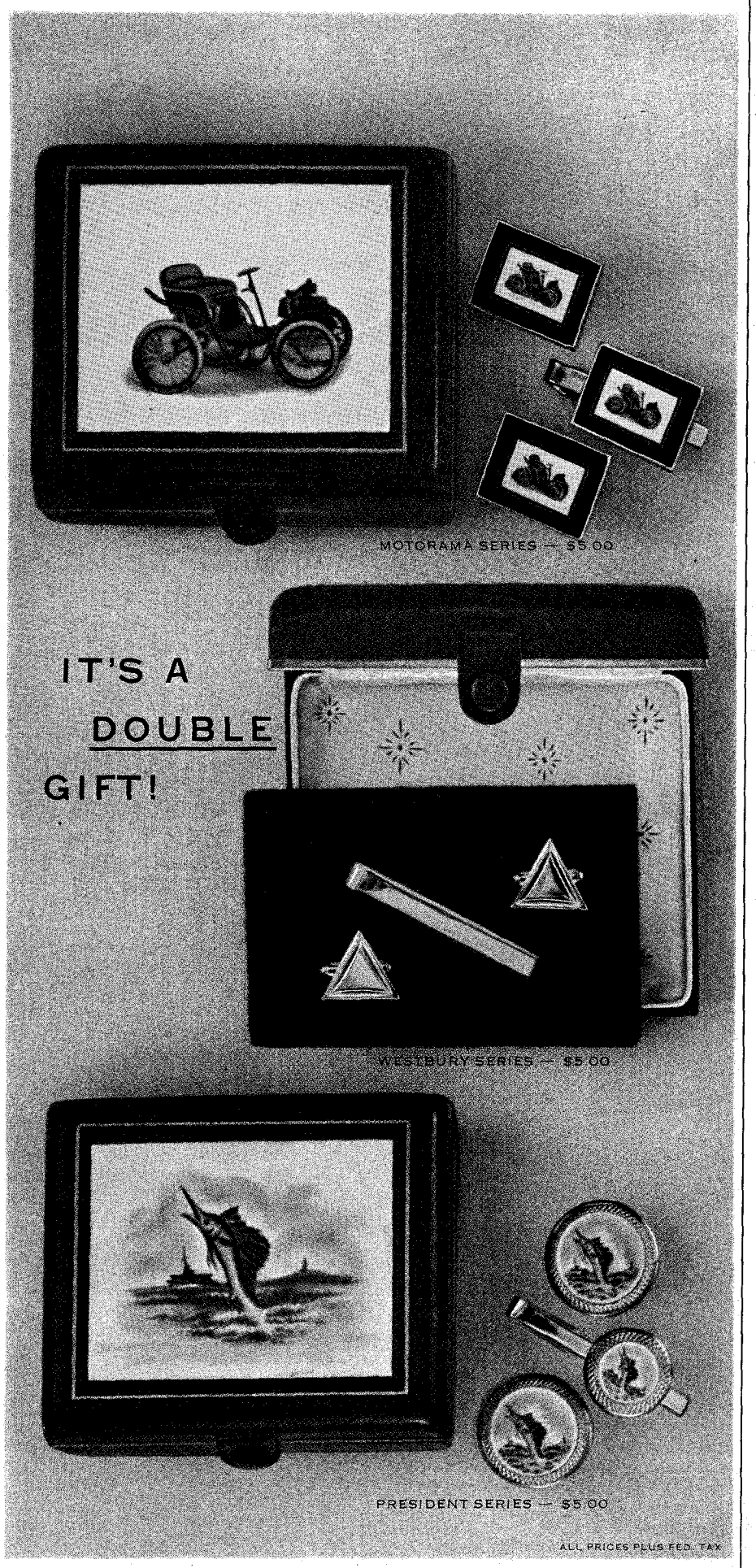

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They Called Me a Security Risk!

(Continued from Page 17)

1700's, and my wife, Jan, is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

I mention these things about myself because they all have some bearing on the painful, costly and sometimes wryly humorous events of the last four years of my life. For the first twenty-nine months of this period, I went through a frustrating struggle to get Navy and Defense Department bureaucrats to act on my employer's request that I be granted a security clearance, which I needed because I had gone to work as a lawyer for a big corporation with Navy contracts. Then, to my astonishment, I was labeled a security risk because the clearance was finally denied, and it thereupon became a fight to erase the stigma attached to my name.

I have won my battle. An appeal board, six months after the long-delayed finding that I was untrustworthy, reversed this negative decision. I was even offered a financial settlement for damages some fourteen months after obtaining my clearance, the claim to be paid out of a secret Naval Intelligence bank account—and I'll document this statement later, for I can hardly believe it myself. Before I was through, President Eisenhower, bless him, had personally intervened in my case, and the FBI, as well as the Navy, had combed over every facet of my life and times. I had the satisfaction of having Defense Department officials tell me informally what their Chicago appeal board had already told me formally—that, sure enough, I wasn't a security risk and never had been.

But in the meantime, I missed out on promotions, ultimately lost my job, became a pariah to former friends, who were afraid to be seen with me, and reached the unhappy conclusion that if this sort of thing could happen to me, it could happen to any one of millions of other Americans. For I'm no Government payroller, no former campus radical, and nobody ever said I was a spy, saboteur, communist, blabbermouth, drunk or sex-deviate, which is what you usually think the repulsive designation of "security risk" is supposed to cover. I was just a plain American who ran into a combination of indifferent bureaucrats, personal animus and a case of mistaken identity—all of which added up to a charge that I was "not reliable" and therefore was unworthy of my Government's trust.

All along the rocky road, Jan and I were advised over and over to "forget it." I was told, "Go back to your law practice." Or, "We'll give you fine recommendations for a job someplace else." Well, here, too, I guess we acted like typical Americans—we elected to fight it through no matter what the cost or how many people got mad. And as one of my salty friends in South Bend put it, "You told the Navy and the Defense Department to go to hell and you proved they'd better start packing."

It was a Pyrrhic victory, perhaps. It's tough to find the kind of job you really want when you have to ask a prospective employer to listen to a long explanation of what that security-risk business was all about. I have, alas, become a "controversial figure." But, at least, I've retained my self-respect, and if my story should help to bring a little more brains and plain old American decency into this vitally necessary business of keeping real security risks away from our Government's secrets, maybe the whole thing will have been worth while.

My troubles began—though I didn't know it at the time—when I decided in the spring of 1951 to give up my law practice at Warsaw, Indiana, and go to work for the Bendix Products Division of the Bendix Aviation Corporation at South Bend, interpreting Government regulations for rationing of copper, steel and aluminum. This was under the so-called Controlled Materials Program, then in effect because of the Korean war.

The decision to leave Warsaw was based on a number of considerations, not the least of which was the fact that I had to climb fifty-nine steps to get from my office in Warsaw to the county courtroom—no small matter to a man with an artificial leg. Ever since the leg was amputated in 1944, just as I was about to go overseas as commander of a squadron of P-61 "Black-Widow" night fighters, I had been under cautionary medical orders to take life as easily as I could, for there was no telling whether the cancer might recur.

While the doctors gave me a clean bill of health by 1951, I had been having other difficulties. Tragically, our family was divided by a dispute over my father's estate, with my brother and sister on one side and my mother and me on the other. A legal client who tried to start a grocery corporation failed to make the grade and was charged with fraudulent stock sales; I refused to abandon a client in trouble, in keeping with the canons of the American Bar Association, but I got tarred with the same brush in the process. I was, in fact, charged with fraud also, though the charges were so clearly unfounded that they were thrown out of court. These charges, however, embarrassed my connection with a group of businessmen who were planning to found a new bank at Kendallville, Indiana—asking me to serve as president—and that project also fell through as a result.

Opportunity knocks, but temptation more often rings the bell.

HAL CHADWICK

So, though I took a $3700 loss on the sale of my law library and a 50 per cent reduction in income when I went to work for Bendix, it looked at the time like a good move. For one thing, there was a good chance that my pay and my duties would be upgraded in six months, and, for another, my life would be less hectic and demanding. I, of course, told Bendix all about my recent troubles when I was hired, and I was, frankly, glad to get away from them and the small town in which they had occurred. I settled happily into my new life at South Bend, contracting for the purchase of a house, and was getting along well in my new job.

Thirty days after I went to work at Bendix, the company asked the office of the Inspector of Naval Matériel at Fort Wayne to clear me for security information. The question of a security clearance had not been raised when I was hired, but the step was perfectly logical since the company held large Navy and other Defense Department contracts. Moreover, my job included such tasks as allotting materials for the Bendix guided-missile plant at Mishawaka, which is contiguous to South Bend.

At the end of six months, when it was my understanding that my job status would be re-evaluated and my pay raised, the security clearance had not come through. Consequently, I stayed at the same salary—pending the clearance. A year passed—still no clearance. Naturally, I made inquiries.

(Continued on Page 90)

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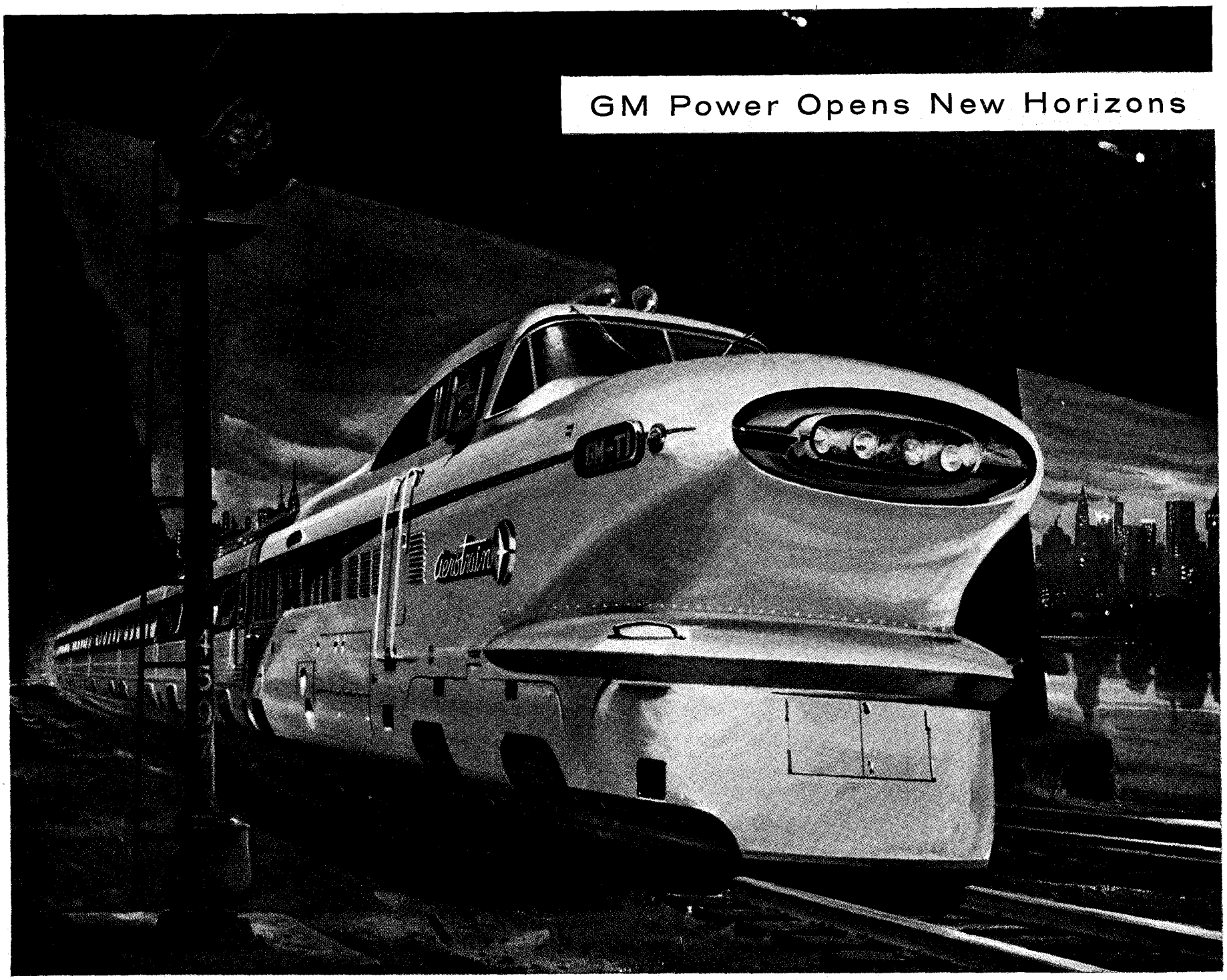

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TO HELP railroads solve the problem of a $700 million yearly loss in passenger service, Electro-Motive engineers have designed and built a new lightweight train that promises to revolutionize travel by rail.

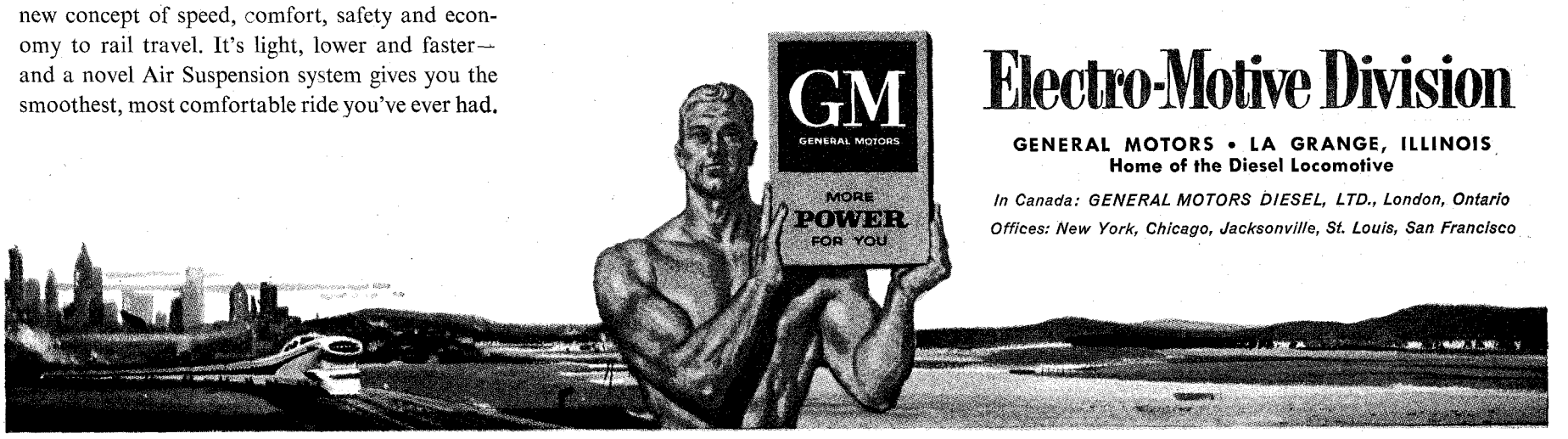
Pulled by a General Motors Diesel locomotive, this new 10-coach Aerotrain brings an entirely new concept of speed, comfort, safety and economy to rail travel. It's light, lower and faster—and a novel Air Suspension system gives you the smoothest, most comfortable ride you've ever had.

Forty passengers per coach travel in air-conditioned comfort at sustained speeds of 100 miles an hour and better.

To permit this greater speed, with safety, the center of gravity is much lower than standard trains (only 45 inches above the rail). Yet you ride at a high level for a good view of the scenery.

With steel underframe and aluminum body, the train is 50% lighter than conventional trains. *It costs much less to build and much less to operate.*

Two of the Aerotrains will be touring America's leading railroads. *Be sure to see one when it comes to your town.* It's something really new in railroading!



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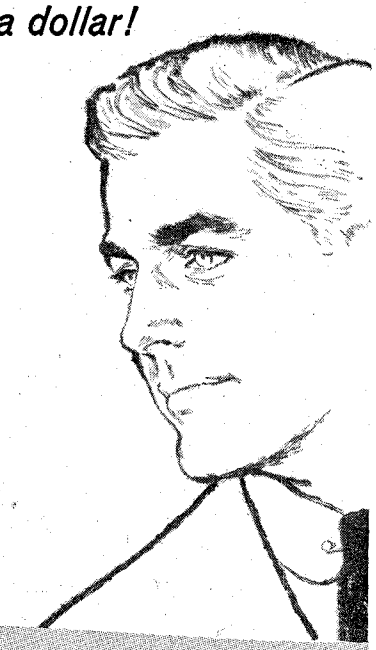
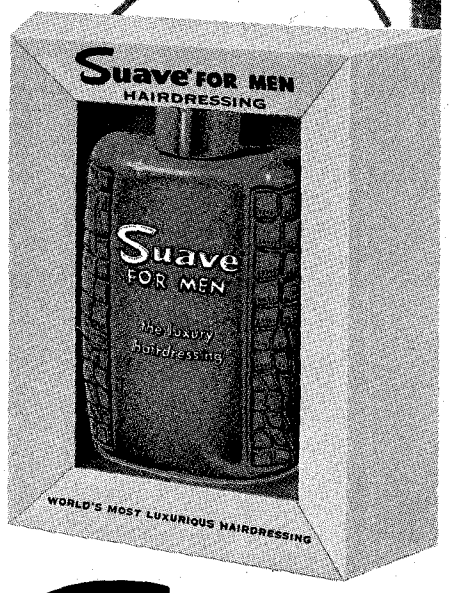
luxury that goes to his head

and for only a dollar!





Suave* FOR MEN

the luxury hairdressing

Give him something to keep him perfectly groomed . . . SUAVE* FOR MEN! The hairdressing created for the one man in four who appreciates the best . . . he'll love the natural, well groomed look that lasts all day. Greaseless, of course . . . SUAVE* FOR MEN never stains hatbands.

Handsome Squeeze Flask attractively gift packaged $1.00 (plus tax)

*Trademark

(Continued from Page 88) "These things take time," I was told. "It should all be cleared up in another sixty days," or ". . . . another ninety days," or " . . . soon." It never occurred to me to consider the possibility that a clearance would be denied.

I was annoyed, of course, and somewhat embarrassed, but just went ahead with my work. My superiors seemed to be satisfied with my performance on the job. In fact, when I went on vacation shortly after the end of my first year at Bendix, there were rumors around the plant that I would be reassigned upon my return to a much better-paying job.

Jan and I had been saving and planning for a trip abroad for a long time and this seemed an ideal time to take it. An old friend from the Air Force was then stationed at the United States Embassy in London and Bendix was willing to grant me a month's leave of absence in addition to my two weeks' vacation.

We left for England in a happy frame of mind in that late spring of 1952. I had every reason to think I was something of a fair-haired boy with my employers, and, I reasoned, that detail about the security clearance certainly should be got out of the way in the six weeks we would be overseas. In London we attended the American ambassador's garden party on the Fourth of July, and helped my Air Force friend escort dignitaries who visited the embassy. Jan and I wandered about England and the continent like the typical Midwestern tourists we were, had a wonderful time, but agreed when it was over that it was good to be back in South Bend.

But there was still no security clearance. I really don't think it was too unreasonable of me to be getting pretty sore about this business by now. I descended on the Navy office at Fort Wayne to find out what was going on. Well, I was told, the clearance was being "withheld."

"Does that mean denied?" I asked.

"Oh, no," I was informed, "just withheld. We withhold thousands of clearances."

"Why?" I demanded.

"We don't have to give a reason," was the reply.

A denial of clearance, I knew, would give me an opportunity to go before an appeal board and tell my story at last. But a "withheld" clearance, no reason given, had me stymied. This was my introduction to a bureaucratic jungle of double-talk and evasions that seemed impregnable even to a lawyer like myself. Heaven help the ordinary citizen who runs into this sort of thing with no legal training to support him, I thought.

I went back to the same old job at the same old salary at Bendix, but now all my spare time was occupied with the problem of my security clearance. I haunted the Navy office in Fort Wayne, the Chicago Industrial Personnel Security Board office to which Fort Wayne reported, and the Defense Department office in Washington to which Chicago reported. I have no idea how many trips I made around this Fort Wayne-Chicago-Washington triangle before I was through, with my expenses ultimately running into several thousand dollars. By now I was pleading that my clearance be denied, so I'd have a chance to find out what this was all about and to answer any charges against me.

"It's up to Chicago," the bureaucrats would tell me in Fort Wayne.

"We don't have your file," the Chicago office reported.

"It's up to Fort Wayne," they'd tell me in Washington. I couldn't even get a reply to my written memos to the Bendix security officer. I was in a hopeless maze.

Night after night, Jan and I would sit up late, over endless cups of coffee, trying to figure out what was wrong. I knew, of course, that the Navy's civilian security investigators had been to Warsaw and to my original home town of Burket, Indiana, seeing every enemy of mine they could find—and I don't deny for an instant that I have enemies—as well as seeing the friends who immediately reported the investigators' activities to me. I was sure that they had gone into the family-estate row and the fraud case, not to mention my break with the local political organization at Warsaw during my second term as county prosecutor. But I couldn't, for the life of me, figure out what there was in my past that would be holding up my security clearance this long. Certainly my case was not a simple one; obviously, I had had my troubles—but I had emerged from them entirely in the clear and could prove it, if only I could be heard.

One night, in a depressed mood, I turned to my wife and said, "Jan, this is too much for you to bear. You saw me through it when I had my leg amputated; you saw me through the troubles at Warsaw. I can't ask you to go through this any longer. Already, some of our friends who have heard about this are avoiding us. I'll go away, so at least there won't be any stigma attached to you; I'll go to Chicago and get a job somewhere and ——"

"Don't talk nonsense," my wife replied. "You'll stay right here and we'll fight this to the end."

She was right and I knew it, and I blessed her for her courage and loyalty and love, which were to be so decisive in seeing me through all the dark hours.

But how to fight nameless accusers without knowledge of what I was accused of, if anything, and no forum in which to present my case? How to grapple with bureaucrats who would do nothing and say nothing except point to another office in another city and say the answer might be there? The Truman Administration ended, the Eisenhower Administration began, the security regulations were changed and revised and renumbered, but still I was dealing with the same old run-around, the same old bureaucrats and the same old problem. The regulations themselves were classified—I had to obtain my copies of them surreptitiously from Washington. Could this really be happening to a Midwestern Republican American Legionnaire who incidentally happened to be a disabled veteran of World War II? Me a security risk? Why, I brooded, this brainwashing performance was as un-American as anything I had ever heard about the way communist bureaucrats push their citizens around.

Congressional investigations of un-American activities were very much in the news at the time, and the more I thought about it, the more logical it seemed—I'd ask Congress to investigate the Navy bureaucracy for its un-American approach in this security case of mine and the "thousands" of others, its un-American disregard of fair play and the old-fashioned notion that a man certainly deserves a chance to be heard when his reputation and livelihood are at stake. I just couldn't accept the advice to quit, to forget it, to let it drop, which came from so many friends and co-workers who knew about my case. I thought about it a long time. Congress seemed to be my only answer.

So in September of 1953—well over two years after my security clearance was first requested—I told my superiors in the company that I intended to take my case to a congressional committee. My employers were horrified; the Navy, after all, was a major customer. Within a week I was notified that I (Continued on Page 93)

What's Going On Here?

It is a hot summer in wartime. A group of Pennsylvania coal miners are tunneling through yellow clay with makeshift tools to dig a narrow shaft more than 500 feet long by 5 feet high. They have launched the project on their own initiative despite the doubts and misgivings of persons higher up. When completed, the project fails to produce the hoped-for results. Where and why were the miners digging?

Fisher Banks

(Answer on Page 93)

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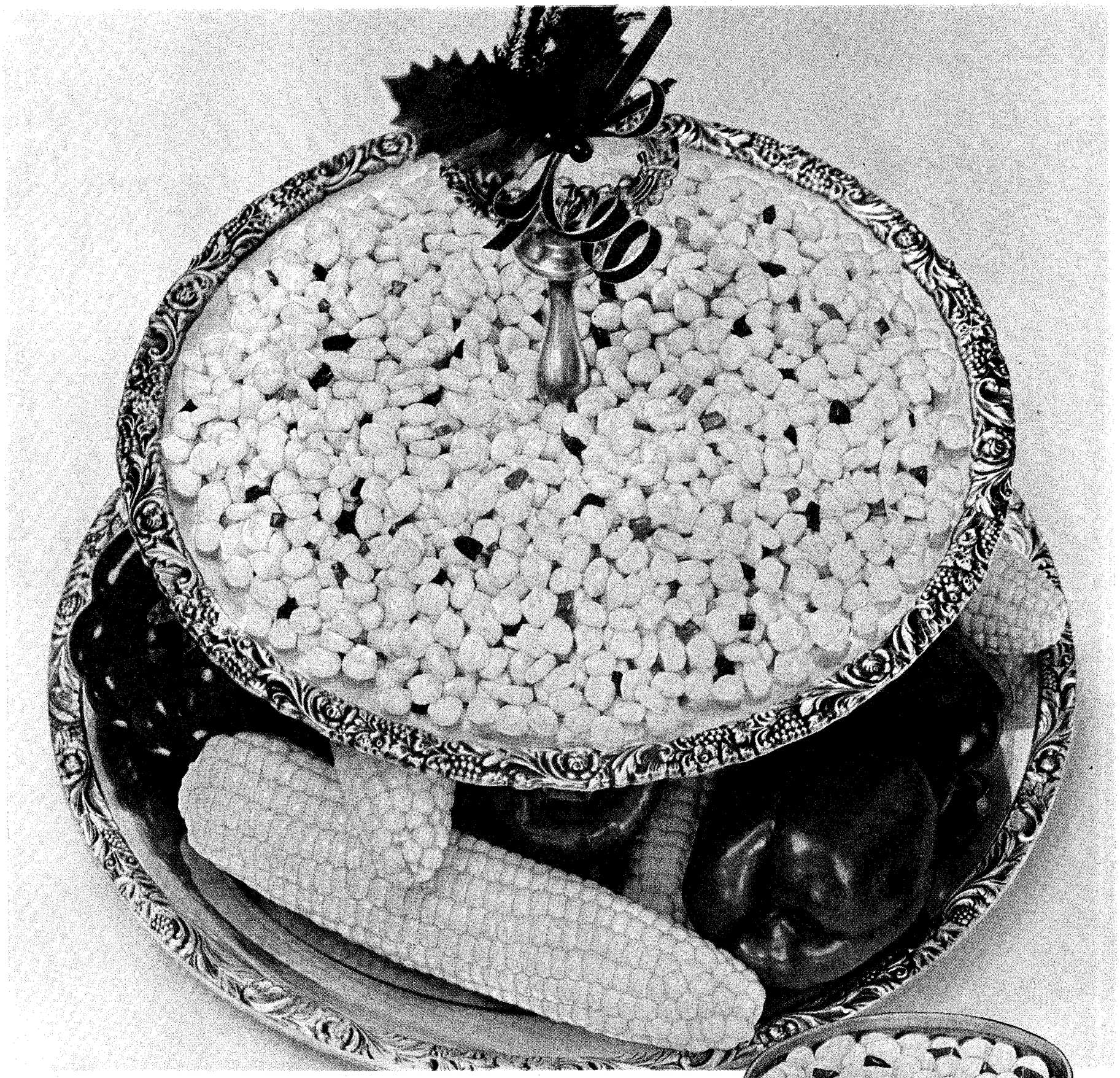

Holiday surprise in Corn

(with the Christmas colors already in it)

We agree with you. The colors alone make it a happy surprise. But wait till the folks get a *taste*—that's when you'll hear the real oh's and ah's! Here is the same fresh roasting-ear flavor you get in New Process Niblets Brand corn. (Like corn on the cob without the cob.) Sparkled up with sweet red and green peppers. As special in its way as turkey and fruit cake. Got your shopping list handy? Here's the name to include:

NEW PROCESS NIBLETS® MEXICORN®

corn with sweet red and green peppers added

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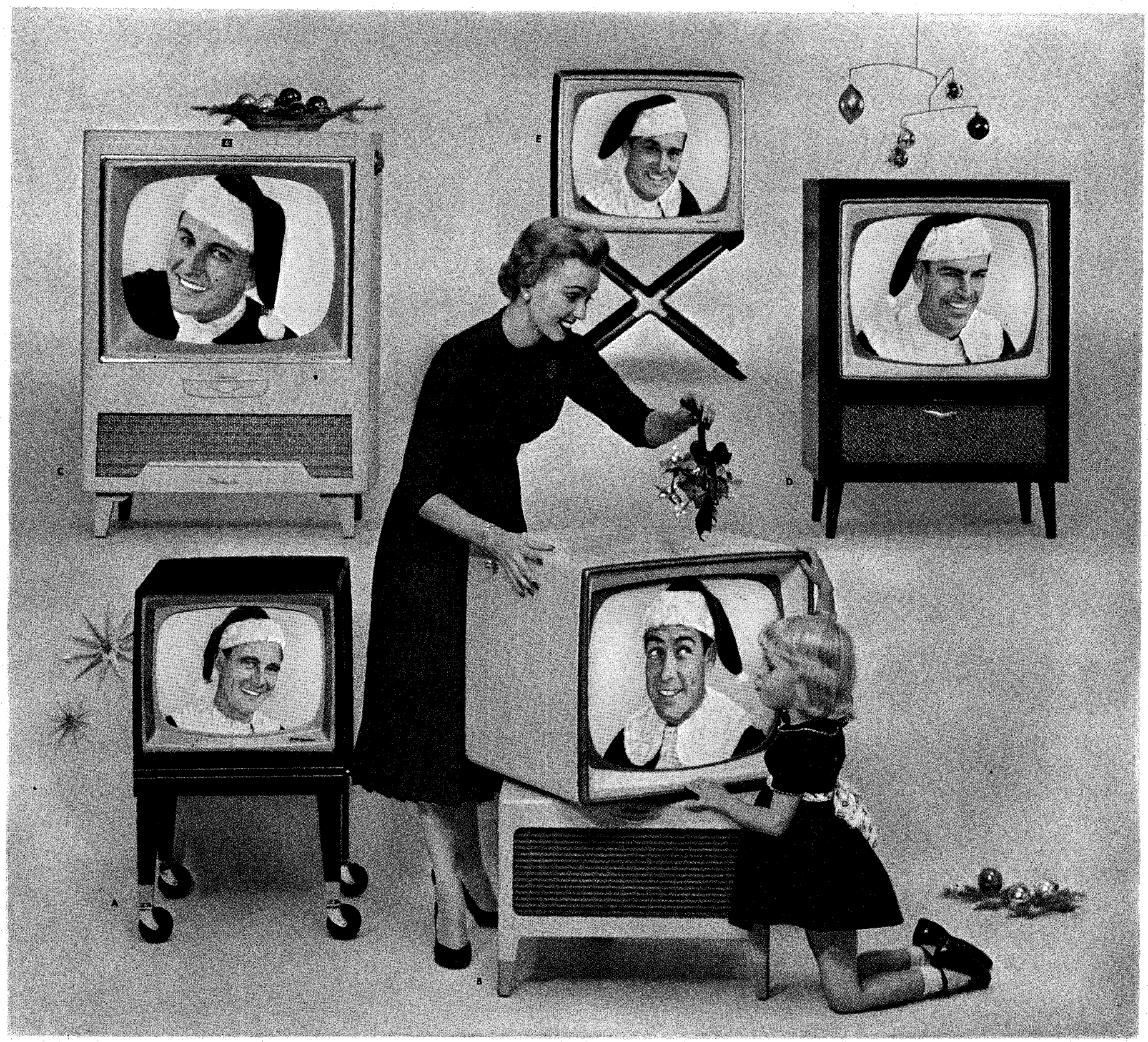

(A) *Thrifton* 17. Ebony finish (17S6022), $149.95. Matching stand, optional, extra. **(B)** *Pickwick 21*. Limed oak grained finish (21T6257), $259.95. **(C)** *Everest 24 Deluxe*. In mahogany grained finish (24D655), $349.50. Shown in limed oak grained finish, $359.50. **(D)** *Brady 21*. In mahogany grained finish (21S632), $249.95. **(E)** *Headliner 21*. Ebony finish (21T6082), $199.95. Matching stand optional, extra.

Every Christmas more Santas give RCA Victor than any other television!

Now at your RCA Victor dealer's—a wide, wonderful selection of new TV styles. Priced as low as $149.95

If your particular Santa keeps smiling to himself these days, maybe it's because he's planning to surprise the whole family with new RCA Victor TV for Christmas.

Could be you're getting the *Thrifton 17*, best buy in 17-inch TV. Only $149.95—with fine performance and "Hidden Panel" tuning. Or maybe your Santa has his eye on the *Headliner 21*, with *Oversize* 21-inch picture tube and "4-Plus" picture quality . . . for improved brightness, contrast, steadiness.

If it's the new *Brady 21*, your Santa knows value. It's the lowest priced 21-inch console in RCA Victor history! Or it could be the two-speaker *Pickwick 21*. Here's TV that turns—so you don't have to. If this is an *extra-special* Christmas, you may even be getting Television Deluxe—like the handsome, bigger-than-life *Everest 24 Deluxe*.

But if your Santa hasn't gotten into the Christmas spirit yet—better drop a hint and direct him to your RCA Victor dealer's.

RCA Factory Service, assuring expert installation and maintenance, is available in most areas—but only to RCA Victor TV owners. Optional, extra.

See Milton Berle, Martha Raye alternately on NBC-TV, 2 out of every 3 Tuesdays. And don't miss NBC-TV's spectacular "Producers' Showcase" in RCA Compatible Color or black-and-white, Dec. 12.

Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown, subject to change. Slightly higher in far West and South. UHF optional at RCA Victor's lowest price ever—only $25 extra.

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Give RCA Victor TV—"The Gift That Keeps On Giving."

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(Continued from Page 90) was fired. Later, the company thought better of this and I remained on the payroll. And before anything could come of my idea about a congressional investigation, I got a Christmas present—a letter announcing that my security clearance was denied.

While it seems incredible that anyone would shout for joy upon learning that he'd thus been labeled a security risk, I did just that. For now, after twenty-nine months of no action at all, the log jam was broken. The screening division of the Defense Department's Central Industrial Personnel Security Board in Chicago had turned thumbs down on me because "your past behavior, activities and associations tend to show you are not reliable." The quotation, I found, was from Item No. 15 in a list of twenty-two criteria for clearance denials under a Defense Department directive—a list which begins ominously with, "Commission of any act of sabotage, espionage, treason or sedition ——"

Now, at last, I had a chance to tell my own story to a hearing board in Chicago. In January of 1954 I reached an agreement with Bendix under which I went on leave without pay so I could devote full time to preparing for the hearing. While I certainly missed those Bendix pay checks, we managed to get by, precariously, on my disability-retirement pay from the Air Force plus some income from a property rental and a farm I had inherited.

This time the delay amounted to only about three months. I went before the hearing board in Chicago on March 25, 1954. The transcript of that hearing runs to sixty-three single-spaced typewritten pages, and small-sized type at that. I still had no direct information on who had said what about me, but the line of questioning gave me a pretty good idea—all I needed to know to confirm my suspicions. For from the welter of detail in this transcript, the most important items that emerge are these:

Though fraud charges which a county prosecutor filed against me following the business failure of the grocery corporation I represented as an attorney had long since been thrown out of court, the Navy's investigators had been fascinated by an affidavit from a man who said I was present when an allegedly fraudulent sale of stock in the corporation had been made to this individual. I was able to show that the man who signed this affidavit had me—Major Williamson, as I was known to some people who still addressed me by my military title—completely confused with another man, whose first name was Major. I produced an affidavit from the man who actually sold the stock, asserting that I was not present when the sale was made; as a matter of fact, I was not even in the same county at the time.

Though my brother and sister suspected I had persuaded my mother to invest her own money in the now-defunct grocery corporation, court records showed she had not invested a cent. Mother subsequently sent the board a lengthy affidavit detailing the painful family split which obviously was very much at the root of my troubles.

Moreover, it seemed clear from the hearing that when the screening division listed "past associations" as contributing to my alleged unreliability, what was really being said was that I was guilty, as a lawyer, of associating with my clients.

These are examples of a list of items on which the investigators apparently had obtained a mixture of innuendo and plain falsehood, leading the anonymous bureaucracy of the screening division to hold my reputation in jeopardy for twenty-nine months before finally deciding I was "not reliable." Item by item, as the questions arose in this hearing—and I haven't a complaint in the world about the treatment I got during this hearing—I was able to demolish the hostile testimony by telling the whole story.

I also produced a batch of letters of personal recommendation from state and national officials, from judges, clergymen, high-ranking Air Force officers, from businessmen, officials of Bendix and many others who have known me right on back to my childhood.

And so, on July 15, 1954—over three years after my security clearance was requested—I was informed that the appeal division at Chicago had decided that my clearance for access to classified information "is clearly consistent with the interests of national security." I had won—but as I soon learned, I had won only the first battle, not the war.

For now Bendix found that it no longer had need of my services. I had won my fight for clearance, but I had become a headache in the process. Bendix was an uncomfortable bystander while its presumably foolish David tackled the Goliath of Govment. Inevitably, also, personal relations between myself and company officials who had problem-child Williamson on their hands were strained during the protracted, nerve-racking experience.

My next battle thus became one of rebuilding my damaged reputation and of getting a new job so I could restore my battered finances. It seemed that the best possible way to do both was to obtain a position of trust with the Federal Government. At the same time, I made claim against the Navy for monetary damages suffered through loss of earnings as a result of the withheld-denied-granted security-clearance routine which had taken such a sizable chunk out of what might well have been some of my most productive years.

I had made a little money on the side doing legal work, for I had not, contrary to rumor, been disbarred or even recommended for such action. But these earnings were trivial compared with my expenses, and the rental income and disability pay were virtually all I had to support myself and family.

My children, Gary, now ten, and Beverly, who is six, were curious as to why I sat around the house so much, watching for the mailman.

"Why don't you work like other daddies?" they wanted to know. This had me stumped until I thought of an ironic reply that satisfied them.

"I'm doing secret work for the Navy," I replied.

So I went to Washington again, job hunting and claim pushing simultaneously. Last January, while I was in the capital, an influential political friend—without my solicitation—stuck his neck way out by encroaching on President Eisenhower's valuable time to tell the President about my case.

Mr. Eisenhower listened carefully while the story unfolded. Then he turned to a Defense Department representative who was present at this meeting in the White House and issued an order. "I want this situation cleaned up, and I want it cleaned up promptly," he said.

The next thing I knew, I was in the office of Assistant Secretary of Defense Carter L. Burgess, who received me cordially, assured me he would be delighted to see what he could do about finding me a job and straightening out the whole sorry situation. But first, of course, I would have to undergo a security investigation. This, I thought, is where I came in—but let's see what happens.

Now the FBI went over the whole territory of my past again. Several months passed. Then, after many requests on my part, I secured an appointment with a Defense Department personnel man.

"When you received your disability retirement on the ground that the cancer which caused amputation of your leg resulted from an injury received while you were in the service," he began, "did you tell the Army Air Force that you had injured the same leg when you fell from a horse in 1931?"

I felt as though I had been struck in the face with a baseball bat.

"Do you know," he continued, "that people say you are defrauding the Government by drawing retirement income for your leg amputation?"

I knew I had told the doctors about that 1931 injury—but could I prove it? My records were back home in South Bend.

The personnel man tapped a thick file significantly. "There are things in this file you wouldn't want your family to know," he said. I had defeated the bureaucracy in Chicago, but I was by no means through with the bureaucracy. Plainly, he was threatening me—though the threat didn't worry me, for I knew there was nothing in the file that my wife didn't already know about in detail. His purpose, I surmised, was to persuade me to get lost.

I hurried back to South Bend, dug out the records and heaved a sigh of relief. For the sworn records showed that I had told the Air Force all about my fall from the horse, and they also showed a medical determination that the 1931 injury was at a different spot on the leg from the 1944 cancer; further, that the 1931 injury was "too old" to have been connected with the cancer. I got those records into Washington on the double rush.

I felt sure that while this personnel man was giving me such a bad time about my leg amputation in his office at the Pentagon, repeating unsubstantiated gossip of the most vicious sort in an effort to frighten me, duplicates of the sworn records I had in South Bend were on file in a subbasement of the same Pentagon building. Investigation proved I was right.

At my request, those records were dug out of the Pentagon subbasement and sent to one of President Eisenhower's administrative assistants at the White House. The next time I came to Washington, the Defense Department personnel man telephoned me. His attitude was changed completely.

"Why, you've got as high a security clearance as I have," he exclaimed with a cordiality which must have pained him considerably. But, Assistant Secretary Burgess added later, he was sorry to say that there just didn't seem to be any openings in the Defense Department for a man of my qualifications.

The claim against the Navy, however, showed progress. I was told in Washington that I was entitled to damages and the check was "in process of being drawn up right now." Many weeks later, late in September of this year, I was called to the office of the Inspector of Naval Matériel at Fort Wayne and stepped into what seemed to me to be the prize cloak-and-dagger episode of this whole weird saga.

A lieutenant, a lieutenant commander and a commander plied me with coffee for fifteen minutes. Then they announced that the Navy was ready to settle my claim—that, in fact, they had the check right here. I looked for the familiar blue check of the United States Government. But the check produced was no such thing. It was drawn on a bank in Washington, not on the Federal Treasury. On the upper left-hand corner of the check was printed the following:

CARL F. ESPE, DIRECTOR
C. J. STUART, EXECUTIVE

There was no further identification on the check.

"Who are Espe and Stuart?" I inquired.

The three naval officers vowed they didn't know.

The check was payable to me, in the amount of $2587, provided I accepted it as full settlement. This wouldn't even cover my travel expenses, but with all my financial problems, my fingers seemed to twitch involuntarily in the direction of this mysterious check. But I turned it down, because the amount was insufficient, I had had no opportunity for a hearing on a determination of the amount, and the base rate of my pay and length of time of unemployment had been improperly computed. I also had a rather lively curiosity as to whose money was represented by this check.

"Send it back to Washington," I said sadly.

Inquiry at the bank in Washington brought the information that this check was drawn on an account of a confidential nature. Beyond that, the bank could say nothing. But further inquiry disclosed that Rear Admiral Carl F. Espe is the director of Naval Intelligence, and Capt. C. J. Stuart is the assistant director of Naval Intelligence. I can only conclude that this check was drawn on some Naval Intelligence contingency fund broad enough to cover its bureaucracy's lack of intelligence as well. I sure can't find any authorization for this sort of thing in the Federal budget.

The claim against the Navy remained in the category of unfinished business as this was written. So, too, was the little matter of finding a job. As I indicated earlier, where do you find a prospective employer who is willing to sit down for half a day and listen to a fantastic tale like this one? Or go through the sixteen pounds of documents that prove it's the truth? As one of the numerous employment agencies that have been beating the bushes in my behalf reported to me not long ago, "Controversial figures are very difficult to place." So be it. This business of saying, in effect, "Give me liberty or give me death—but don't quote me," is not my idea of how an American should act. I'd rather be controversial. And, frankly, I've got just a touch of battle fatigue at this point and am not too sure what I really do want to do.

But shed no tears for me. You can't keep a good Rotarian down forever. THE END

Answer to

What's Going on Here?

(Page 90)

In an attempt to cut short the Civil War, the miners, volunteers from a Pennsylvania infantry regiment, dug the shaft to set off a memorable blast under Confederate fortifications defending Petersburg, Virginia, a railroad junction supplying the beleaguered Confederate capital of Richmond. General Grant authorized the project reluctantly and skeptically. Igniting four tons of gunpowder, the miners blew up 278 Confederates and left a lasting gap in the Virginia landscape. But in the ensuing Battle of the Crater, fought in and around the huge hole, the Confederates rallied and repulsed the Union troops.

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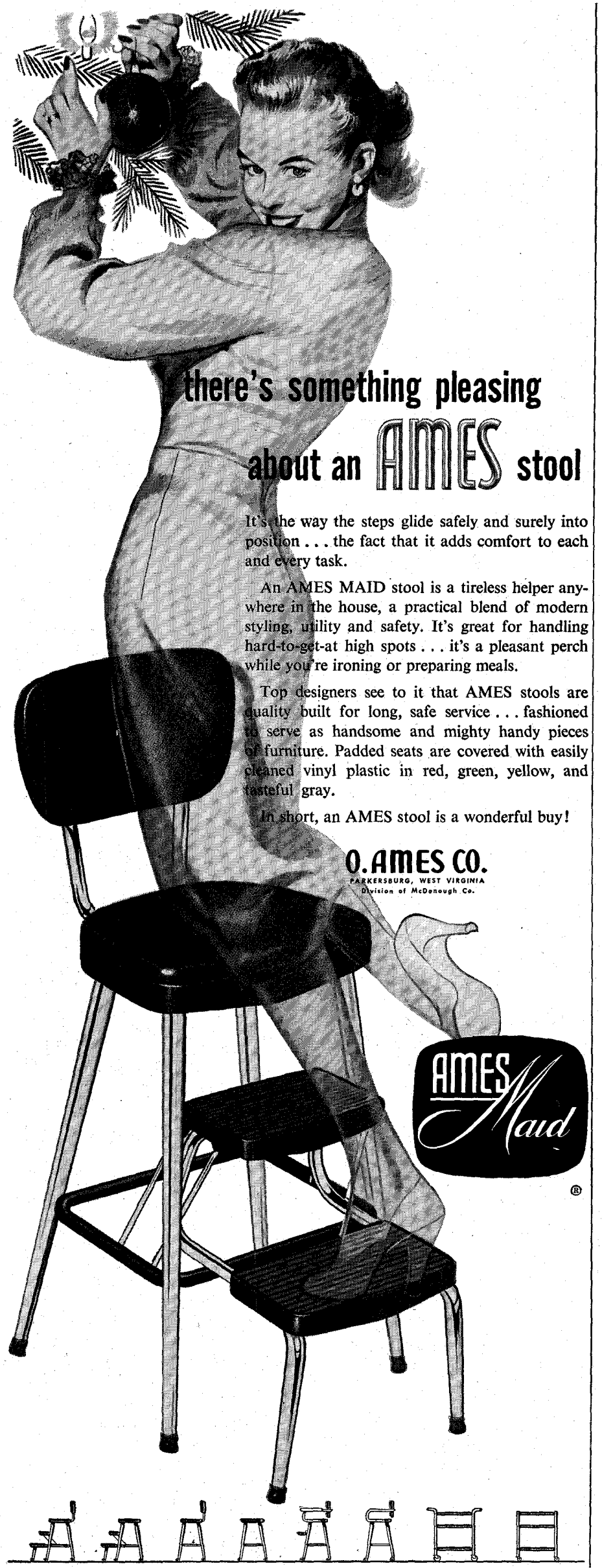
there's something pleasing
about an AMES stool
It's the way the steps glide safely and surely into position . . . the fact that it adds comfort to each and every task.
An AMES MAID stool is a tireless helper anywhere in the house, a practical blend of modern styling, utility and safety. It's great for handling hard-to-get-at high spots . . . it's a pleasant perch while you're ironing or preparing meals.
Top designers see to it that AMES stools are quality built for long, safe service . . . fashioned to serve as handsome and mighty handy pieces of furniture. Padded seats are covered with easily cleaned vinyl plastic in red, green, yellow, and tasteful gray.
In short, an AMES stool is a wonderful buy!
O. AMES CO.
PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA
Division of McDonough Co.
AMES Maid
®

The Magnificent Fraud

(Continued from Page 35)

Hawker one evening as they sat at a table on the sidewalk in front of Weber's in Paris. "In fact, for the first time in years I feel almost legal without legality's concomitant ennui."

"About Arbenyi," Hawker muttered, taking a sip of his Pernod. "D'you think you could bring him out?"

"I beg pardon?" Moresby inquired.

"Arbenyi," Hawker repeated patiently. "The scientist fella in Budapest; you remember, I mentioned him at dinner."

"Ah, yes. Yes. Arbenyi should be no trouble, but he may take time. How shall I reach you?"

"The usual ad in the Times. I'll come to meet you."

Just four days later, Moresby descended from the Arlberg Express and managed to find a cab of great antiquity which, clanking and gasping in pathetic agony, deposited him at length at the Hotel Bristol, in Budapest. There he was given a room and there he managed to achieve a bath after an epic struggle with a series of faucets and knobs installed under the monarchy. Descending to the dining room, he was served a small filet of cardboard, well breaded and soaked in something dreadful.

This, he mused as he toyed with a cup of lukewarm acorn juice masquerading as coffee, *is what the discovery that there is a tidy profit to be made from excess gold fillings smelted down for export has brought me to.* And he swelled with pride.

The following day, as he had stated he would in his request for a visa, he presented himself to the Minister of Trade, who was gazing raptly at a large crate just delivered to his office.

"I see that it arrived safely," Moresby remarked casually, removing his hat and gloves, and laying aside the tightly rolled umbrella which marked him a British subject.

"I beg pardon?" The Minister of Trade looked bewildered.

"Just a slight token of my esteem, excellency. Two cases of the 1880 bottling; possibly the best armagnac year since '62, although that's a matter of taste."

The Minister of Trade uttered a low, ecstatic moan and waved Moresby to one of the comfortable leather armchairs with which the large office was furnished.

"I have come," Moresby said, accepting a long oval cigarette from the minister, "to discuss paprika."

"*Mon cher m'seer,*" said the minister, who considered himself a man of culture and spoke execrable French to prove it, "nothing is closer to my heart than the paprika situation. Only in the Hungarian People's Republic is paprika really understood; elsewhere they simply grind *Capsicum tetragonum* and are fools enough to believe they have produced paprika. We in Hungary bring art and love to the *Capsicum tetragonum,* and the result has made us a nation of mighty warriors and zealous lovers."

"Precisely," Moresby replied gravely. "I was thinking in terms of long tons."

"And pounds sterling?" the minister asked eagerly.

Thereafter the discussion proceeded with notable amity.

"By the way," Moresby observed after the preliminary papers had been signed, "what on earth is the famous Professor Laszlo Arbenyi doing, playing a fiddle in the orchestra at the old Montana Night Club? I dropped in there last night, and there he was, big as life."

The Minister of Trade's leathery face darkened. "Please," he said, holding up a rather grubby hand. "Not the Montana. What the decadent fascist-capitalist aristocracy once knew as the Montana is now, by decree of the Supreme Presidium of the republic, known as the People's Palace of Pleasure and Wholesome Entertainments. You enjoyed the exhibition of gymnastics by the team from the Young Tractor Drivers Association of Szeged?"

"Tremendously," Moresby lied gracefully. "Such precision. Such balance. But about Professor Arbenyi?"

"You are doubtless in error, *m'seer.* The deviationist-Trotskyite-imperialist Arbenyi has been dismissed from the faculty of the university and has, to his eternal shame, disappeared. He would not dare appear in public as a musician. Nevertheless, nothing is impossible in these stirring days. Perhaps the unspeakable Arbenyi intends to corrupt the purity of Hungarian music even as he has befouled the good name of Hungarian science. I shall pass on your information to the Minister of the Interior."

Moresby returned to his hotel room, ordered a bottle of Tokay and consumed it, together with a very decent tinned pheasant he had thoughtfully packed in his luggage. Then he lit a slim green cigar and applied himself to the latest issue of The British Journal of Oral Surgery, a publication it amused him to read when time lay heavily on his hands. After some hours, the archaic telephone buzzed. It was the Minister of Trade calling, and not even the frightful mechanism of the telephone could conceal the note of national pride in his voice.

"I could not resist the temptation of calling you," the minister chortled. "You were quite wrong about the debased Arbenyi. He is not, as you supposed, playing the fiddle at the People's Palace of Pleasure and Wholesome Entertainments."

"Indeed?" Moresby made his tone sufficiently crestfallen to insure that the minister would not miss this opportunity to turn the screw a bit tighter.

"*Non, m'seer.* At this very moment the unmentionable Arbenyi is a dishwasher at the Restaurant Gellert. He thinks he is unknown, but our superb security police are keeping him under twenty-four-hour surveillance, and when the proper moment comes, then—poof! We shall sweep him in as one does a dead fly. I have it on the authority of my great and good friend, the Minister of the Interior."

"Of course," Moresby replied humbly. "I should have known better."

That evening he found another cab, even more wretched than the first he had encountered in the Hungarian capital, and bade the driver convey him to the Restaurant Gellert, once the finest in all Budapest, now nationalized almost beyond recognition. The menus were still long, but what had once been called saddle of veni-

Snowbound

By Maxine W. Kumin

Night swoops
On a white world
Into the stillness,
Feeling the fullness
Of drifts curled
In frozen hoops
On ice-masked tree,
At mounded door,
On bonded earth;
And on the hearth,
The captive roar
Of privacy.

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son *rôti à l'anglaise avec sauce béarnaise* was now called Fibrous Meat Ration with Flavored Fluids (less antlers). It was evilly cooked, and tasted like old felt stewed in ink. Moresby called for a portion of the Gellert's world-famed steak sauce.

Like the restaurant, the sauce too had been nationalized, and now tasted like a slightly tart variety of asphalt, with overtones of ipecac. Nonetheless, Moresby waxed ecstatic.

The maître d'hôtel, who had formerly served with honor as a motorman for the municipal tram lines, was called to Moresby's table and praised, as was the permanent representative on the premises of the Ministry of Health, who was also the representative of the Ministry of the Interior's security police, and finally, the chief *saucier* himself, whom Moresby described as a second Brillat-Savarin.

"I propose to export this glorious sauce to England," Moresby exclaimed. "By the barrel! By the vat and pipe! By the very tankerful!"

The next day he returned to the office of the Minister of Trade, who was overjoyed.

"You will understand my elation," the minister declared, bidding one of his secretaries fetch coffee. "We have always felt that Sauce Gellert was a luxury item, much too effete for the diet of workers in the People's State. We even thought of banning its manufacture, but now, thanks to you, we can kill two birds with one stone."

"I know what you mean," Moresby muttered, politely suppressing a belated belch.

"We can," the minister continued, warming to his theme, "add to the volume of our export trade, rid the nation of a reactionary, capitalist-inspired food product and, begging your pardon, at the same time drain off pounds sterling to further weaken your already crumbling economy. I congratulate us both."

"There is only one condition," Moresby said firmly. "I'm to be present when the sauce is barreled. Otherwise, the deal's off."

The Minister of Trade bowed eager acquiescence, and if there was a most peculiar gleam in his small beetle's eyes, Moresby was not aware of it. Nor was the Deputy Minister of Trade for Liquids, who had been called into the meeting.

"And furthermore," Moresby added casually, "I insist upon the honor of personally transporting the first barrel by motor truck from Hungary to Le Havre, where a fast steamer will be waiting to carry it to England. There may well be civic receptions and that sort of thing."

"Great Stalin," the deputy minister murmured, awed. "But of course. It is agreed. More, the barrel shall be draped in the national colors, and an armed escort from the Sixth Guards Division shall accompany it to the borders of our beloved homeland." Already the deputy minister saw gleaming upon the left breast of his official uniform the cheaply enameled star significant of the Order of Outstanding Magyar Workers, with Oak Leaves, Hammer and Sickle, Third Class.

Many and various were the preparations for the first batch of Sauce Gellert destined for the export market, and Moresby began to spend more and more time in the huge, once-spotless, now grease-encrusted kitchens of the Restaurant Gellert. He kept a close watch upon the dishwashers, and finally selected the one most likely to be Prof. Laszlo Arbenyi, by reason of the man's obvious incompetence. It was extremely difficult, however, to find a moment when he could speak privately to the great scientist, but at last the moment came when the two men, one pink of cheek and wary of eye, the other sad-eyed and emaciated, were granted a few seconds alone behind one of the gigantic stock pots, from which bubbled and frothed a steam which defied description.

"I have come to help you escape," Moresby muttered, as a large bubble within the pot surged sullenly to the surface and burst with an unhealthy, moist plop, "but you must co-operate to the fullest."

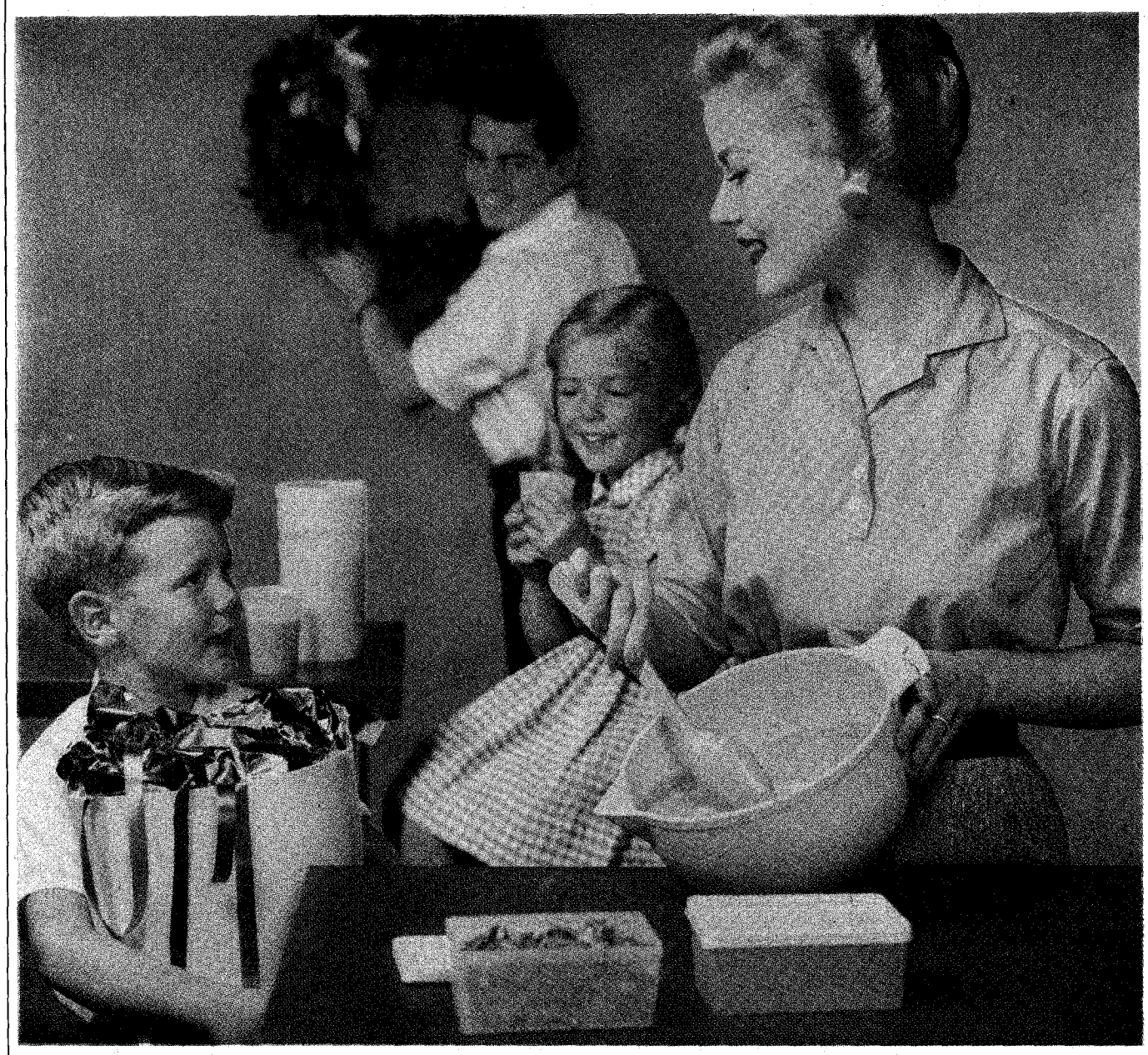
The famed scientist shrugged and winced as the bubble's burden of aroma drooled over the stock pot's lip and slumped soddenly toward the floor.

"After this," Arbenyi mumbled gloomily, "anything."

"Good," Moresby returned briskly. "I shall keep in touch."

Generations of selfless, dedicated chefs had worked to perfect the Sauce Gellert before the establishment of the People's Republic, and in its finest days it was said of the sauce that it would render a roasted mule succulent. Bottled at vast expense, it had been sent in case lots to the Dalai Lama at Lhasa. The Maharajah of Phodore caused it to be served in gem-encrusted cruets. But since the nationalization which had brought the Restaurant Gellert under the aegis of the state, *saucier* after *saucier* had sought to improve upon the original formula, invariably with disastrous results.

One had added an extra clove of garlic. Another—and this man had been promptly named to the Central Committee on Nutrition and Biological Warfare—had included not one, but two extra pinches of basil. An elderly field marshal of the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian Army, whose ancestors had fought the Turk at the gates of Vienna, spending the proceeds of the sale of his last pair of golden epaulets, had sampled it, turned a shocking shade of



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chartreuse and received the last rites of the Church on the spot.

There were delays, and this was as Moresby had hoped. A week after his last interview with the Minister of Trade he received a bulky crate from Zurich, forwarded from Toulon, where a French admiral had reason to demonstrate his gratitude for a bolt of rare Chinese silk without which his wife would have appeared positively shoddy at the annual reception of M. le Président de la République.

Of all these affairs, the Minister of Trade was kept fully informed by his great and good friend, the Minister of the Interior, the efficiency of whose security police was beyond doubt.

Finally there came the day when the simmerings and strainings and reductions were accomplished. The chief *saucier*, his bony face gleaming with pride and perspiration, stepped back from the immense sauce vat and announced the victory of man over ingredients. "Taste," he commanded Moresby, dipping a huge wooden spoon into the black, oily liquid which gurgled vilely in the vat.

Moresby tasted. It was incredible.

There was a hushed murmur among the subordinate kitchen help gathered by the big, leather-padded swinging doors which led to the dining rooms, and, followed by a suite of secretaries and underlings, there entered the Deputy Minister of Trade for Liquids. Behind this procession came several muscular workmen bearing the flag-festooned barrel which would carry the first viscous drops of Sauce Gellert to Albion's shore.

"This is a great, a glorious occasion," declared the deputy, assuming a statuesque pose. "We are reaffirming the traditional ties between reborn Hungary and the spineless, decadent, obsolescent British monarchy." There was a cheer from the assemblage.

"As Raleigh brought back the lowly potato from the New World, so we are bringing to Britain yet another splendid benefit," Moresby said solemnly. There was another cheer.

"Ordinarily, this would call for massed military bands and the usual clergy," the deputy minister observed. "But since his excellency, the minister, was indisposed, we felt it wise to keep the ceremonies simple."

"As a matter of fact," Moresby put in quickly, "I am aware of the dim view taken by your government of pomp and religious ceremony, and I have therefore determined to spare you what must of necessity be a painful spectacle. In consequence, my dear deputy minister, rather than intrude the presence of a cleric upon these momentous proceedings, I will pronounce the customary benedictions myself."

"Is all this quite necessary?"

"We Britons must have our benedictions," Moresby replied with a knowing wink, as of one man of the world to another.

The deputy minister smiled back tolerantly. "Of course, I remember now—cornerstones, new ships, babies and new breweries. But, with your permission, I shall withdraw, together with my fellow countrymen, from the corrupting scene. Pray call us when you have finished."

Moresby bowed with suitable gravity as the deputy minister, his suite and the kitchen help withdrew. Moments later there was a furtive knock at the kitchen's rear entrance, and two husky members of the criminal classes entered bearing the carton marked FRAGILE. DO NOT BEND, which Moresby had received from Toulon. Depositing their burden on the floor, they waited while Moresby hurriedly unpacked its contents and placed them in the shadows behind the gigantic stock pots.

"Here are your wages," Moresby said softly. "Two Norwegian passports, splendidly forged and warranted perfect as to workmanship and quality. They'll get you across the frontier in jig time. Now, off with you, and take the carton along."

From behind the stock pots came a sort of rubbery noise and several grunts.

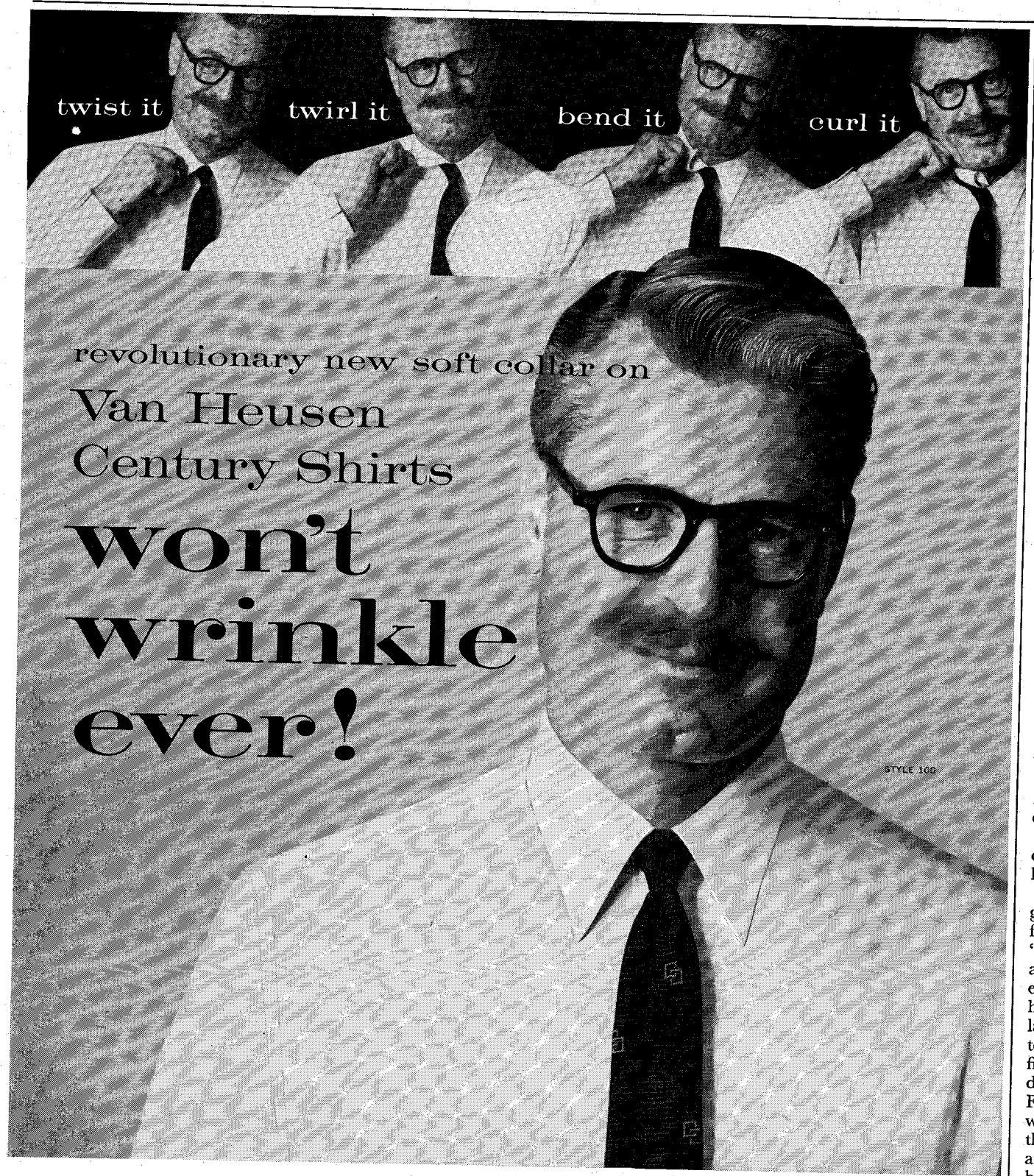
"See you in Oslo, boss!" cried one of the criminals, who spoke English, gratefully as he and his colleague took their departure.

"Quick!" Moresby rasped to the ungainly figure which shortly presented itself from the shadows behind the huge pots. "Into the ceremonial barrel. Good luck and *bon voyage*." And plucking a small but efficient pair of pliers from his jacket pocket, he tightened a number of nuts holding the large brass globule of the figure's helmet to its rubbery shoulders. Seconds later the figure, clad in the latest-model diving suit developed by the salvage experts of the French Navy, was inside the barrel, which waited portentously, bung-up, beneath the faucet of the vat full of Sauce Gellert, and Moresby was rapidly jamming the barrel's head back into position. It did not occur to him at the moment that the barrel head had come loose with rather too much ease and was now returning to its original position rather too smoothly. In the press of the moment, one is likely to overlook such trifles.

"Amen," he said, more loudly than was absolutely necessary, when the operation had been satisfactorily completed. Then, from behind the padded leather doors trooped in the Deputy Minister of Trade and his entourage.

"Sorry," Moresby apologized, "but I used the longer version of the service, including the responses by the congregation."

"And now, the moment of triumph!"



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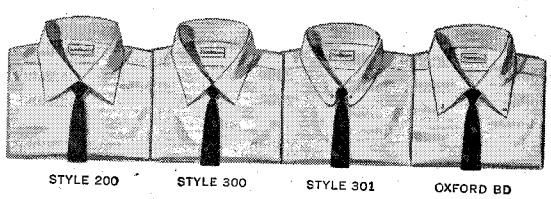

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The deputy minister grinned soapily, laid hand on the sauce vat's faucet and turned. 'rom the faucet oozed a thin, steady stream vhich dropped straight into the barrel's ›ung. Minutes later, a thin trickle of over-low indicated that the barrel's capacity ıad been reached, and a wooden plug was hen hammered home.

Moresby was relieved to note that the aint hiss of oxygen or carbon monoxide ›r whatever it was escaping from the diving uit was inaudible amid the general hum ›f congratulations. By his reckoning, the air ›ressure inside the barrel should not ex-›lode the plug from the bung until they vere well over the frontier.

There is little need to record in detail the triumphal progress of the open-bodied, charcoal-burning truck Moresby had purchased for the journey from Budapest through Esztergom, Tata, Györ, and ultimately the Hungarian border. On either side of the barrel sat three privates of the Sixth Guards Division, their rifles prettily garlanded with native flowers and herbs, commanded by an elderly third lieutenant of the reserve. Moresby drove ahead in a rented limousine.

Along both sides of the truck's body were strung oilcloth banners bearing the legends: FIRST SHIPMENT OF SAUCE GELLERT FOR THE BELLIES OF THE WESTERN WARMONGERS, and HUNGARY WANTS PEACE. DEATH TO THE CAPITALISTS.

At Esztergom the president of the town soviet read an ode composed especially for the occasion and handed Moresby a telegram from the Minister of Trade expressing his regret at his inability to attend the ceremonies in the kitchen of the Restaurant Gellert. At Tata the school children strewed rose petals in the truck's path, and at Györ native dances were inexpertly performed by members of the Older Women's Folk Song and Round Dancing Appreciation Group. Near the frontier two battalions of border police were massed at present arms, and the firing of minute guns could be heard for several kilometers in all directions, and the commandant made a moving speech with appropriate references to free trade and the rights of man. Moresby responded briefly, but absent-mindedly.

Several miles farther along, Moresby's chauffeur swerved abruptly off the miserably paved national highway onto a rutted farm lane. The truck behind followed obediently.

"Hey!" said Moresby, alarmed. "Oy!"

By way of reply, the chauffeur rammed a heavy foot all the way down on the accelerator and the limousine picked up speed. Bits and pieces of its coachwork began disintegrating. From behind came the noises of tortured steel as the truck kept pace, and the farm lane now disappeared utterly. Moresby stared, horrified, as the chauffeur drove the limousine, now traveling at the speed of a minor comet, through a gap in a stone fence. There was, he immediately decided, no point in shooting the chauffeur, a move which had suggested itself to his mind some moments before. The limousine grazed a cow, hurtled into a small thicket, bashed through a stand of saplings and burst out into a plowed field. The truck followed, now minus its front fenders, windshield and banners.

Four loud detonations followed in a ragged series as the limousine's tires blew on that wild career across the plowed field. Great gouts of steam and smoke blossomed out from beneath its hood. On the far side of the field the chauffeur braked and stopped. The truck, wheezing and clanking, drew alongside.

"Excellent," said the chauffeur, who had been silent during the whole of the journey. He spoke perfect English. "I felt quite certain that field wasn't mined, and now I'm positive." He beamed at Moresby, who, for once, could only gape. "You will be happy to know that we have crossed the border. Now, if you'll just tell me where you're meeting your friends, I trust we will be able to get these two wrecks to the rendezvous point."

Roughly a half hour later, still slightly numbed, Moresby guided his tiny convoy into the village where he had arranged to meet Hawker, who had come on following the appearance of Moresby's advertisement in the Times.

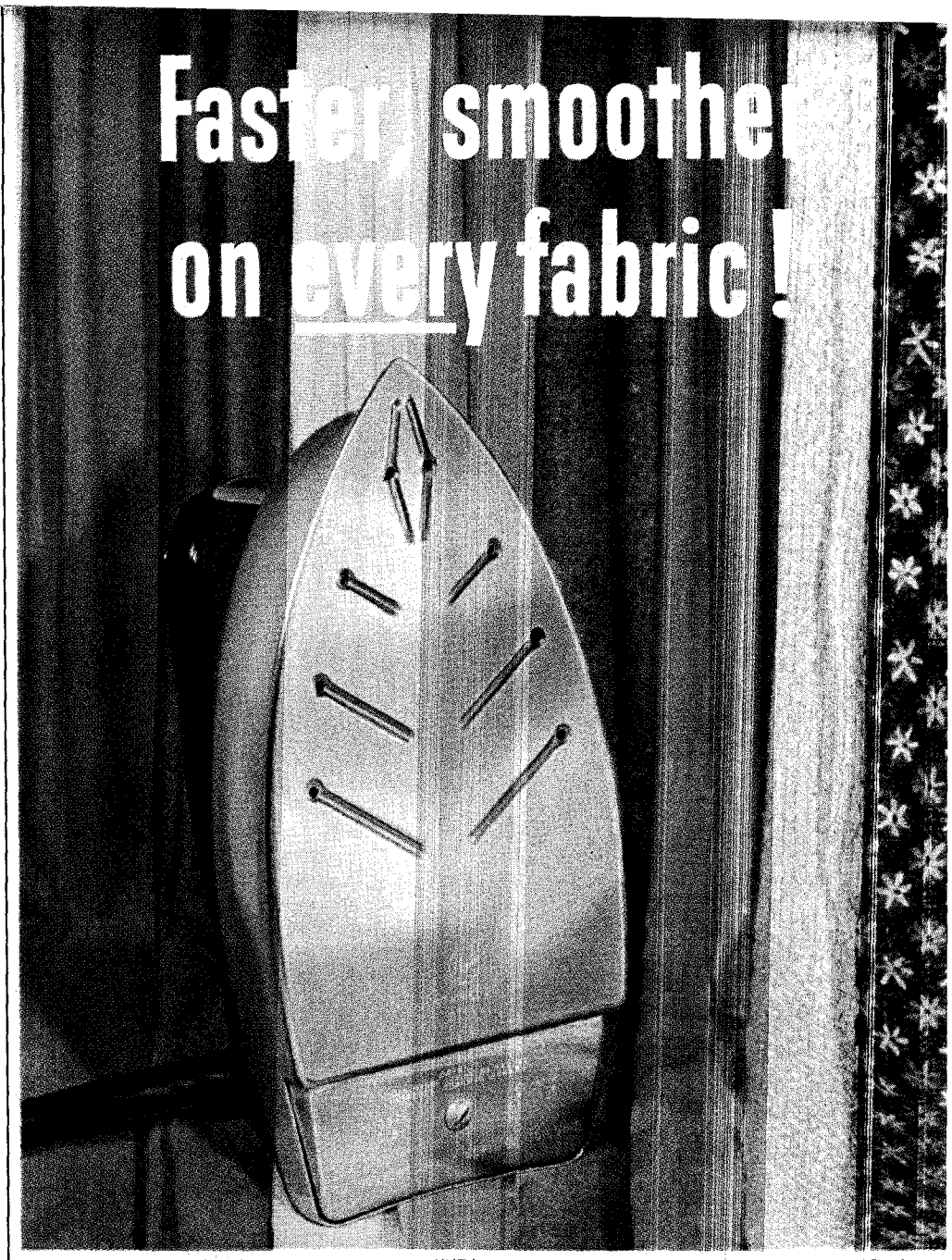
"Good Lord!" was Hawker's greeting. "I hardly expected to see you alive. The Budapest radio's been raving and frothing for the past hour for your blood; the border check points have been sealed tight and there has been rumor of an air alert along the entire frontier. It seems they think you've kidnaped a cabinet minister!"

"Pish," Moresby scoffed, "and tush."

"Er," murmured Moresby's chauffeur diffidently. "If I may suggest, sirs, there is

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I suppose it's better than no dividend at all."



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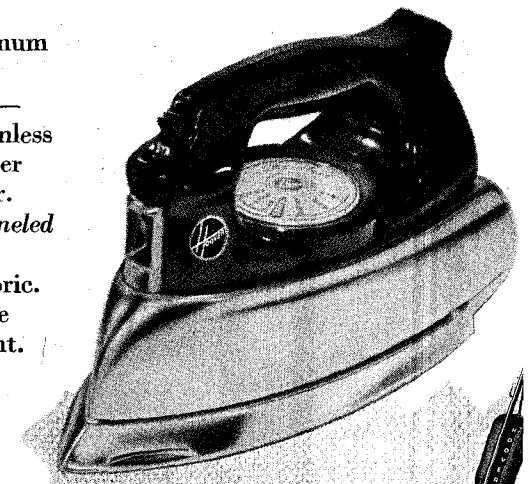

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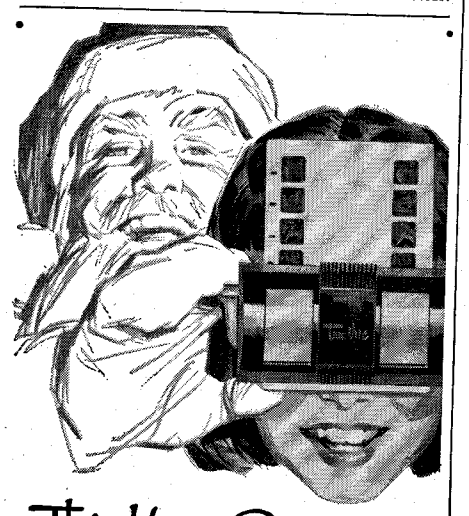

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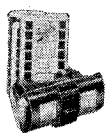

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only a limited amount of oxygen available to the gentleman in the barrel."

"What?" Moresby's pistol was in his hand. "How the devil did you ——"

From the direction of the truck there came sloshing noises and rubbery sounds. An inert figure was being hauled from the barrel by the six privates of the Sixth Guards Division, who seemed oddly unmoved at their abrupt departure from home.

It was the work of seconds to remove the great brass helmet from the diving suit. The Minister of Trade looked pale, but otherwise undamaged. Moresby looked shattered. Hawker looked exceedingly grim.

"I," said the Minister of Trade cheerfully, "could use a drink. And so, I venture to say, could Professor Arbenyi. You'll find him in the cab. He drove."

There was a silence fraught with meaning as Hawker drew a slim silver flask from the pocket of his coat and removed its cap.

"It was," the Minister of Trade said pleasantly, after he had refreshed himself, "quite simple. The moment Mr. Moresby mentioned exporting Sauce Gellert, I knew something fishy was afoot. The stuff, as presently constituted, is inedible and may well be poisonous. Then, when my friend the Minister of the Interior apprised me of the arrival of the diving suit—oh, yes, he had the carton unpacked when it entered the country—I concluded some manner of escape was planned. Arbenyi was, of course, the logical person. As a Hungarian patriot, I had no choice but to step in ——"

"I beg pardon?" Moresby asked.

"I could not let the great Arbenyi suffer such a risk. Suppose the oxygen supply had failed. Or the suit had leaked. So I arranged certain matters, and here we are."

"But the others—the soldiers?" Moresby asked. "What about them?"

The Minister of Trade beamed happily. "Ah! Just so! Permit me to introduce Messrs. Zapotocki, Grabor, Endreschi, Hatz, Grwylczek, Brok, Tzegundi—the former kitchen staff of the Restaurant Gellert." The third lieutenant of the reserve and the six privates of the Sixth Guards Division bowed as they were presented.

"But ——" Moresby was at a loss for words. The Minister of Trade, with the wisdom of his ilk, comprehended immediately.

"The execrable French? The slightly grubby hands? A very necessary disguise, sir, in these barbarous times, adopted only when I perceived which way the political winds were blowing.

"I felt reasonably certain," the minister went on, accepting another pull at Hawker's flask, "that there was no place in the People's State for the former headwaiter of the Restaurant Gellert. I simply adjusted myself to circumstances, you might say, and you can imagine my astonishment when I was named to the cabinet. Such a comedown. In the old days of the Restaurant Gellert we used to put politicians in the rear of the room and hope that our noble patrons would overlook their presence."

"Well, I'm damned," said Hawker with feeling.

A curious light shone in Moresby's eyes. "If," he said slowly, "this is the original staff—why, then somebody must know how the original, the fabulous Sauce Gellert was prepared."

"Ah," said the Minister of Trade softly, "precisely as you say. With a little financial backing, the right management and manufacturing facilities —— Of course there would have to be a new name, since the communists have degraded Sauce Gellert beyond redemption. But these are trifles to a man of your imagination, M'sieur Moresby."

"Ar-rghm!" Hawker coughed unhappily. "About the sixty long tons of paprika you purchased last week, Moresby—there may be some difficulty explaining, you know ——"

"As it happens," murmured the Minister of Trade, "the former, the original Sauce Gellert has as its main ingredient paprika. One pound of paprika to each ounce of sauce, if memory serves."

"Good Lord!" For the first time in his life, Moresby was profoundly impressed.

Bargain Home on the Range (Continued from Page 19)

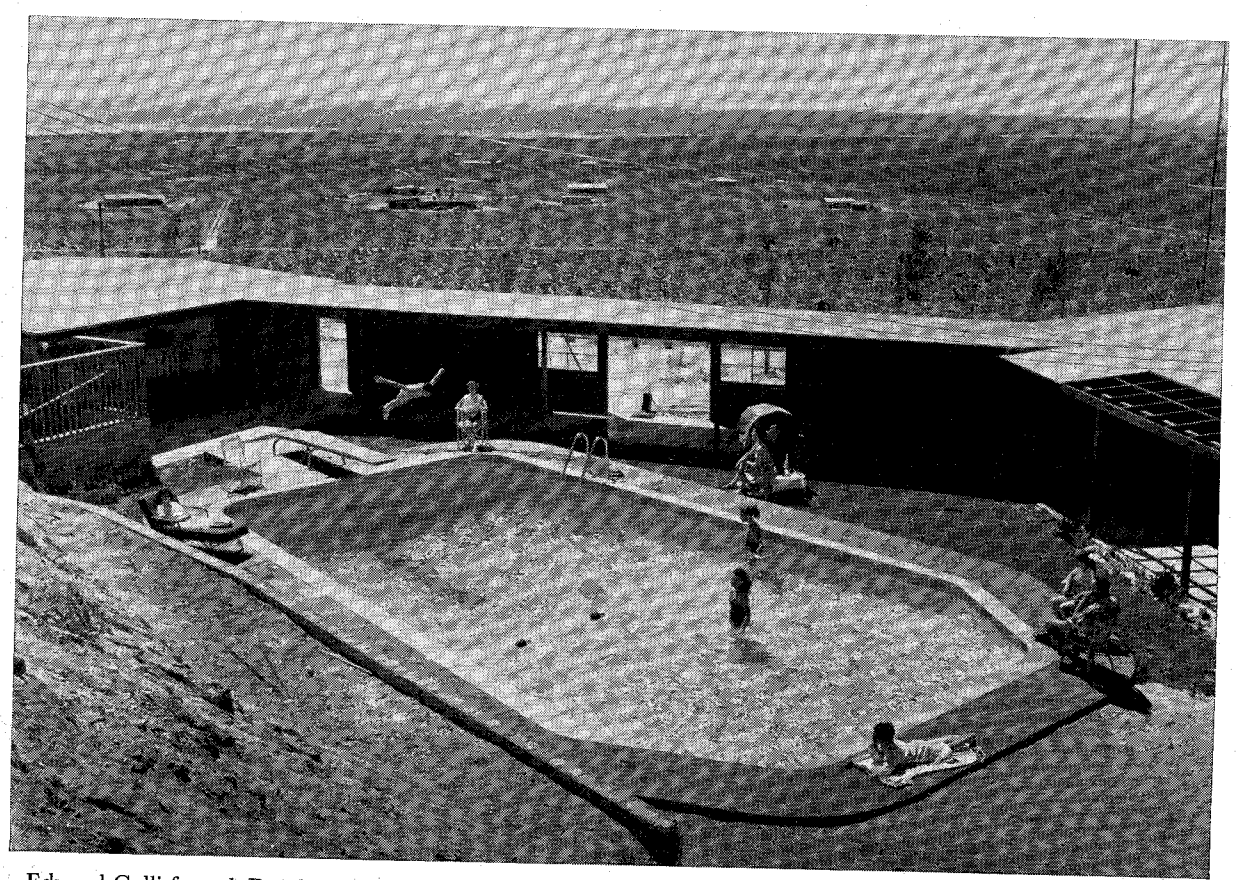
Oklahoma, Wisconsin and North and South Dakota. Nowhere is much really desirable land left. One man ferreted out an island in Michigan and got it for himself and some friends through small-tract filing, but that was unusual. Over 95 per cent of the public domain that can be classified for small tracts is concentrated in the far-Western states and Alaska, and much of it is desert. Nevada alone has almost 48,000,000 acres. Some of those who are taking it find it offers an entirely new way of living.

Margaret Kennedy is a first-rate example. Margaret is a stenographer-typist at the big Marine Base at Twentynine Palms, California, where she earns about half as much as she did at her MGM job in Culver City, to which she wouldn't go back now for anything.

Country-born in Connecticut, self-sufficient, friendly, the type that both women and men take to, Margaret could have held the reins and driven a covered wagon if she had lived a century ago. She has spent most of her life in cities. Her business history includes a stretch as secretary to Douglas Shearer, Norma's brother; duty as a WAC in World War II; and various ventures in real estate, mostly flops. In 1945, after getting out of the service, she learned that leases on five-acre tracts of Government land were available near Twentynine Palms, a desert town with big ideas built around the Oasis of Mara north of Joshua Tree National Monument.

"I had visited in Twentynine Palms," Margaret told me recently, "and knew the area well. I was always trying to escape from cities. I chose this tract."

She showed it with pride. It is half a mile south of the paved highway and four miles west of the (Continued on Page 100)



Edward Galli forsook Dearborn, Mich., for a homestead in Apple Valley. The desert has improved his son's health.

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If you drive one of these cars . . . BUICK, CADILLAC, CHEVROLET, CHRYSLER, DODGE, FORD, HUDSON, MERCURY, NASH, OLDSMOBILE, PLYMOUTH, PONTIAC, STUDEBAKER, *here's a sure-fire way to get all the horsepower and performance you paid for!*

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WESTERN UNION

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W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

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CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

FOR THE SECOND STRAIGHT YEAR OUR OFFICIAL RECORDS SHOW THAT EVERY SINGLE CAR PARTICIPATING IN THE ANNUAL SOUTHERN 500 STOCK CAR RACE SANCTIONED BY NASCAR WAS EQUIPPED WITH CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS PURCHASED AT THE TRACK. LAST YEAR THE ENTIRE FIELD OF 52 RAN ON CHAMPIONS. THIS YEAR 69 OUT OF 69 USED CHAMPIONS WITH 13 DIFFERENT MAKES OF CARS COMPETING. THE FIELD WAS MADE UP OF FORD, CHEVROLET, MERCURY, PONTIAC, OLDSMOBILE, BUICK, CADILLAC, PLYMOUTH, DODGE, CHRYSLER, NASH, STUDEBAKER AND HUDSON. THIS IS ABOUT AS FINE PROOF AS YOU WOULD WANT THAT YOUR SLOGAN "BETTER BY FAR FOR EVERY CAR" IS 100 PER CENT RIGHT.

BOB COLVIN, PRESIDENT, DARLINGTON RACEWAY

Why settle for claims when it's *results* you want from spark plugs! Claims didn't count at Darlington when all stock cars in the classic Southern "500"—*cars exactly like yours*—were tuned to razor-sharp perfection by the nation's best mechanics.

Only *results* pay off—so full-firing, 5-rib Champions were installed in every car which did not already have them for extra horsepower and performance.

Give *your* car a chance to show what it can do. You're paying for top performance. Get it with Champions!

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Any car is better with 5-rib Champion Spark Plugs!

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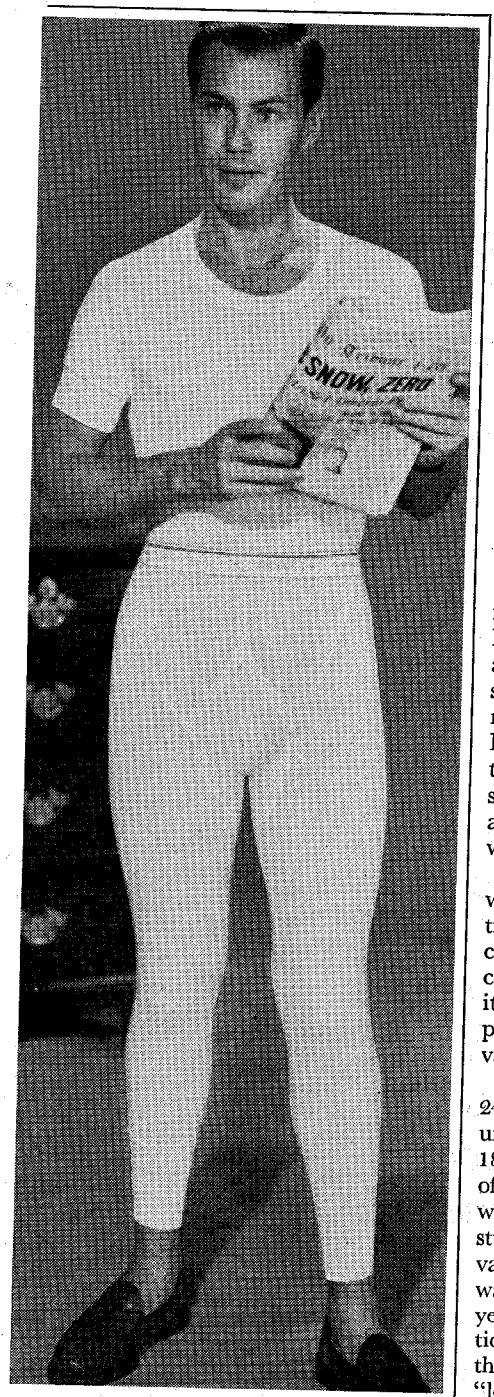
(Continued from Page 98) town itself, nestling against the Little San Bernardinos.

Being thoroughly familiar with what she was getting, Margaret made a good pick. Her tract lay only 1300 feet from city water pipes and 930 feet from an electric-power line. She and a neighbor put up $600 to lay pipe and bring city water to six tracts, including her own. When others built nearby and reimbursed them, she had city water at a capital outlay of about $100. She and the same neighbor advanced $275 to bring electricity to the tracts; and when, quite soon, several houses were built and serviced, they got it back.



Margaret leased the land for five years, on the understanding that when she made certain improvements, she could buy and get title. She began building in 1950. Her plan was for a weekend cabin, sixteen-by-twenty-four, with a living room, fireplace, kitchen and bath. Unable to interest a contractor in so small a job, she hired a handy man, who, for $1.50 an hour, agreed to do everything. This individualist decided so small a cabin wasn't the thing for Margaret. Since she worked in the city all week, he went ahead without consulting her and made it four feet longer. When it was finished, she found the place had cost her $4500, though Uncle Sam's land price was only $100. She liked it so well, and had so much in it, that in 1952 she decided to break away and live there all the time; at that time she added a bedroom for $1625 more. With equipment and furnishings, her house now stands her a little over $8000. She has five acres to spread in and a beautiful small home, modern even to a cooling system.

Not long ago a lady came to see Margaret, liked her house and offered to buy it.

"Oh, no!" said Margaret. "Why, I wouldn't think of selling for less than ten thousand."

"I'll give you ten thousand!"

But Margaret wouldn't sell.

The history of the Small Tracts Act, as usually told, starts with a couple of tubercular veterans of World War I coming into the Los Angeles office of the Bureau of Land Management to ask if Uncle Sam had any free land for them; they needed sunshine and outdoor living, and had almost no money. Paul Witmer, BLM manager at Los Angeles, had nothing he could offer them except 160-acre homesteads which, he said, they'd have to farm. They took a shot at it. But the land was desert dry, and farm work was too hard for them.

Pondering their case, Witmer wondered why the Government couldn't make small tracts available to people like that. He campaigned for his idea with California's congressional delegation, and six years later it blossomed into congressional action. The plan has gone far beyond veterans and convalescents, but it still includes both.

Uncle Sam had already "given away" 245,000,000 acres of his finest farm land under the homestead laws, but he still had 180,000,000 acres of public domain. Most of it was in grazing districts, but some of it was too poor for that, and it was the poor stuff which Congress felt might serve private needs and offer many people a better way of life—not farming, not city living, yet with aspects of both and special attractions of its own. The act, therefore, authorized the Secretary of the Interior to "lease or sell a small tract, not exceeding five acres," from that part of the public domain "chiefly valuable as a home, cabin, camp, health, convalescent, recreational or business site."

Under this authority, tracts have been disposed of for all sorts of purposes. Bob Colton, an ex-serviceman, got a Wyoming tract as a jumping-off camp for those "hunting and fishing paradises," Jackson Hole, Yellowstone, the Grand Tetons. Veterans named Freiday and Stahl got adjoining tracts in the once-ghost town of Yucca, Arizona, and became partners in building a filling station, restaurant and motel with swimming pool. Some towns take small tracts for community recreation. Moab, Utah, bursting its seams with a uranium rush, got 800 acres for expansion. The Oliver Baileys, of Silver Spring, Maryland, got a site for a vacation cottage seventy miles east of Pensacola, Florida. Some residents of Los Alamos, New Mexico, birthplace of the A-bomb, got fed up with living in Government-owned homes and escaped to tracts close to nearby Espanola, almost next door to land that was settled by Spaniards before Jamestown and Plymouth. Margaret Kennedy's neighbor, Oscar Kulberg, a Pasadena engineer, took his tract as a health investment; he and his wife, daughter and son did all the work on their five-room house, complete with patio and an under-the-stars sleeping porch.

Una Anita White, a widow, a youngish grandmother, and a jack-rabbit homesteader of Apache Junction, Arizona, wouldn't trade her place for a Park Avenue penthouse. She loves flowers, rocks and living alone. Her five acres are covered with ocotillo, saguaro cactus, ironwood and sunshine. She has been on the site for more than eight years. Uncle Sam charged her $125 for the land. She drilled for water and got it at 300 feet, at a cost of $3000 for drilling, casing and electric pump. Before she had neighbors anywhere near, she lived alone. Downdrafts from the Goldfield Hills and Four Peaks, she says, keep the air cooler than elsewhere in the sometimes torrid Valley of the Sun.

Una raises onions, turnips and beets. Lettuce she gets at the packing sheds for no more than the trouble of going after it. She used to raise chickens in a big way, but now twenty hens lay more eggs than she can eat. Central-station electricity costs her a cent a kilowatt. In her fireplace she burns scrap wood from the box factory; a load costs two dollars and the slight bother of hauling it. Una thinks she got a financial bargain plus happiness. A neighbor with patented land, she says, is selling lots half as big as hers for $350. Her worry is that too many others may discover her bonanza and surround her with toffy residences.

But, of course, the small-tract picture is not all rosy. Some accounts have tended to suggest that all a person must do to grab a piece of heaven is put the bite on Uncle Sam for some land. That is wrong on two counts. For one thing, much of the land is the sort that many wouldn't have as a gift; it is still public domain because, up to now, nobody considered it worth owning. For another, it isn't free.

"We are anxious," Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay wrote me recently, "for prospective buyers to be fully aware of the demerits, if they exist, of any tract offered for sale, and of the hard work and difficulties which may be involved in developing the land." In a warning to staff members, BLM director Edward Woozley said, "Let us be sure that we paint a realistic picture."

And not only is much of the land poor; in addition, Uncle Sam is anything but an up-and-coming real-estate subdivider. Buying a small tract can be red-tapish and aggravating. The BLM lacks manpower, time and finances, Secretary McKay said, to do many things a private subdivider does as a matter of course. Each buyer has to hire his own detailed survey; the BLM sometimes marks subdivisional corners, but usually does not stake out individual tracts. It does not build roads, find water, bring in utilities; and minerals, gas or oil, if any, remain Uncle Sam's.

Nevada's Las Vegas is probably the hardest-pushing small-tract spot at the moment. This hard-to-believe town is virtually surrounded by pure desert in the public domain, some of it only a few miles from the fabulous Strip with its fantastically luxurious (Continued on Page 102)

It's in style
to be comfortable

If you *work* outdoors...*play* outdoors, or have occasion to *be* outdoors, you'll get winter comfort from Jockey longs—with waist-to-ankle warmth and smoothly tailored fit! Exclusive angled front opening never gaps. Matching Jockey short sleeve undershirt is contoured long in back, short in front, to *stay* in place!

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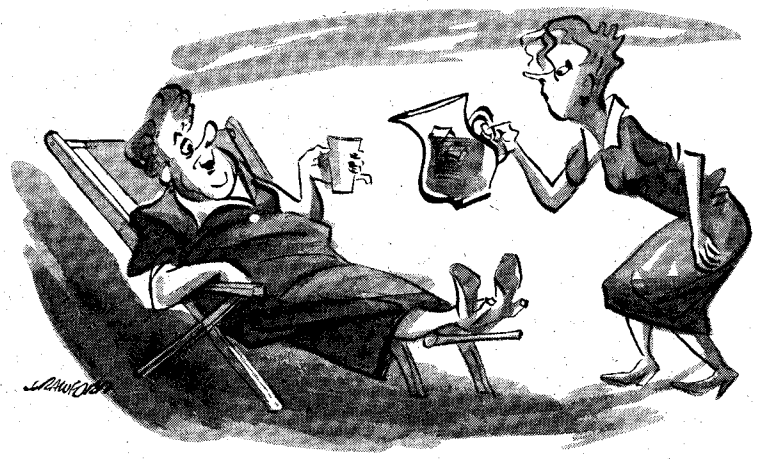

The Perfect Squelch

When her new neighbor suggested that they pool their efforts in entertaining some friends at a lawn party, Mrs. Wellman agreed it was a fine idea. Later she wished she hadn't, for her neighbor turned out to be the type who supplied ideas and nothing else.

Mrs. Wellman not only did almost all the work of preparing for the party but also found herself doing all the serving when the guests arrived. Her neighbor simply faded away from labor, found the most comfortable chair and proceeded to relax and enjoy herself.

When Mrs. Wellman finally panted to a seat for a few minutes' rest, her neighbor called, "Could I have just one more glass of this delicious iced tea?"

"Oh, thank you," the neighbor said, when Mrs. Wellman poured the tea. "You know, you were born to be a hostess."

Mrs. Wellman managed a smile. "Why, thank you, my dear," she said, then added, "and you were born to be a guest."

Patricia B. Smith

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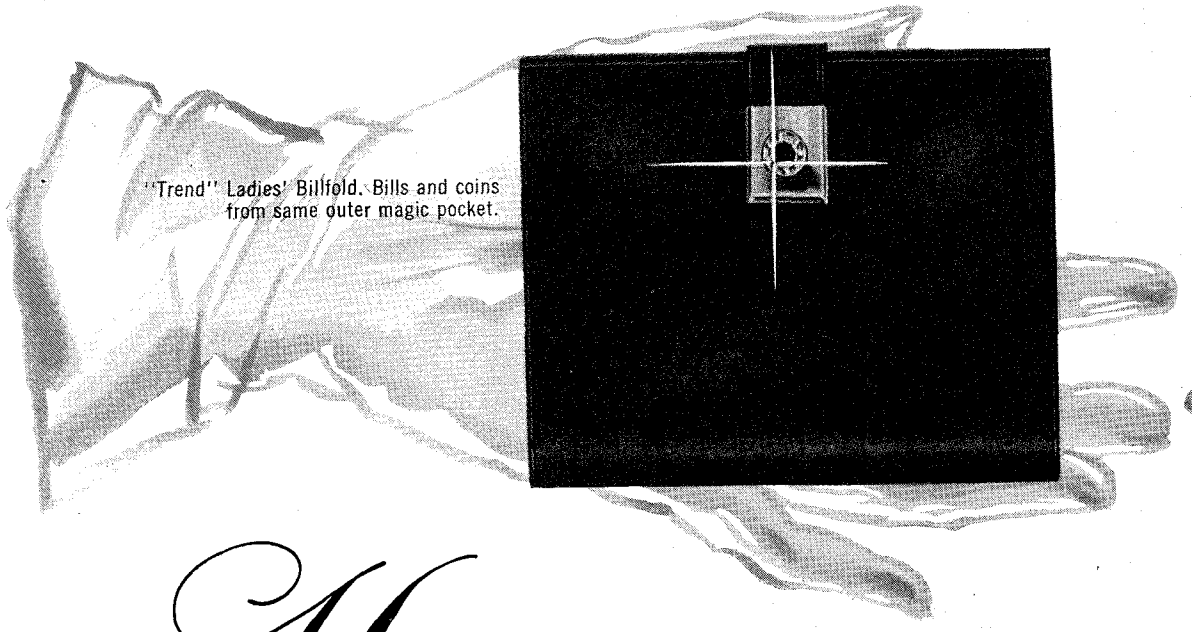
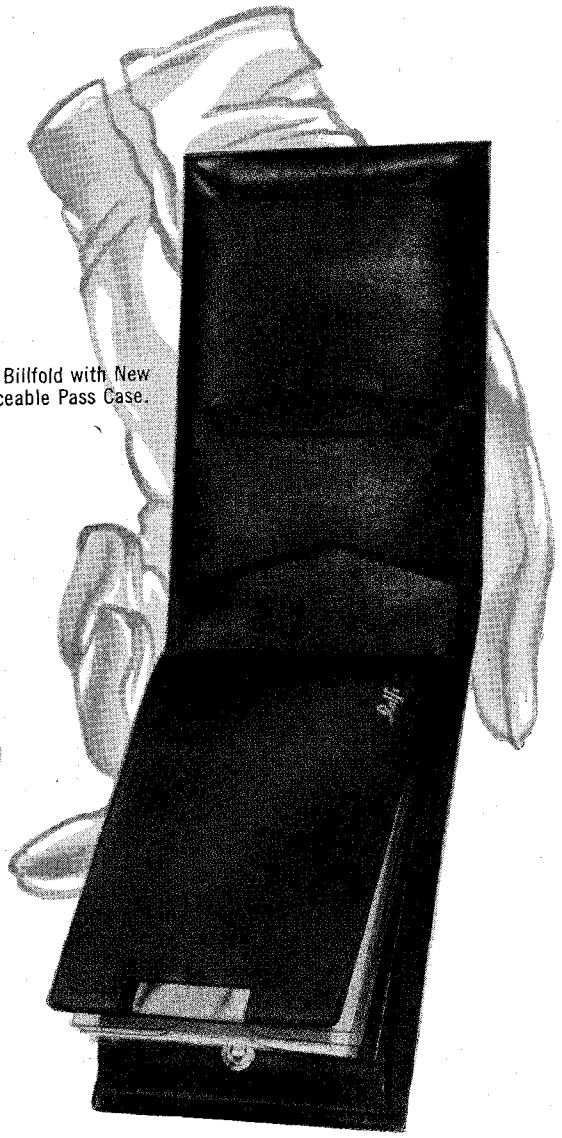
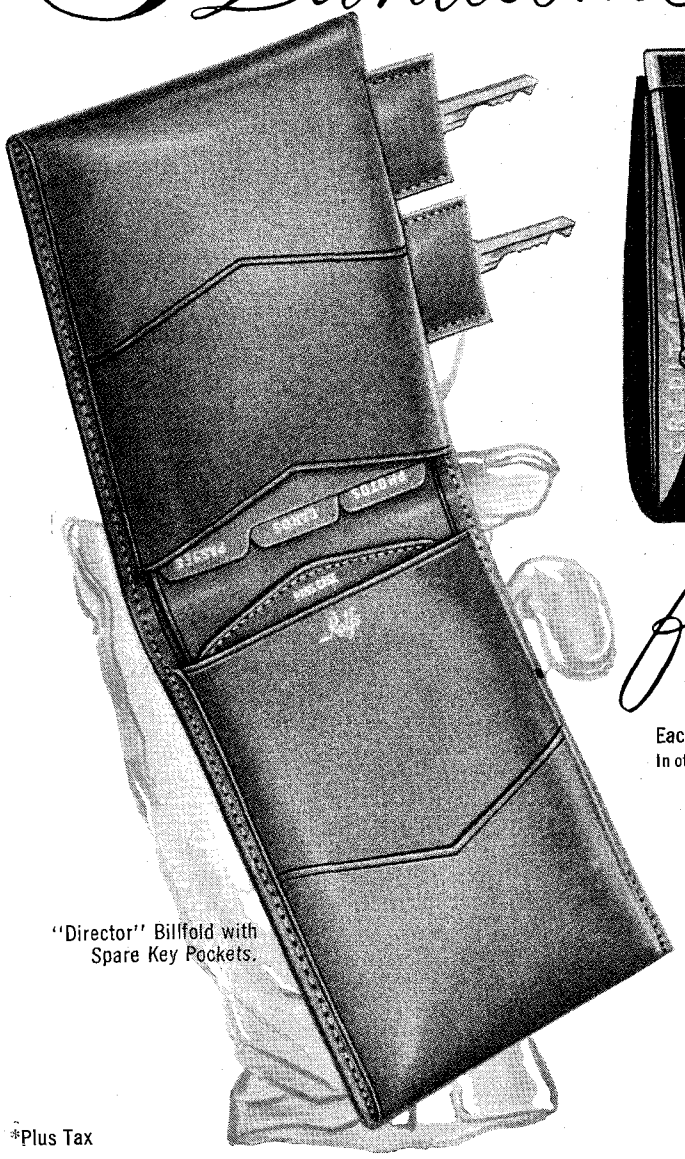


"Trend" Ladies' Billfold. Bills and coins from same outer magic pocket.

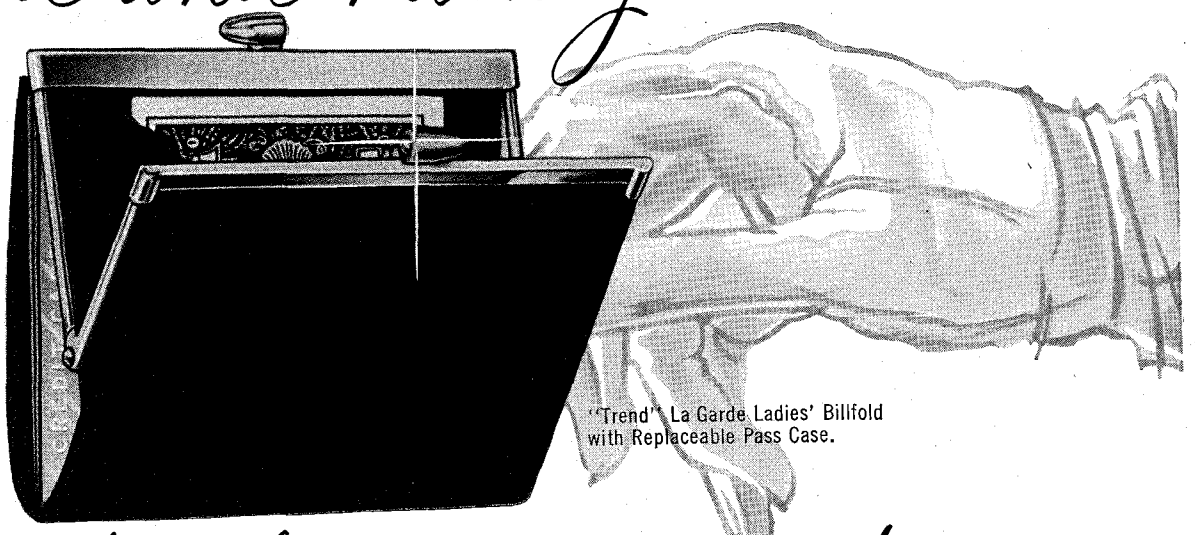


"Identifier" Billfold with New Replaceable Pass Case.

Handsome and handy...



"Director" Billfold with Spare Key Pockets.



"Trend" La Garde Ladies' Billfold with Replaceable Pass Case.

for that extra-special person

Each in gleaming cowhide.....$5*
In other leathers—many colors—$3.50* to $100*

Rolfs

DISTINCTIVE BILLFOLDS

Rolfs Division of Amity Leather Products Co., 330 Fifth Avenue, New York 1

*Plus Tax

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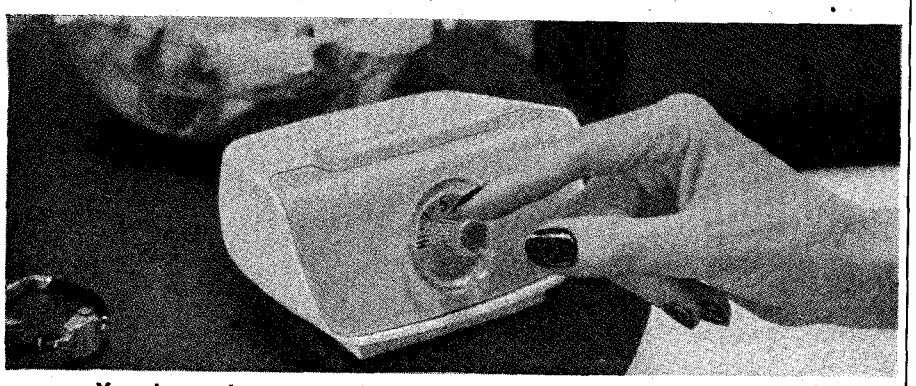
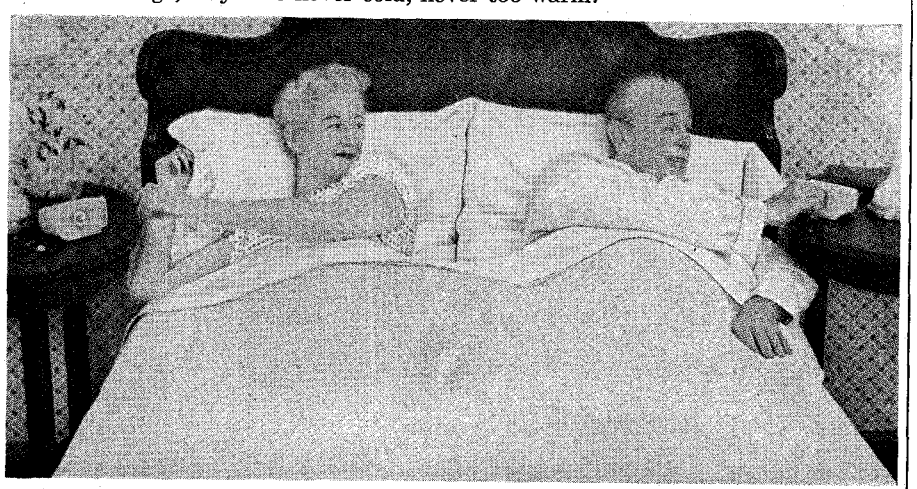
You're never cold...never too warm

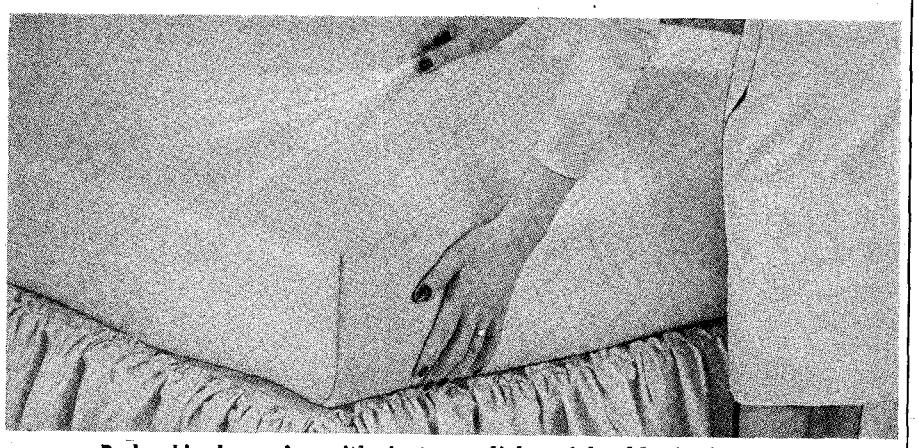
with a G-E Automatic Blanket
New low prices from $34.95*



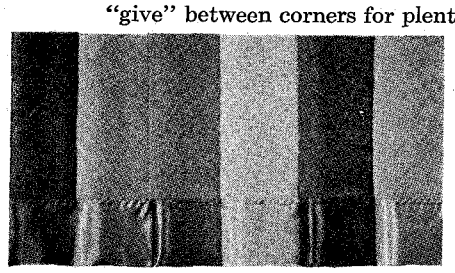
You choose the amount of warmth you like best, on the G-E Bedside Control dial. G.E.'s miraculous *Sleep-Guard* sees that you *stay* just that warm all night long. Adjusts automatically to temperature change, so you're never cold, never too warm!



"Happy-marriage Blanket." Dual-Control type, pictured, allows *each* half to be adjusted for a *different* degree of warmth. Each sleeper has complete personal comfort, perfect relaxation.



Bedmaking's easier with just *one* lightweight blanket! Custom-Contoured corners keep it trimly in place. Designed with ample "give" between corners for plenty of foot room.



Six high-fashion colors, in luxurious fabrics by Chatham, with bindings by Skinner. Guaranteed washable. Automatic Blanket and Fan Dept., Small Appliance Division, General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

and for year round automatic comfort
G-E SLUMBER COVER

Light enough to leave on your bed all summer, yet effective enough for winter coziness, too. Featherweight, textured mothproof fabric; same *Sleep-Guard* system as G-E Automatic Blankets. Fine for wool-allergy sufferers, apartment house or mild-climate dwellers. Priced from $27.95.*

*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 100)

hotels. As might be suspected, there are hopes for speculative profits, and everybody gets in the act. I was even told that Frank Sinatra and Ezio Pinza are small-tract applicants, and the South Nevada Home-Siters Association, Inc., which protects small-tract interests for a five-dollar yearly fee, has several thousand members.

A fly in the soup here is a mixup in mining claims and small-tract classification that has made it difficult so far for many applicants to get title after leasing. There are not known to be any minerals of value—nothing much at all except sand and gravel, in fact, and too much of them. But there have been court fights, and the situation is still in a mess, because every small tract with a mining claim on it, if the mining claimants thought it worth while, could be held up for trial through the United States Supreme Court.

Prices for small tracts vary. One patch of less than an acre, adjacent to property already highly developed, brought $9000. That's unusual. Generally, nobody is being gouged on purpose. Quite a bit of land has been priced for as little as ten dollars per acre. "Fair minimum prices based on established appraisals of surrounding property" is Secretary McKay's stated policy.

All the same, rackets that played hob with land seekers in the heyday of homesteading are popping up again now, in one guise or another. In Las Vegas one high-flying land locator is said to have charged a small-tract applicant $1500 to help him get a particular tract he was after. Ads of some land locators, as they call themselves, seem to promise heaven for virtually nothing. "A mountain hideaway, a desert retreat, a business site," one says in big print, "buy it from the Government for as little as two dollars an acre." The ad, while not actually false, is misleading unless carefully read, because the two-dollar figure applies to large tracts—ranch lands and the like—not to small tracts. Nowhere, after a fairly extensive investigation, did I find small tracts of public domain going for less than ten dollars an acre. The drive in this particular deal was to sell maps showing where Uncle Sam's lands are located.

Some land locators do render a service because of Uncle Sam's shortcomings as a subdivider. In the little town of Joshua Tree, in the Morongo Basin of California, which is about as active on small tracts as Las Vegas, Col. E. B. Moore is one of several real-estate dealers doing a rousing business with would-be jack-rabbit homesteaders. His base fee for helping an applicant find a tract and file on it is ten dollars, in addition to the filing and lease fees which everybody must pay the Government. On an average Sunday, it's not uncommon to have seventy-five or more small-tract applicants milling around his office. He also makes a good deal of money selling maps of the areas in which he operates.

To apply for a small tract it is necessary to file on a standard form through the nearest state or regional office, not through Washington. A ten-dollar filing fee is required, and lease fees start at ten dollars per year. BLM puts out a bulletin, Facts on Small Tracts, that answers the most-asked questions and lists the local offices; it can be obtained by writing to the Bureau of Land Management in Washington. Delays can be expected because applications are coming faster than limited working forces can handle them. At Los Angeles seventy-five or more are received daily. For Nevada, to the end of July, 1955, 15,479 applications to lease tracts were pending, in addition to nearly 500 applications to purchase.

Small-tract leases call for "use and improvement" by the lessee. What this amounts to differs in various areas. In most places it means at least an $800 structure; in others more, in some less. Until a year or so ago, one area in Arizona required only a barbecue pit and a privy as improvements on recreational sites. This resulted in some spectacular eyesores, and the rule has been changed. An obvious danger in all such deals is shacky development by people lacking the cash, the wish or the ability to make desirable improvements. "Many small-tracters," Margaret Kennedy told me, "are little better than litterbugs. They put up twelve-by-fourteen one-room buildings, with no water or electricity available or in sight. They make do with gasoline lamps. Without electricity, they can't have coolers. If they want inside baths and toilets, they have to build a tower, put up a tank, and have water hauled at four dollars for five hundred gallons." The latest revision of small-tract regulations has a clause to the effect that small-tracters "may enter into binding agreements among themselves" to prevent this sort of thing.

Such an agreement was responsible for making a swanky establishment of the jack-rabbit development known as Mariana Ranchos, near Apple Valley, California. Planning there began when the leases were obtained in 1949. Frank Drunert, a Huntington Park, Los Angeles, businessman, and one of the first to lease, became president of the development association, a non-profit corporation for this one area which put through a $50,000 public-utility water system to supply the whole community from a 472-foot well; built some eight miles of road; brought power four miles at a cost of $25,000; recently completed plans for a community recreation center. "We have built eighty homes," Drunert told me. "They represent a total investment, conservatively, of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and individual investments of seven to thirty-five thousand dollars." Some are extremely comfortable. The Fred Merks' house, for instance, is a full-time home with three bedrooms, three baths, plate-glass picture windows, a twenty-foot fireplace with built-in vault, a sound-proof den and other features which made a price tag of $57,000 seem reasonable when sickness recently forced the owners to offer it for sale.

At the other extreme, the Small Tracts Act has helped put some down-and-outers on their feet. Pie Town, New Mexico, is a case in point. This metropolis, named for an enterprising character who baked pies here and sold them over an upturned whisky barrel to hungry ranchers, lies just west of the Continental Divide in country where a steer is a cow and high-heeled boots are a man's normal footgear. The population numbers less than 100 souls. In the hard-hit '30's, displaced Okies found Pie Town, liked its looks, and stayed as squatters, without knowing or caring who owned the land. BLM officials found that Uncle Sam owned it, and said the Okies would have to move.

"How many United States marshals you got?" the Okies asked.

A quick survey showed all sorts of public domain there. A likely piece was divided into lots. The Okies were happy to sign up for them, and they became the first citizens in New Mexico to acquire land under the Small Tracts Act. Quite a few have been there ever since and have done well. Wayne Hickey was from Texas, not Oklahoma, but when this deal came through he was as broke as any of them, and was delighted to get a 1.89-acre business site fronting on the highway. He put up a small general store. Over the years it has grown. He now has a nice modern home there as well, and he has put aside enough to buy six sections of good ranch land nearby. Wayne doesn't figure his small tract was the biggest real-estate bargain he ever heard of, but the small-tract program did give him a chance to crawl up when he was down. He's all for it.

THE END

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This is My Story (Continued from Page 29)

Housewives were apparently happy with them; sponsors delightedly paid the bills. I made the point, however, that people listened to soap operas because there was nothing else on the air to hold their interest, and also because the ladies sought escape from the tedium of household chores. My programs, I said, provided the same thing—escape through vicarious adventure—the only difference being that my stuff wasn't fiction. The farming, fishing, hunting, flying, sailing and other things with which I occupied myself had made good listening in New York and Washington. Why wouldn't that sort of fare appeal to the rest of the country? Then I said, "Think of all the blood donors we could get if we were doing this show on the network?"

Another objection, it developed, was that the playing of phonograph records on the network was contrary to company policy.

"O.K.," I said. "Give me some live talent. Let me have a small orchestra, a quartet and a couple of vocalists. They won't be as effective in attracting initial audiences as the big names available on the records, but I've always maintained that if a performer can't get along without big-name guest stars, he's got no business being on the air himself."

There was one more problem—network time. The early-morning hours were full. Did I want to consider afternoon time? I thought not and asked what was the matter with 9:15 to 10:00 A.M. Oh, that was sacred soil. That was occupied by the CBS School of the Air! I knew, of course, that this program had a zero rating. It was a good program, in its way, but apparently all the people who were interested in going to school at that time of day were in the classrooms provided for the purpose.

"However," said the brass cagily, "that program goes off the air for thirteen weeks during the summer-vacation period and resumes in the fall. How about trying out your ideas in that spot?"

"Thirteen weeks is too short a time for my kind of stuff to catch on," I said, "but it will be the acid test, and a pretty good one. If I can show any results in that spot in three months, it'll prove conclusively that my theories are right. One thing is for sure: the rating can't go any place but up!"

And thus was born the daily program now known as Arthur Godfrey Time, which is heard these days on the CBS Network from 10:00 to 11:30 A.M., Monday through Friday. Apparently those who heard it liked it. In fact, some of the stations were stubborn enough to inform Frank Stanton that if he didn't keep me on in the fall, instead of restoring the CBS School of the Air, they would resign their affiliation. Of course, they didn't mean it, but the brass at CBS was suitably impressed.

I've added two men, Joe Marshall, the drummer, and Lee Erwin, the organist, to the orchestra since then, but the rest of the band is intact. I'll stack those boys up against all comers as the greatest musicians in the business: Johnny Mince on clarinet; Sy Schaffer on trombone,; Lee Erwin at the organ; Remo Palmier, guitar; Gene Traxler on bass; and Ludwig von Flato "among the piano." Archie Bleyer, then a CBS house-staff conductor, helped me pick that orchestra.

Since Archie's name has come up, suppose I digress for a moment and tell you the story of why he is no longer with us. At the time he came with me, he had been given his notice by CBS; he figured he was all through in New York and had about decided to return to California, where he had started. Not long after my network program started, I asked him to take over as orchestra leader, which he did ably, remaining in charge of the music on all my subsequent programs until the fall of 1953. I have always regretted the necessity of releasing him, because he is not only an excellent musician and conductor but he was my close friend and I held him in great personal esteem.

Early in 1952, Archie, Julius LaRosa and Lee Erwin came to me with a business proposition. They wanted me to join them in forming a recording company—despite the fact that none of us on my show had been too successful in the record business up to that time, with the possible exception of my own recording of Too Fat Polka. I had tried to interest Columbia Records in LaRosa, pointing out that the kid was catching on and would someday be a smash, but it was no go. Now Archie had become impressed with the way Julius was building, and they wanted my help.

I said, "No, thanks, boys. I won't go into business with you because I'm a dyed-in-the-wool Columbia man." Then I added that I'd be glad to help them by plugging their records if they were any good. And I told them I hoped they would make a million.

A few weeks later, Archie and Julius showed me a contract which Archie was offering Julius, and asked my opinion. I didn't like it, because I thought it gave Julius too small a share of the take, and I said so. I pointed out that, with his voice, Julius was the one who would put the records across—if they went across—and I suggested that they let me get my attorney, Leo DeOrsey, to rewrite the contract in a way that would be fair to everybody. This was done, and Julius thanked me profusely, but I have never known whether they followed Leo's suggested contract.

Incidentally, I have always placed the services of my attorney at the disposal of all members of my cast, free of charge. (In my opinion, Leo is not only the world's best tax lawyer, but he is also an astute business manager. His reputation for integrity, for instance, is such that he was J. Edgar Hoover's choice for the lofty post of National Baseball Commissioner in 1951.) Some of the people on my program availed themselves of this offer and some didn't. Julius was one of those whom Leo helped on his income-tax reports for a time.

The first record came out in due course, and I plugged it all over the radio and television. It went over big too. Julius and Archie were jubilant, of course, and so was I. In fact, so was everybody around the shop except Lee Erwin, who, I later learned, somehow had been left out when the company was formed.

I had been paying Archie Bleyer a fat salary for his services as musical director, and until about the time LaRosa's second record began to click, he earned every nickel of it. He not only conducted, he arranged and he helped produce. He was a stickler for detail, an insatiable perfectionist, and his enthusiasm was an inspiration to all of us. His interest began to wane, however, not too long before I went to the hospital in May, 1953.

Then, shortly after I released Julius LaRosa in October of 1953, I got a phone call from a newspaper friend of mine in Chicago. "When are you going to fire Archie Bleyer?" she asked.

"Are you crazy?" I said. "Why should I fire Archie? I just gave him a week off. He's down in Bermuda or someplace on vacation."

"For your information," she said, "he is here in Chicago making records with Don McNeill!"

"You must be mistaken," I protested. "Archie wouldn't do a thing like that!"

When Archie came back the following week, I sent for him. "What did you do in Chicago?" I asked.

"Made some records."

"With whom?"

"Don McNeill!"

I'm not ashamed to say I wept at his words.

"Why did you do that, Arch?" I pleaded. "I have nothing against Don McNeill. He's a grand old-timer and a worthy competitor. But he *is* a competitor, not only to me but to CBS, for whom you and I work. You asked for time off from your job so you could rest. You rested by going to Chicago to make records for your personal company with a competitor of the very program and network which have promoted your record company from the start!"

He just sat there defiantly, and I knew he had gone beyond my reach. I told him he was forcing me into a spot where I'd have to fire him.

"Do what you like," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

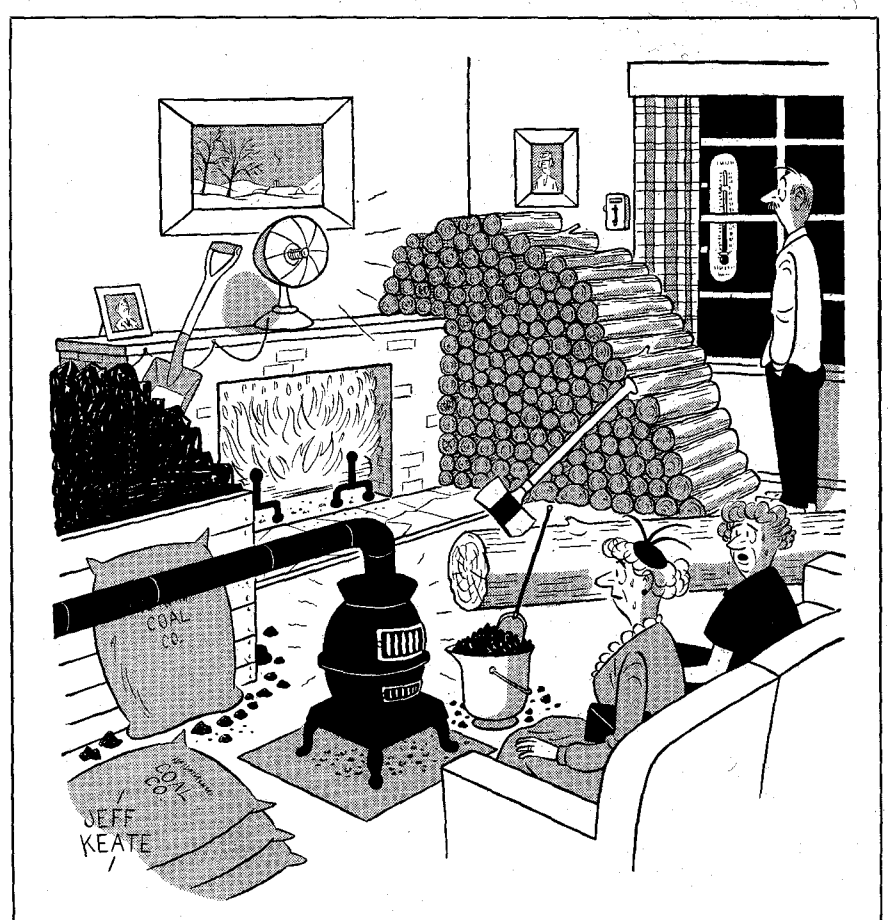
I kept his job open for him for weeks afterward, and for that reason the conductors I used to replace him were hired on a temporary basis. I kept hoping one day he'd show up in my office with that old, warm, friendly look on his face. He could have had his baton back just that easily. But he never came back, and I have never seen him since the last Talent Scout show he conducted for me.

I have two conductors now: Will Roland in the morning, and Burt Farber on the Talent Scout program and on my Wednesday-night television show. They are loyal, competent men, and we get along fine, but I shall always be keenly aware of the loss of the sensitive, gentle, courtly friend I had in Archie Bleyer. I am glad his record company is doing so well. And I am grateful for the way in which he conducted himself when the press was giving me that hiding for firing him and Julius: He steadfastly refused to utter a word against me for publication. The tragedy of it is that the break was all so unnecessary.

And, while we're about it, maybe this is as good a spot as any to talk about Julius LaRosa and the rest of the 1953 cast who aren't with us any more. Up until about 1950 or 1951, it had been my custom to hire performers—with a few notable exceptions—for a month or two or three or six, and then they'd move on to other shows. It has always given me a big kick to start people out in radio, give them a little boost and a shove in the right direction and send them on their way. Unable to use phonograph records because it was then contrary to network policy, I had to make changes in my cast from time to time in order to get something comparable to the variety afforded by the records.

In the beginning, I thought TV was going to be a medium strictly for motion-picture actors. When the Lipton Tea folks had first approached me on the question of televising the Talent Scout show on Monday nights, I had said, "If you think it's fit television fare to photograph my radio show, go right ahead—provided you keep your cameras out of sight and don't interfere with the broadcast. I'm a radio man, not a movie star!" Later, when I agreed to do a TV show on Wednesday nights, I never dreamed of doing anything personally other than to demonstrate some gadget or machine, work with animals or introduce some expert and try to keep the conversation from lagging. It was my intention to interview friends and acquaintances in the farming, flying, military and business worlds in such a manner as to educate as well as entertain. Me sing a song or do a bit of a dance in front of a camera? "How ridiculous can you get?" I used to say. "Remember me? I'm one of the guys who helped lay vaudeville away."

But I got touted into it—and I don't remember how. All of a sudden Arthur Godfrey and His Friends was Arthur Godfrey and his morning radio cast—Frank Parker, Janette Davis, Bill Lawrence, Marion Marlowe, the Mariners, the Chordettes, Haleloke, Julius LaRosa, Lou Ann Simms, the McGuire Sisters, *et al.* We were doing musical-variety programs. I had hired producers, writers, choreographers, stage managers, scenery men, extra musicians, an eight-voice vocal group and what not. We were a big operation. We were practically a Broadway musical. And we stank. Horribly. With the exception of Frank Parker, who had been a musical-comedy



"Ed predicts the most severe winter we've ever had."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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star before his radio successes, and possibly Marion Marlowe, who had worked in night clubs here and abroad, nobody in the outfit even knew how to make an entrance properly. Nobody knew how to take a bow and exit gracefully. Viewers of those early shows must have decided that most of us had learned to walk by following a double-shovel plow. I got so I hated to look at the kinescopes. They made me ill.

The cast was fine on the morning shows, which were as yet untelevised, pure radio. They were relaxed and jovial, and kidded back and forth with me, and we had a ball every morning. Come Wednesday night, though, under the lights facing the TV cameras, we all froze up and became awkward amateurs. Studying the kinescopes, I decided that I had been wrong about TV. This new medium isn't really new at all. It's still just radio—with pictures. In the beginning, of course, when the only TV sets around were in the corner saloons, it was kind of like movies, with comparatively large audiences standing around the bars. But I knew that, like radio, it wouldn't be long before there wouldn't be any TV audiences, either: just one or two or three—the statisticians tell us it's 2.6 nowadays—people per set.

In fact, I reasoned, TV is a far more intimate medium than radio ever thought of being. It really separates the men from the boys. A clever performer may be able to read a prepared script into a radio microphone and make listeners think he is adlibbing, but he can't do it in front of a TV camera and get away with it. By strategically placing Teleprompters around the set, we can do dramatic shows and other plays wherein the members of the cast are playing to one another and rarely if ever have to look into the camera. Teleprompters are invaluable to singers, too, mostly when they're doing lyrics written especially for the show or new songs they don't know too well. But the lads who have to read their lines while pretending to have a friendly, folksy chat with you, the viewer at home, are fooling no one.

I decided that if we were going to compete successfully with the other shows on TV, we'd have to take a little more pride in our profession and improve our performances. To that end, I hired ballet-and-tap-dancing instructors, urging everyone to attend their classes with me, and I arranged for swimming instruction and ice skating. I paid the bills. I didn't do this to make professional dancers or swimmers or skaters out of these folks; I did it because there's nothing like those three activities to develop poise, co-ordination and grace, and to lick that old bugaboo, self-consciousness. And I kept telling the folks in the cast that they'd die on the vine if they didn't grow.

I learned way back in 1929, when I was auditioning talent at WFBR, in Baltimore, that you can't pick talent for radio or phonograph records by watching the performance. You have to listen to the voice—off someplace by yourself where you can't see the performer. Microphones are as cruelly frank and impartial as mirrors and cameras. Put me in a small room with a good loud-speaker and let me listen to a person sing half a dozen songs, and I can pretty accurately predict just about how well that person is going to wear. I chose Janette Davis and Marshall Young from recordings, and the Jubilaires and Patty Clayton and others.

The selection of talent for television, however, is another matter. If people are to be engaged for a single performance or, in the case of my shows, even as much as a week, it doesn't make too much difference, but if they are to be signed up for a long period of time, they had better be the kind of people who wear well. All of us like to watch a youngster start out, develop, become nationally popular and achieve great success. That is the great American story.

Watching Julius LaRosa's career develop on my morning programs, and later on the Wednesday-night television shows, became a popular pastime. I had met the lad on board a Navy carrier, the U.S.S. Monterey, at Pensacola, Florida, in 1951 during one of my former semiannual tours of active duty. He had a pleasant voice, although nothing outstanding. He was awkward and amateurish, and didn't know quite what to do with himself. But he had a nice quality, and I guess the thing which appealed to me most was the fact that he was in a Navy uniform.

One night later that year I presented him to the public as a vocalist I had found on the carrier. After that I put him on the air two or three more times, while he was still in the Navy, and one day, *on the air*, I asked him how he'd like to join the Little Godfreys permanently. He wept with joy, and so did I, and in that casual way *I hired Julius on the air*. I developed him on the air as a singer and a personality. He seemed eager to learn, anxious to please, and at the same time was refreshingly incapable of expressing his gratitude. He was short on poise, but he had an attractive way of showing respect for his elders—not only for me, but for everybody older with whom he came in contact. I talked with him on the air about his family and himself, and his mother and father came to sit in the audience once or twice, and it was a nice thing to watch.

Right here, because it has a bearing on the LaRosa story, I'd like to set the record straight about my attitude toward agents, press agents and personal managers. I think the good ones have a very definite place in show business. A good artist is rarely a good businessman. Sometimes when these people attempt to handle their own affairs, they make some pretty silly mistakes. Many of them need representation in order to find work and to negotiate contracts. Most important, they need wise counsel when Dame Fortune overtakes them early in their careers and catapults them into nationwide prominence. How in the world can a lad used to fifty dollars a week intelligently face a situation where he suddenly has a thousand? Therefore I have no quarrel with an honest agent's role in the entertainment field.

But since I myself pick the talent for all my programs except the Talent Scout show, the members of my cast need no representation in their negotiations with me. With the exception of Frank Parker and Janette Davis, my performers were virtually unknown when they started with me. The fact that they are now big names in show business gives me the satisfaction of knowing that I chose them well.

Up until the time that we began to televise our programs, there had been little call for outside appearances. During the last couple of years, however, one of the by-products of TV has been the profitable business of personal appearances in night clubs and theaters. Carmel Quinn, for instance, after she had been with us only a few weeks, jammed a large restaurant in Boston for a week with thousands of people who had never been there before in their lives. TV stars have vastly improved the quality of the clientele of these places, and the managements are deliriously happy about it.

For a long time, my staff of experts in New York handled these outside appearances for the cast. I even hired extra people for the purpose, who saw to it that our performers were billed properly, got a fair amount of money, had proper orchestrations and were presented to good advantage. I bore all of the expenses because, having told them they needed no agents or representatives, I felt it was my responsibility. And we managed to get some whopping fees for these appearances. Later, after it became obvious through the stories I read in the press that these efforts were resented rather than appreciated by some of the cast, I abandoned the whole project, along with the dancing, swimming and skating classes. Sometimes the quickest way to depreciate the value of anything is to give it away. But of course I have to learn everything the hard way.

So, during the time he was with me, there was no reason in the world for Julius LaRosa to have any agents, managers or business advisers. His musical arrangements were paid for. If he had to wear any costumes, I bought them for him, as I do for everybody else. The only restriction I ever put on any of the cast was that they clear their outside professional engagements with us first. If their own agents wanted to book them, that was O.K., just so they checked with us for possible conflictions. Also, without their knowing it, somebody might have booked them into a honky-tonk spot that would have done neither them nor my shows any good. Up until 1953, there never had been any unfavorable front-page publicity about me or anyone in my cast. For twenty-four years I had carefully avoided that sort of thing, and I wanted to keep it that way. I employed no press agents and I refused to take part in any contrived ventures designed to promote publicity.

Let me say here, however, that I love my daily newspapers. I'd be lost without them. Radio and TV news programs are all right, but they will never supplant the newspapers. Newspapers are the source of material for a great part of my programs, and have been ever since I started, and I have never failed to credit the source. I am especially fond of the little rural dailies and weeklies. They reflect the true spirit of America. Some of our large urban dailies, however, in their endless struggle for circulation, often resort to journalistic practices of a pretty low order. Most of the radio and TV columnists and critics on the big city dailies are pretty nice folks, but a few of them, to attract attention, print deliberate lies about their subjects. Now and then I get to wondering how some of those fellows sleep at night.

Up until the spring of 1953, Julius was coming along fine. I was quite fond of him, and what's more, I'm sure he liked and respected me. He tried to do everything I told him to do. He didn't like that ballet work, but he even made a halfhearted try at that. My wife, Mary, and I had Julius down to visit us on our farm in Virginia, along with some other members of the cast. He was a lot of fun, and we all enjoyed his visit.

Then on May 14, 1953, I had my hip operation, and while I was in the hospital during May, June and July, something happened. I planned to start my TV shows again along in August—from my home in Virginia—and before I started I asked some of my cast to come down to visit me on the farm. Julius came with them, but he was a different boy. He was a big shot now. He had changed that much in three months' time.

I asked a few people, "Hey, what goes with this kid?" and they said, "You don't know what happens when you're not around. You won't like it when you return."

Talk like that worried me and made me return to work before I should have. About the first of October, I went back to New York, and what I found was something like what a sailor might find when he returned to his small children after a four-year voyage. I didn't have a cast any more—I had a galaxy of stars. Julius had fan clubs all over the country. He had been making personal appearances at $2000 and $3000 a throw, his job with me had become only a showcase, paying a measly $1000 or $1200 a week, and the training program I had instituted was a bore. The other kids in the cast were all burned up with envy; here was this newcomer sassing back the producers and directors, refusing to attend classes, ducking rehearsals. He didn't sass *me* and he showed up when I was around, but his attitude was not good.

Some of the others in my pool of talent had also acquired delusions of grandeur, and a feeling that "the boss is standing in our way." I know now that I should have fired the whole outfit then and there, but my biggest mistake has always been in figuring that there must be some way to work it out. I would rather take a beating than fire anybody—and often have, for years.

One day we got a letter signed by Julius which said, in effect: "In the future, when you wish to talk to me, please see my agent." I couldn't have felt any worse if my own son had sent me a note saying, "In the future, when you want to talk to me, see my lawyer."

I talked with my friends and associates at CBS, and I said, "I don't know quite what to do about this, but it seems to me that the best thing is to release the boy from my shows."

People are Like That

A great deal is said and written about how much better off people are today than in grandpa's day. We enjoy vastly improved foods, housing, transportation, health and entertainment. If you were willing today to settle for the average American's standard of living of 1870, how many hours a week do you suppose you would have to work, with modern tools and skills, to afford the 1870 standard?

Amazingly, it would require only five hours of work a week for you to eat, dress and live as grandpa did.

J. C. LISON

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"Don't be a patsy," they said. "His contract has five years to run."

"I couldn't take that position," I said. "If he's unhappy and wants out, I'm all for letting him go. I'm concerned only about the way to let him go. If I call him in and fire him today—although it's obvious he wants that—what am I going to say to our listeners the next time I go on the air? They'll surely feel I owe them an explanation. Am I going to say that I've fired Julius, and go into a long harangue, which will be bad publicity for him? I don't think that's the way to do it." (Heh! Wasn't I the silly boy to be worrying about bad publicity for Julius!)

In the end, I decided that the best thing to do was to release him from my programs *on the air, the same way I'd hired him*, and with the same people listening. And that's what I did.

Unfortunately, I didn't have as much time as I needed to do that farewell in the way I'd planned. Julius took a lot longer to sing his song than it had taken in rehearsal, and all at once we were off the air, with only about one fifth of my farewell speech said. But I didn't feel too bad, because I could talk about it tomorrow and the day after that. This, however, wasn't the way Julius' new "advisers" had planned matters. I know that now. I didn't then.

The first clue I got that something funny had been going on was several days later when a CBS publicity man told me that at eleven o'clock on that previous morning two reporters had showed up at the CBS studio and had asked, "What's all this about LaRosa being fired today?" This was a half hour before I told Julius good-by, and I had said nothing about it to anyone!

Two or three minutes after the show was over, Julius had walked into my office. He sat there with tears in his eyes and said, "Gee, Mr. Godfrey, thanks. You've given me two breaks."

"How do you mean, two breaks?"

"You gave me a break, in the first place, by hiring me," he told me, "and now you've released me. That's the second break. Thanks."

"I'm sorry to see you go, Julius," I said. "I'd have liked to have you stay with me, but if this is the way you want it, O.K. And if I can ever help you, let me know."

I shook hands with him and he walked out. When he got outside, I learned later, the two newspapermen who had showed up at eleven o'clock were standing there with one or two other people. When Julius appeared with tears still in his eyes and all full of emotion, somebody asked, "What's the matter, kid?"

"I don't know," he said. "I'm confused. I'm bewildered." Then he walked away.

One of the strangers—I've never been sure exactly which one—said, "Of course, he's bewildered. That so-and-so in there just fired him. You'd be confused too." It seems clear now that Julius was being advised by people who were smart enough to figure that, if he was going to make any real money, it wouldn't be profitable just to let him part company with me on friendly terms. That wouldn't get him anywhere. If it could be made to seem that we'd had a fight and he'd been given a raw deal, that would be different.

Those in Julius' corner were smart enough to see that the next act in the real-life soap opera I'd started would stir up tremendous interest—if only there could be another act. They were right. Their scheme was a press agent's pipe dream come true. Before they were through with their handouts, tips, inside stories, and "the low-down," all hell broke loose. Interest in Julius couldn't have run higher if I'd kidnaped him, tortured him and held him for ransom. A radio columnist started the shenanigans, but before long all the New York papers got into the act.

Our studios were crawling with reporters out to get a story—any kind of story—just so in some way it could be hooked up with me. Everyone who had ever worked for me was interviewed. I was accused of "gagging" my loyal associates because they wouldn't talk. Press agents of former associates tried desperately to cash in on the bonanza by producing pictures of me with their clients in "happier days" before I "fired them because they fell in love with So-and-So." Reporters were found hiding in restrooms hoping to overhear something. Everywhere I went I was trailed, and so were others of the cast. I had a lot of fun one night leading a carful of newsmen a merry chase up through Harlem, across into New Jersey, through Hoboken and back to the Lexington Hotel—where, when they pulled up astern, I went back and offered them cigars. They didn't print that.

The elevator boys, bellhops, waiters and even the maids at the Lexington, where I lived, were accosted and bribes were offered. The newsmen ran into a wall of loyalty there that they still don't understand! Reporters were even sent out to the hinterlands to the home towns of the members of my cast, whose parents sometimes were awakened in the middle of the night and hounded, threatened and cajoled. But the only stories they could get to support their outrageous hoax were from disgruntled former employees and eager-beaver press agents.

Ed Sullivan, whom I have met only once—some years ago when CBS asked me to make an appearance on his program—cashed in. His antics got so laughable that performers actually begged me to hire them for just one hour and then fire them so they could get on "Tossed of the Town."

The newspaper boys really kicked this thing around for several months. For a while it seemed that every time I picked up a paper I read some fantastic tale about how somebody who had once worked for me had been fired because of some love affair he had had with somebody else in my outfit.

And then somewhere along in midwinter, I "buzzed" the tower at the Teterboro Airport. Oh, brother! Here we went again, and this time some other newspapers took the initiative—the New York World-Telegram, for instance. One of my dearest friends, Roy Howard, whom I've known for twenty-five years, is the publisher of that paper, and his reporters were unmerciful. I suppose I could have called him up and said, "Hey, what the hell?" but I didn't.

A mutual friend, however, did ask Roy about it, and do you know what the answer was? "Mad at him? Of course not! We're old friends. Haven't I got him on the front page every day?"

You weren't there, so you'll never know, but I hope you'll believe me when I tell you that if you live as far away from Teterboro as Dover, Delaware, you were in just as great danger that day as the lads in that tower. I flew over the top of it—sure I did—I had to; it was right smack ahead of me at the time. I could have turned away from it in either direction, but then I would have lost sight of it, and any experienced pilot will tell you you'll live longer if you keep obstructions in sight until you clear them.

Anyhow, it's over and done with, and my license as a pilot was suspended for six months—a decision of the CAB which I accepted without squawking. I want you to know it hurt pretty good, though. Anyone who has ever listened to me knows that I have spent a quarter of a century *on* the air promoting the safety of flight *in* the air. I don't go around buzzing other people's towers. I don't fly too close to other people's airplanes either. In fact, I never violate any safety rules in aviation. Actually, I'm one of the guys who helped make those rules. You see, back in the days when the CAA was directed by the Hon. Delos W. Rentzel, I was a member of the CAA Advisory Board! But I'll tell you a little more about aviation later on.

Meanwhile, I think most of you who have read this far are convinced that I'm a pretty busy fellow. Believe me, I don't know anything about the personal affairs, romantic or otherwise, of the members of my staff. When I read in the paper that I had fired Julius LaRosa because of his love for Dottie McGuire, I was as shocked and surprised as you were. When I read that I fired Larry Puck because of his love for Marion Marlowe, I just laughed, because now the press agents' pattern was obviously repeating itself. And yet, by golly, the newspapers played sucker for it again.

All that had happened in the Marlowe-Puck situation was that at Larry's own request, I had relieved him of his work on the Wednesday-night show, so that he could concentrate on the Talent Scout show. A CBS release at the time included a statement authorized by Larry which read as follows: "It has been common knowledge that in recent months I had on a number of occasions expressed the hope that I might be relieved of my producing assignment for the Wednesday-night television show because, combined with my work on other Godfrey operations, it was getting to be too much for one man to do."

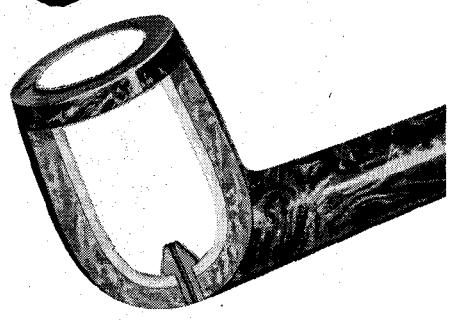
Puck is a capable kind of gent in his particular job. He was one of the coproducers, with Jack Carney—the famous Art's brother—of my Talent Scout show on Monday nights. He and Jack and Esther Stoll, a grand gal, comprised a board of experts which picks the talent for that show out of the hundreds who audition for it. Larry Puck has been in show business all his life and has a wealth of invaluable experience. You'd be surprised if you knew the number of star performers he has started on their way. I had asked CBS to assign him to my Wednesday-night TV show some years ago, and he was always a big help to me. We argued like hell all the time about show content, but that's part of the business.

In addition to helping me produce that Wednesday-night clambake, Larry also acted as agent, under my direction, for all the kids in the cast. He arranged, free of charge, all their bookings, transportation, billing details, and on many an occasion went along personally to see that the act was properly staged and lighted, etc. I paid the expenses involved. When I read in the papers the incredible yarn that we were "forcing" our people to accept this service, I discontinued it immediately. Inquiry brought to light the remarkable fact that some of the cast do actually reach the point where they prefer hiring their own staffs to do this work because it "improves their stature" and, besides, "such expenses are deductible."

Sometime last fall Larry told Jim Seward, that princely CBS vice-president I'm supposed to be in charge of, that he'd like to quit the Wednesday-night show. He was, as he put it, just plain worn out. When Jim told me about it, I said, "Let's give the guy a month off, for heaven's sake. He's doing too much work for one man, anyway. Let's take him off the Wednesday-night show and let him continue to work with Jack Carney on the Talent Scout show." It was agreed, and the last time I ever saw Larry Puck, even at a distance, was the morning he came into my office to thank me for the vacation and to say good-by. That was late in November or early December of 1954.

Then one Tuesday afternoon, somewhere around New Year's, I took a couple of very encouraging and complimentary letters from some of our (Continued on Page 107)

It's the Coolest!



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60-second **POLAROID**® *Land* **CAMERA** with great new film

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(Continued from Page 105) sponsors over to the theater with me. Shortly before rehearsal was over, I asked all hands to take seats while I said a few words. After reading the letters—which were simply evidences from the sponsors themselves, that, instead of slipping, as the critics said, our audiences were on the increase and sales records were extraordinarily good—I said something to this effect: "Well, it's been a rough year, but, as you see, we haven't really been hurt except mebbe in the pride department. Our sponsors are behind us a hundred per cent and that's the rating that counts. So I'm looking forward to a bigger and better and much happier year." (You know: It was one of those pep talks like the boss always gives the sales force on New Year's.) Then I added, "Larry Puck won't be with us on Wednesdays any more; he's just going to do the Talent Scout show, but I'll be here running the Wednesday show myself, with Freddie Hendrickson and Bobbie Bleyer to assist. So bring your problems direct to me."

Thirty minutes later I arrived at the Lexington Hotel to be informed that my good old friend, Nick Kenny, of the New York Daily Mirror, was trying to call me on the phone. When I got him back, he blurted, "What's this nonsense about you firing Larry Puck because he wants to marry Marion Marlowe?" My heart sank. *Here we go again*, I thought.

"Where the hell did you get that?" I pleaded.

He said, "A press agent has just finished calling every paper in town with that story!" Then he asked me to talk to the city editor for a minute, which I did—telling him exactly what I have just told you.

"We thought it sounded too phony, Arthur," he said. "Sorry I had to bother you, but we do have to check these things, y'know. We had it all set up for the front page, but I'm killing it right now."

I gave him my thanks, and he didn't print the story, but some of the other papers did. Big, screaming headlines again. Pictures of Mr. Puck and Miss Marlowe all over the place—and a complete rehash of the LaRosa story, with more pictures. That was the tip-off: Every time one of those attacks broke out in the papers, they somehow managed to work Julius in again, with appropriate pictures and remarks about how well he was doing since I "fired him on the air." They still quote the lad quite frequently when he expresses his "undying gratitude" to me for giving him his start, but I have never seen a single word about the fact that he knows darn well I never even dreamed he and Dottie McGuire had a love affair on the fire!

Maybe you'd like to see how these things really work. Around noon on the day after the evening that Nick Kenny called, Larry Puck phoned me. "Gosh, Arthur," he said, "what's going on? I just got back from my vacation last night, and I woke up this morning to find the joint crawling with newsmen and photographers. I've been hiding all day. I don't want to talk to 'em. What'll I do?"

"Well," I said, "have you been fired?" Remember, he wasn't on my payroll; he works for CBS and was assigned to my show.

"Not that I know of," he said. "That's what I want to ask you."

"Look, feller," I said. "You asked, before you went away, to get off the Wednesday-night show. O.K., you are off. You do only the Talent Scout show; you get the same money as before for doing less than half the work. Nobody has fired you and you're sitting on top of the world. Incidentally, is there any truth to the rumor about you and Marion?"

"Why, yes," he said, blushing, I'm sure. "We got engaged while I was away."

"Well, let me be one of the last to congratulate you," I said. "But why have you been keeping it a secret from me?"

"Didn't intend to," he replied. "Remember, I just got back last night." Then he said, "Well, what'll I tell these damned reporters?"

"Tell 'em the truth, of course," I said. "What have you got to be afraid of?"

About five or ten minutes later the phone rang again. This time it was Marion. "Hi!" she said. I allowed the same, and she went on: "What am I going to do? I took a sleeping pill last night and I just woke up. The doorman says the lobby is full of photographers and reporters. What's going on?"

"Have you seen the papers?"

"Oh, yes. Isn't it awful? What'll I do?"

"Well," I said, "you were sitting there in the theater last night when I told you all about the plans for the new year. You know Larry isn't fired. You did know, didn't you, that he asked to get off the Wednesday-night show some time ago?"

"No, I didn't!"

"Well, he did, and he's off at his own request. If you're going to marry up with this gent, better start now getting him to cut you in on the latest. Incidentally, congratulations—but why all the secrecy? How come no tell papa?"

"You're always so busy! I never get a chance to see you!"

"Horsefeathers!" I said. "You know that door's always open to you, and *you* don't even have to knock. However, that's neither here nor there. You have my best wishes. I never saw two people more admirably suited to each other."

"Thanks," she said, "but what about the press downstairs?"

"Who're you kidding?" I prodded. "You know what to do with the press. Go get your glad rags on and pose pretty for the boys. What can you lose?"

"Oh!" she said. "You're horrible! You know how I hate that kind of publicity. I'm going down the back way with the garbage!" I guess she did too—two or three times.

I saw two or three different poses of her in the papers next morning—in as many different outfits.

Shortly afterward I said to Jim Seward, "Look, my friend, this Puck boy is your baby. You CBS guys never uttered one word during the LaRosa mess, and I think it's time a little statement was forthcoming for the gentlemen of the press."

"O.K.," said Jim. But by the time he and seventeen other guys got through kicking the thing around, it was late evening before they came up with a release. Next morning the papers said: "Yesterday morning (get that: morning), Mr. Puck told us he was pretty much confused and bewildered. (Where have I heard those words before?) Last night, after long deliberation, CBS denied that he was fired" etc., and there were the pictures of Marion in her outfits and Larry looking bewildered in the morning. Remember, it was noon, or maybe a little later, when he phoned me saying he had been ducking the press all morning. And the same for Marion. Incidentally, she was booked into a top nightspot in New York right after that at a nice fat fee. For which, hurray!

As for Larry, he never poked his head inside my office again. I have never laid eyes on him since the day he came in to say good-by when he went on vacation in December of 1954. This, despite the fact that he continued as coproducer on the Talent Scout show for a good many months afterward. Of course, I saw Jack Carney, his coproducer, almost daily.

It became increasingly obvious to me early last spring that it was time I went back to my original idea: promoting new talent. I thought about it a long time, and finally, in early April, I released the Mariners, Marion Marlowe, Haleloke and three writers simultaneously. The CBS contracts call for four weeks' notice; we gave them ten weeks' notice with severance payments in excess of $75,000. I did that early in the season, so that they would have a chance to get themselves lined up with other shows before the summer slump. They all made substantial contributions to the development of my programs. I wish them all the best. I hope you have noticed in recent months, we have sported a continuous parade of fresh young talent, all of whom I hope will go on to bigger and better things.

This is the sixth of eight articles by Arthur Godfrey as told to Pete Martin. The seventh will appear next week.

. . . Then We Had Twins (Continued from Page 25)

I was buying them doubles of whatever they were drinking. For the next forty-eight hours I lived in one of those little rose-colored, back-slapping worlds inhabited by happy expectant fathers.

Two evenings later, though, I was brought back to earth with a jolt when I phoned Peggy again and heard the latest news. It seemed there were going to be complications with this pregnancy too. Three years before, it had taken ten doctors, sixteen pints of blood and some fast Sunday-afternoon surgery to save Peggy's life when she lost a child at five and a half months after "complications" set in.

This time it was something else again. According to our obstetrician, one of the infants was "making liquid"—a frequent cause of miscarriages—and he didn't think Peggy would be able to carry the twins long enough for them to live. We went to see him together when I returned to Los Angeles, and he told us how things would have to be, if Peggy were to even think of delivering the twins. He put her on a no-salt, no-liquid, no-roughage, no-nothing diet, and for the rest of the spring and early summer she lived on faith and raspberry ice. We stopped going out, stopped having friends in. We lived like monks and tried not to think about how we would feel if things went wrong.

This time, though, we made it—by the grace of God, clean living and no traffic on Wilshire Boulevard at three A.M. on June fourteenth, when we raced a five-weeks-early stork to the hospital and won. As it was, we got there barely in time for me to let Peggy out, park the car, register her and reach the "Fathers' Pacing Room" before a voice on the squawk box announced, "Mr. Bell, you are the father of two fine boys."

All of a sudden I was ten feet tall. The only man who was even remotely as happy as I was our obstetrician, and when he came down to see me an hour later we pounded each other black and blue. Then he escorted me to the delivery floor, where I donned mask and gown, identified the boys and signed for them.

For the record, Craig Culbertson Bell and Mark Adams Bell were born at 4:02 and 4:09 A.M., respectively, on June 14, 1955, at the Hospital of the Good Samaritan, in Los Angeles, California. At birth they weighed five pounds four ounces, and four pounds seven ounces, reading from left to right. They were both healthy and normal, but because they were born five weeks early they had to be put into incubators in the "preemie" nursery until they put on more weight. The Bellboys, as they became known, are exceptionally handsome. I can say this without being immodest because they look like Peggy. At least, they have her red hair and her nose and mouth; they do both have my shifty, blue-green eyes. Craig, the larger, is the more passive of the two—like Peggy—and also more stubborn. "Craig the Clod" we dubbed him.

Mark, who is more of the steam-driven type, takes after me. They are the sixth set of twins in my family. No one knows of any twins in Peggy's.

On our way to the hospital we had left Barbara at the home of a neighbor, a plastic surgeon, whose daughter, Susie, was a playmate of Barbara's. The plan was for me to pick her up in the morning and take her to stay with a family in Beverly Hills who wanted to keep her while Peggy was in the hospital. We might have done better to leave her at Susie's, because in the next four days Barbara apparently really went into her act. Peggy and I didn't know anything about it until the day our young lady came home, but then our friends gave us both barrels.

We'd warned them, when they insisted on taking Barbara, that she could be a terror when she put her mind to it. But they had pished and tushed and said everything would be just dandy, and we probably didn't know how to handle her right anyway. They found out what we meant, and they haven't spoken to us since.

I'm sorry our friendship had to break up the way it did, because I know it wouldn't have if they'd understood Barbara better. Barbara clamors for attention, even negative attention, and sometimes she becomes just plain monstrous in the process. It's been this way ever since she came to us, because ours was her third home in a little less than two and a half years, and her craving for security has yet to be satisfied. It's easy enough to say that she has to learn how to get along with other people, to recognize that they have rights just as she does, and to realize that if she continues to take from people without giving anything in return, they'll soon get tired of doing anything for her. Still, all this is pretty tough to get across to a six- or seven-year-old. Maybe Barbara learned a little of that after her Beverly Hills visit, although I wonder. She still won't take anyone's word for anything, but has to learn the hard way. Maybe one day she'll change.

Before the twins were born, of course, Peggy and I had given a lot of thought to ways of making Barbara realize what this sudden growth in our family really meant. We bought twin dolls and a nursery set and gave them to her as a surprise when Peggy came home with Craig—Mark stayed in the "preemie" nursery two weeks longer. And from the moment Craig arrived we let Barbara come into the boys' room to help out.

In spite of everything we did, of course, Barbara could see she was no longer the center of attention in the household. When two people who've never had an infant are suddenly forced to cope with twins after eleven years of marriage, it's apt to take most of their energies just giving the babies the minimum care required.

Several months before the twins were born, to be sure, Peggy had arranged to have a nurse in at home after she got out of the hospital. Unfortunately, this nurse was on a cancer case and unavailable when Peggy and Craig came home.

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We now had one boy at home and one in the hospital. In twelve hours we figured out how to feed, bathe and otherwise care for Craig, but we still wanted a nurse to take care of the two boys when Mark came home. This time, after phoning all over Los Angeles, we got "the Texan." She'd once been a movie player or something, and she assured us that she was accustomed to working in homes where there was adequate help—meaning a cook, butler, two maids, a chauffeur and a gardener. She wasn't sure whether this job would work out or not. She telephoned our pediatrician daily, to tell him what he should be prescribing. And she insisted that cereal should be powdered and put into the boys' formula immediately. "They need the gruel," was her comment. We managed to get her off this kick after having to throw away a whole day's production of formula—sixteen bottles—because her preparation had clogged up the nipples.

At the end of the first twenty-four hours the Texan flatly informed Peggy that she'd have to leave the case because she wasn't getting any sleep. Peggy countered with a brilliant suggestion. She proposed that the Texan come in each evening at seven and stay till seven the next morning. This way Peggy had no one in the house to get under her skin during the daytime, while the Texan was home, sleeping; and we got our sleep at night, while the Texan took over.

Flushed with the success we'd had in handling Craig alone before Mark came home, and aware that our money was running out, we called it quits with the Texan after two weeks, and started out on our own. We figured it would be either the twins or us, but we were willing to gamble, and we instituted a procedure which, while probably not perfect, worked well for us and enabled our boys to gain fabulously, sleep soundly and stay well.

The essence of this procedure was The Schedule. No demand feeding can be tolerated with twins, at least not in the first ten weeks. You just can't feed one child when he's hungry, and an hour later feed the second when he's hungry, and ever expect to get anything else done, much less get any sleep. So we made it a rule that when one awakened, it was Everybody Up. The first to awake is the first to be fed.

At the two or six A.M. feeding, the procedure was simple. Select two bottles of formula from the refrigerator, take them to the boys' room and put one in the electric bottle warmer. While that bottle is warming, you change the baby that awoke first. By the time you've finished, his bottle should be warm, so you take it out and replace it with the second bottle, and put the first baby down in his bed with his bottle in a bottle holder. Admittedly it is nicer to hold a baby when you feed him, but when there are two to be fed and only one of you, it just can't be done.

While the second bottle is warming you change baby No. 2, making sure meanwhile that his bottle doesn't get too hot in the warmer. When he is diapered you put him down in his bed with his bottle and bottle holder and then proceed to burp baby No. 1. Then you burp the second baby. You continue this back-and-forth procedure till both babies are fed. The time required is about forty-five minutes.

When solid food was added to the boys' diet, we found we had to amend the feeding procedure slightly. Cereal and baby fruit and formula must first be mixed in two porringers and then taken into the nursery with the two bottles. The bottles and porringers are heated alternately, and while one baby is taking his bottle in his bed, you spoon-feed the second. Then you "High Port and Cross Over" and put the spoon-fed baby down with his bottle—which you have been warming while spoon-feeding him—and pick up the other one and spoon-feed him. Naturally, the baby that started on the bottle first won't have finished it at this point, so you store it in the bottle warmer and give it back to him when the spoon-feeding is completed. It is important to remember that both babies must be burped at the end of each stage of feeding. If you forget, you may wind up having to change a bed, or even two. I speak from experience. Elapsed time for this course was originally about one hour, but now that the boys are eating meat and various other things, it often takes longer.

I won't even attempt to describe the scene of ordered frenzy when Peggy does all of the foregoing and also throws in a bath apiece and two bed changes. This happens in the morning, beginning around 9:00 or 9:30, and continues till at least eleven o'clock.

But believe it or not, all this is fun. Even at three A.M. when you're still bleary-eyed, you feel just plain wonderful when you bend over and pick one of these characters out of his bed and feel him put his arms around your neck. Right then the whole thing seems worth while. Very much so. And you decide then and there that you can do without that new suit or those occasional extra cans of beer because you want more to do something for the boys—and something for Barbara too.

The biggest thing we did for Barbara—to show her how much we loved her and prove to her that we were as much interested in her future as in the twins—was something Peggy had wanted to do ever since Barbara came to us. That was to have plastic surgery performed on her ears. Barbara had "loving-cup" ears—the kind that stick out like the handles on a jug and look horrible on a little girl. We'd been spending three dollars apiece for her haircuts, so that she'd look nice instead of "earie," but that would only last for a week. So Peggy mentioned her idea to Jesse, our plastic-surgeon neighbor, and he strongly recommended that we have the operation done. He felt that Barbara's ears would create a serious personality problem for her when she grew up; and even though Barbara, at six, was the youngest patient Jesse had ever performed an otoplasty on, he felt that the operation would turn out all right. We knew that Jesse is one of the best plastic surgeons in the country when it comes to ears, and since we were planning to move back East in a month, we decided to have him do the job at once.

We discussed the operation with Barbara ourselves, and then Jesse talked it over with her too. She liked Jesse and trusted him; otherwise I know she'd never have let him do the job at all.

An otoplasty normally takes about two and one half hours, and since it is an extremely delicate operation, it is usually performed with the patient under a general anesthetic. Jesse knew, though, that Barbara disliked ether—from the time she had her tonsils out—and he hinted that he might try something different.

We took Barbara into the hospital early on the morning of the operation, and for a while it looked as if the whole idea had been a horrible mistake. When the lab technician tried to get a blood sample from her finger, she carried on like a person possessed, and when we took her to the nursery for the preoperation preliminaries, we had trouble again. The nurse arrived to give her two needles, and we practically had to scrape Barbara off the wall to get the shots into her. One of the injections was penicillin—"penny-sillion," as Barbara called it—in the *derrière*, and the other was a local anesthetic in her arm. The local quieted her down and lulled her into semiconsciousness, so that when the attendants arrived with the stretcher to take her to the operating room she was extremely co-operative. She climbed onto the stretcher willingly, clutching her tearful doll, lay down and looked up at Peggy and me and said, "I'll be brave, mommy and daddy," as they wheeled her out.

I nearly cried.

And she *was* brave. She went through that entire two-and-a-half-hour ordeal with only a local anesthetic, plus novocain injections in her ears. They didn't need to give her a general anesthetic, because she never moved a muscle. Jesse was really proud of Barbara, and so were we. And so was Barbara.

Later, when she was back in her nursery bed, she told Peggy very gravely, "There was this nurse who leaned on one of my elbows, and Jesse leaned on my other elbow!"

"Why didn't you complain?" Peggy asked her.

"Because I didn't want to hurt Jesse's feelings," she retorted. "And besides, Jesse is a big man!"

Peggy burst into laughter at this, with which Barbara drew herself up haughtily and announced, "You're upsetting me! And if you don't stop that I'll ring for the nurse and tell her to send you out of here!"

To make her hospital stay happy, Peggy and I bought Barbara a number of gifts, including a carnation corsage and a box of candy. These pleased her particularly because they were "Just like what you got for mommy when she was having the babies!" She gloried in being treated like a grownup in such a serious business as this, and I must admit that she acted like one.

The operation turned out perfectly and made a world of difference in Barbara's looks. You don't even notice Barbara's ears any more. You only notice how much prettier she is.

As a special homecoming surprise I bought Barbara a locket—she'd asked for one as soon as the twins came, so she could carry their pictures around in it. It was a good locket; Peggy thought I'd lost my mind when I told her what I paid for it. When we gave it to Barbara, we told her she could wear it only to church, birthday parties and other dress-up occasions. But, being a woman, she put it on first thing the next day to show to Susie, down the street, and promptly broke the catch. Peggy was furious and Barbara was hysterical. In fact, she screamed that she was leaving home. Peggy was in the middle of the ten A.M. rat race with the twins when Barbara made this announcement, so she shrugged and told her to go ahead.

"Remember, though," Peggy warned her, "daddy has the car at the office, so I can't come looking for you."

Barbara flounced out, carrying a canvas bag and a doll, and marched down the street.

Peggy didn't know where she'd gone, but since she couldn't leave the boys alone, there was nothing she could do. A half hour later Barbara walked into the babies' room, sheepishly, with huge tears streaming down her face.

"What happened?" Peggy asked her. "I thought you'd left. What made you decide to come back?"

"Oh-h!" Barbara sobbed, "I didn't want to leave my brothers!"

"Well, all right," said Peggy consolingly. "Now go wash your face, so you look nice when daddy comes home."

Panic overtook Barbara at this. "Oh, he won't come home all *wild*, will he, mommy? You won't tell him, will you?" Then inspiration struck and she nodded triumphantly. "I know!" she said. "I'll tell him what I did and he won't spank me."

Nor did I. But from then on, Barbara wore her locket only on Sundays.

A few days later Barbara had her seventh birthday, and I took her and three of her friends to lunch at a nearby country mart and then to a movie. But the high light of the party was the birthday cake that Jesse's wife had ordered baked for Barbara. It was a beautiful cake with pastry flowers on top and seven pink candles. And as a special touch, the baker had decorated the rim of the top layer with a row of tiny pink-icing ears.

Barbara was so pleased that we'd had the ear-flattening operation done on her and so proud of the results that she had to tell everyone about it, including total strangers she would meet when we went shopping. She realized we'd had it done because we felt it would help her in later years, and that meant a great deal to her. This was proof to her that we were doing something to give her the security she so desperately needs. Barbara never has had the security with us that her twin brothers will have, because she was never with us as an infant. But she is learning more and more every day that we love her very much.

While we still feel like clobbering her when she gets into one of her Bernhardt moods—even the counselors at the day camp she attended in Los Angeles last summer all independently reported that Barbara is "a very good actress"—we know that's her way of getting attention. Our job is to convince her that there's a better way to win friends and influence people than by putting on an act. And, like every parent of every child who was ever reared, we'll keep on trying to teach her what we think is right and hope everything turns out for the best.

Meanwhile, we do get a little irked when people look at the twins and then say to us, "Why, that's what always happens, you know. Adopt a child and you're sure to have one of your own." What happened to us has never happened to anyone else before. At least, not just this way.

THE END

Moon Walking

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Tail stuck straight up, the housecat follows me
Into a moon as big as two or three
Moons ought to be. A moon that rests its chin
Upon a sill of foothills and looks in
The valley teacup with a face benign,
Like some huge prophetess who seeks a sign,
And reads the leaves to learn what they may hold,
Yet finds the same enigma as of old—
The earth mysterious and full of whim.
My path beneath the firs is dark and dim,
But, out beyond, it burns in silver light.
The cat and I are both bewitched tonight.
I lift and drape her in my warm arm crook,
And look until I do not dare to look.

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I Went Preaching Through Russia

(Continued from Page 33)

via the evangelist, via Carney the caboose, last car on the American train.

How did we four Westerners—three Americans and Arnold Ohrn, a Norwegian who represents the Baptist World Alliance, in Washington, D.C.—happen to be preaching in Moscow? I am somewhat astounded by the circumstances myself.

You may wonder to find me speaking of Baptist congregations in the U.S.S.R. The Baptist faith was greatly advanced in Russia near the end of the nineteenth century by two Western-educated Russians, Ivan Prokhanov and Basil Pavlov. Today there are more than 500,000 "baptized believers" and a total constituency of 3,000,000. According to the Russians themselves, there are 5400 Baptist churches, more than any other Christian denomination except the Russian Orthodox Church, the old state church of Russia.

In the summer of 1954 I attended an international religious conference in Sweden, where Ted Adams, Joe Jackson, Arnold Ohrn and I met a group of Baptist clergymen from the Soviet Union. As a result of that meeting, I received an exciting invitation in the spring of 1955. The All-Union Council of Evangelical Christians-Baptists of the U.S.S.R.—which is the jawbreaking name of the Russian Baptist Church and the smaller group of Pentecostals that has merged with it—invited four ministers of the Baptist World Alliance to visit Russia later in the year.

American ministers attend services at a country church near Kiev. Russian Baptists are not "lukewarm," says the author. They are "hot" Christians.

I was asked to represent the American Baptist Convention, of which I am a past president. My regular job is as pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Germantown, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Doctor Ohrn was asked to represent the world-wide organization. The Rev. Theodore F. (Ted) Adams, represented the Southern Baptist Convention, and also, incidentally, the World Alliance, of which organization he was elected president shortly before the Russian visit. Ted Adams' home church is in Richmond, Virginia, he is a Northerner by birth and upbringing. I cancel out that paradox, because I, a Virginian born and bred, am pastor of a Northern church.

The Rev. Joseph H. Jackson represented the National Baptist Convention, Inc., which he heads. Joe Jackson is also a native Southerner who now lives and ministers in Chicago. His church is far larger than either Ted's or mine. On our Russian adventure, Joe was the star attraction. A Negro is rare in Russia, and Joe is a big, stately Negro who resembles the former heavyweight champion, Jack Johnson.

We four—Adams, a gentle, saintly scholar; Ohrn, the cosmopolite, strong-featured and intellectual; Jackson, whose outward stolidity masked incomparable innate shrewdness and merry ebullience; and I—rendezvoused in Helsinki late in the summer and boarded a Russian airplane for Leningrad, where members of the local Baptist church awaited us, with flowers. This was the pattern of our reception everywhere in Russia: The first people we saw were always the common folk, with broad Slavic faces and strong, work-hardened hands—holding flowers. Their greeting was guileless and spontaneous. How do I know it was not rigged? Can I prove that the M.V.D. didn't round up local people, tell them to wash their faces and get out to the airport to cheer the Americanski? Just to show that there is "freedom of religion" in Russia? I cannot "prove" that the enthusiasm was not induced or part of some devious plan. But in my own mind there is no shadow of doubt about the genuineness of our reception—at airports, in villages, in churches and in homes.

If ever in my years as a minister I saw men, women and children thirsting after news of the Lord, it was these Russians—farmers and workers, unsophisticated, almost unlettered. We preached to the same kind of people to whom the disciples and apostles preached in the first century after the Crucifixion: The humblest subjects of a burgeoning pagan empire.

The Leningrad church's pastor, Michael Orlov, was with his people, and so were Alexander Karev, secretary of the All-Union Council of Evangelical Christians-Baptists, and bearded, elderly Jacob Zhidkov, council president. Karev and Zhidkov were our companions throughout most of our stay in Russia. Happily, a form of direct communication proved possible between East and West, because both Karev and Arnold Ohrn spoke German fluently. All other conversation, between Adams, Jackson and me, on the one hand, and the Russians, on the other, was via our official interpreter, Madame Novikova. She was a stolid, twenty-eight-year-old woman employed by the Soviet Tourist Bureau, Intourist. I cannot reproduce her first name in English characters, but it was a close Russian equivalent of "Lucy," and "Lucy" was what we called her. She spoke perfect English, and was, in most ways, every inch the professional woman. Once I asked her, "Lucy, what do you want more than anything else in the world?" I rather expected she would answer "peace," or perhaps "the international Soviet." Her actual answer was unhesitating and unequivocal. "A good husband," she said.

The night of our arrival we were taken to the Leningrad Baptist Church. When we entered, I realized I was undergoing one of the most thrilling experiences of my life. The church was a good-sized building. It seated, I suppose, about 600 people. There were, in fact, more than 2000 people inside. The place was jammed to the rafters. No inch of space was unoccupied by a human being. Neither pews nor aisles were visible, and from wall to wall the auditorium was packed with ordinary, poor, hard-working Soviet citizens. These were the people who for centuries have been trampled by barbaric Mongols, gilded despots and ruthless fanatics. Yet they have devoted themselves to the Christian faith for a thousand years since their prince, Vladimir, was converted—even when their communist rulers banished God and declared Him a myth.

The church was hung with placards bearing mottoes in Russian. "God is Love," was most prominent. We filed through the thick crowd. The Russian pastor, Orlov, opened the service, then hymns were sung. Some of the hymns were familiar to me—I recognized All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

When we preached, we rotated the batting order at each appearance. In Leningrad it was Adams, Hargroves, Jackson and Ohrn. Each of us talked about fifteen minutes, which time was extended by pauses for translation. This kind of preaching has a curious antiphonal effect, a kind of double emphasis by repetition, and it almost seemed that the people comprehended us doubly, so closely did they hang on our words in English, which they could not understand, and again on Lucy's rendition of our language in Russian. In between each two of our Western sermons, the choir sang an anthem.

The room grew unbearably hot. The air became stale with the breathing of many hundreds of human beings, and the people were so closely packed that a seventh-inning stretch or even casual wiggling was impossible. Yet for three hours the people did not stir, nor did their hungry attention flag. By the time we came to the closing hymns and the Chautauqua salute, I was a weary minister—but the people were eager for more. They pressed forward to greet us, to touch us. Karev and Orlov realized that we had had a long day, and they escorted us to the door. We passed again through the crowd, giving our hands to as many as we could reach. Joe Jackson, ahead of me, gave short benedictory handclasps right and left, like a prelate in procession.

The fervor of the Leningrad Baptists was not unique. We found the same evangelical enthusiasm in every city and town we visited—in Kiev, Odessa, Simferopol in the Crimea and in bustling Kharkov. I had cause daily to ask myself: What does this intense spiritual questing by these Russians mean? Is not this the country where atheism is the official policy of the government? Every day we visited churches—Orthodox as well as Baptist—and everywhere we saw the faces of people seeking God.

The overthrow of Russian Orthodoxy as the official subsidized religion of the state has worked, in large part, for the benefit of the Baptists and for the betterment of relations between Orthodox priests and Baptist ministers. Under the czar, all religious matters were in the hands of the state church, which was notably intolerant of any other religion. In the old days, a priest, powerful in his official status, wouldn't have deigned to speak to a Baptist pastor, hound of a heretic! But with the early Red enthusiasm for godlessness, persecution was directed chiefly at the more imposing enemy, the former state church. Many historic and beautiful Orthodox churches were despoiled, turned to secular uses or just padlocked. The Baptists, poor, weak and without great churches, were almost ignored. Both churches were reduced to a common status, but the comedown of Orthodoxy was so great a fall that its misery was correspondingly

(Continued on Page 112)

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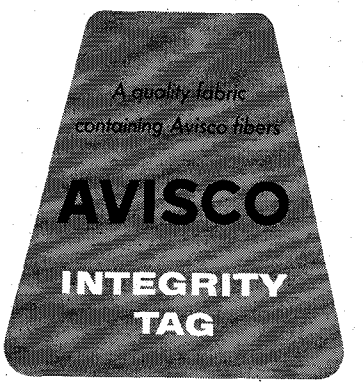

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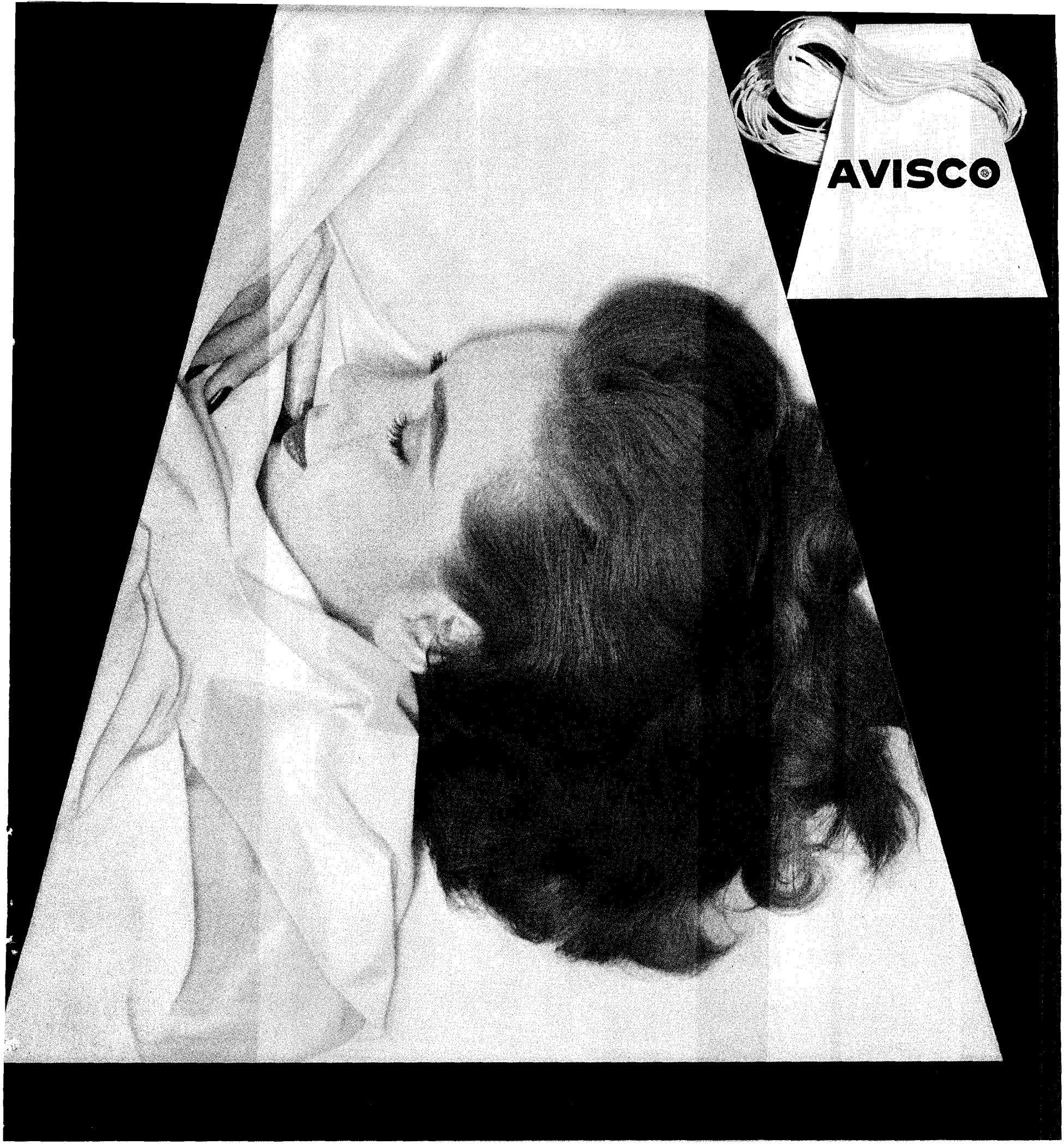

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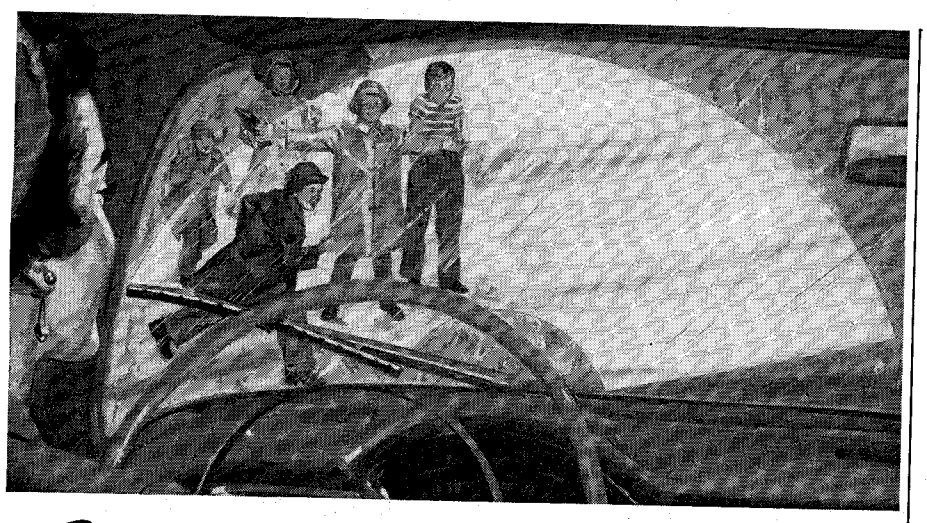

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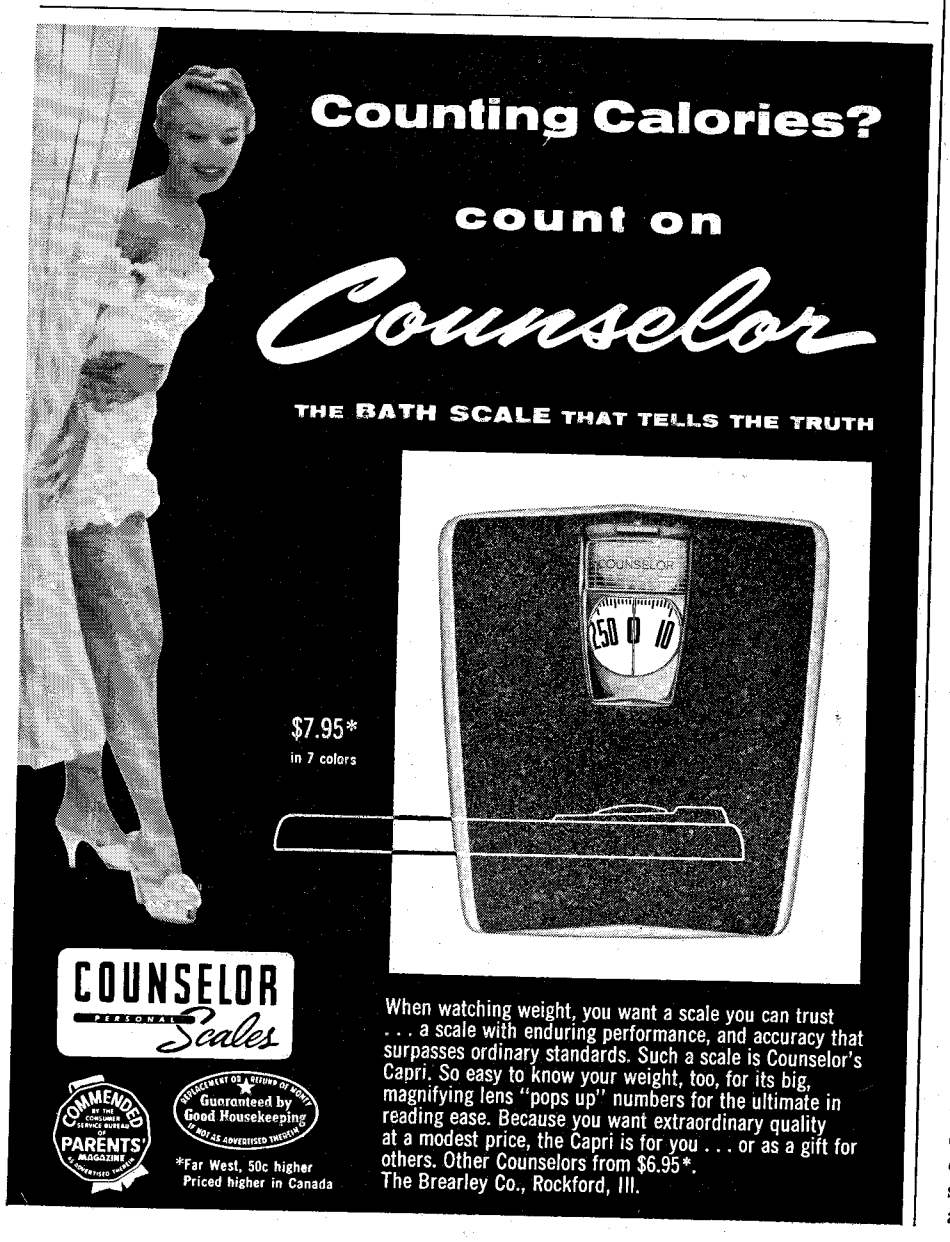
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(Continued from Page 110)

greater. Today, in Russian villages, we found the priest and the Baptist pastor to be on terms of warm human friendship and Christian love. There is nothing like common persecution to make allies of antagonists.

Yet many Russians are curiously blind to the concept of religion as a powerful social force. Ted Adams, who had visited Russia in 1934, asked an Intourist guide, on one occasion during our trip, "How do you account for the increased interest in religion in the Soviet Union?"

The guide thought the question over. Then he said brightly, "I do not think there is any increased interest in religion here."

Lucy, the interpreter, spoke up, "This man is living in a shell. He does not know what is going on around him. Of course, there is more interest in religion!"

I don't wish to minimize the effect of long years without freedom of religion or of thought. Much absurd propaganda is accepted as "gospel truth." Sometimes a dialectician would press Joe Jackson with words like these: "Now, as a Negro, you must admit that America is a fascist country, where colored people are lynched, exploited, oppressed, discriminated against, forced to live in shacks and slums."

Joe is rightly proud of his church, which, he told me, has the largest congregation in the world. It is certainly a very prosperous church, and in a profession not noted for being well-to-do, Joe is an exception. To such questions he would reply something like this: "I can't speak for every colored man in America—some make out better than others. But in Chicago I live on a street which is so fine the majority of white people can't afford to live there!"

The Moscow Baptist church was even larger and more crowded than the Leningrad church. We arrived at the appointed time to find that the building had been full for more than an hour before we got there. Overflow crowds jammed every corridor and entranceway and courtyard, and spilled into the streets outside. We filed through the dense crowd as we had in Leningrad, and the people greeted us affectionately. An old man with a wooden leg thrust himself toward me and gave me a fervent kiss. I soon learned that Russian men kiss one another frequently. After that I was on guard. More material evidence of the affection and generosity of our Baptist hosts was demonstrated when they gave each of us 1000 rubles as "spending money."

The pastor of the Moscow church is Alexei Karpov. It was he who led prayers for President Eisenhower on last September twenty-fifth. As his congregation stood with bowed heads, Karpov said on that occasion, "We pray thee, dear God, to restore to health Dwight Eisenhower, President of the United States of America, so that, along with Bulganin and other men of good will, he may continue his great efforts to bring peace to all peoples of the world." And the people called out, "Save him! O God!"

We made our way to the platform and took our places. My sermon taught me just how deep-seated is the yearning for peace among these people who were so savagely invaded in World War II. I began with what I thought was an obvious reference to the verse, "God is Love," painted on the wall behind me. "What," I asked, "is the most important thing in the world?" Many replied, "God is Love!" But from other pews came the shout, "*Mira! Mira!*" ("Peace! Peace!")

I met a former acquaintance at the Moscow church—Claudia Tirtova, a secretary for the Baptist organization, who had been in Sweden in 1954. I told Claudia it was thrilling to see so enormous a turnout for our visit. She deflated me kindly. "Our churches are always crowded like this," she said, "five times a week." I learned that the almost invariable schedule for all Baptist churches is a series of services, each lasting about two or three hours: Two on Sunday—morning and evening—and one in the evening on every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

This rule applies to rural churches as well as those in the cities. In outlying villages we found tiny, overcrowded Baptist churches, some ministered to by elected pastors of little formal education but of great zeal and devotion. A congregation might meet in the dwelling of one of its members. In other cases thatched-roof farmhouses have been converted into church buildings. We found a lovely cottage-church in a village called Selivonki, near Kiev, where a local blacksmith had fashioned a slim cross of wrought iron to stand over the doorway. It was at this beautiful little whitewashed chapel that the people crowded around in such numbers that they almost surrounded the building. Men of the congregation opened the windows, so those outside could see in. Two sets of the windows had remained closed for so long that they couldn't be forced open. Someone appeared with carpentry tools, and several panes of glass were removed. Throughout our preaching, eager faces were framed in the glassless openings.

Somewhere in the Ukraine I was attacked by germs. I came down with an unpleasant and debilitating intestinal disorder, and finally took to my bed at a hotel in the Crimean city of Simferopol. It had been arranged for us to spend three days in visits to Yalta, Yevpatoriya, Bakhchisarai and other towns. I was too weak to travel, but Joe, Arnold and Ted agreed to press on to Yalta while I recuperated in Simferopol. Lucy visited the authorities of the town and came back with assurances that I would have medical attention.

I lay back in my bed with satisfaction. It was peaceful to be alone for a change. Yet it was a little dismaying to be a sick Baptist preacher, 5000 miles from home, in a land where I couldn't even speak the language. Just when I was at the point when I might have been feeling a bit sorry for myself, the door to my room opened and in walked a beautiful woman.

She said, "I am the doctor."

The doctor was the only beautiful woman I saw in all Russia. What's more, she seemed to be a competent doctor. I knew I had had a stomach upset, with attendant discomfort and indignities. I did not regard it as serious, and neither did she, after a careful examination and diagnosis.

Since we agreed, it surprised me when she said, "Now, you must have a surgeon."

"No," I said. "That's ridiculous."

"You don't need a surgeon," she said, "but the surgeon must see you. It is for my protection. Suppose you have appendicitis, and I have made a faulty diagnosis—on you, a guest in the Soviet Union. You must have a surgeon."

I had a surgeon, who agreed with the doctor.

Olga was an enthusiastic, dedicated communist who taught at the Simferopol School of Languages. Because she knew English, the authorities assigned her to sit with the sick American. She was a neatly dressed girl, but plain. She spent several hours with me. She sat in a chair, I lay in my bed, and we conversed. We ultimately came to fundamentals, and Olga told me that she didn't believe in God. Not at all.

I responded with one of the classic, unanswerable questions of Christian apolo-

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A woman of courage is one who gets on the scales while her friends are watching.

HOMER PHILLIPS

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getics: "If you don't believe in God, how do you believe in the existence of virtue? If there is no God, and hence no purpose in the Creation, how do you account for morality? If there is no God, why do you believe in being good?"

She pondered a bit, then said lamely, "Because of patriotism. And because of education." She went on, "I feel a great sense of gratitude to my country. It has given me everything I have, and I'm grateful."

Poor Olga! She was most kind to me. I wrote her from Moscow, thanking her and giving her my address in Philadelphia. I asked her to write. Someday, perhaps, I shall hear from her again. I offered to send her a Bible.

I don't think Olga knows what she believes. Most Russian Baptists are less well educated than Olga, but they know what they believe: the truth of Holy Writ. And they prize a copy of the Bible, beyond the conception of Americans, to whom the Bible is the most common of books.

We had brought a number of gift Bibles, printed in Russian, with us, and at Kharkov we saw that there would be one left over. We had presented one to each pastor we visited. We decided to give the extra Bible to the assistant minister at Kharkov, but venerable Zhidkov, the council president, demurred. He asked to see the assistant minister's present Bible—a shabby, well-worn book. "This is too good to be replaced," Zhidkov pronounced. "If you permit, we will find a more suitable recipient of the new Bible. There are so many who have none." We gave him the Bible.

There are two portfolios in the Council of Ministers of the Supreme Soviet, which, in effect, purport to reduce God's affairs to a governmental department, like Social Security. One is the Council for the Affairs of the Russian Orthodox Church, and the other is the Council for the Affairs of Religious Cults, under which contemptuous term are lumped all religions apart from Orthodox—Protestant, Roman Catholic, Mohammedan, Jewish, Buddhist. The head of this latter council is I. V. Polyanski. Under Mr. Polyanski, one N. V. Koltsov is the officer in charge of the Department for Free Churches—which means the Baptists. Polyanski and Koltsov, and we four visitors, were the guests of honor at our final dinner in Moscow. For the first time, wine was present at our table: There were two bottles for the exclusive use of the two government officials. Mr. Koltsov, who sat next to me, urged me to share his bottle, but I declined. We Baptists are notably abstemious, in Russia as elsewhere. A Russian Baptist is summarily expelled from his church for adultery, or smoking, or drinking—which means the mere taking of a drink.

Koltsov and I conversed pleasantly, although at one point he complained to me about "certain American congressmen who are attempting to start a war between the United States and Russia." I happened to show Mr. Koltsov a picture of my wife and three daughters. He examined it with care. "Ah, Hargroves' collective farm!"

It seemed odd to me, a free American, to meet government officers in control of a people's religion—officers who are certainly not Baptists and probably not even Christians; who are, presumably, professed antagonists of any religion. Why, I have asked myself, are the Baptists permitted, even under close supervision, to worship? Is this a perverse or diluted Christianity, which depicts the Son of God as a first-century social reformer and nothing more? I am sure the answer is no. The faith is preached according to the Scriptures, and Russian Baptists are not "lukewarm," like those described in the Book of Revelation. They are, as Karev himself proudly told me, "hot" Christians. "We are reviving first-century Christianity," he says, "in the twentieth century."

But why are these Christians allowed to meet at all? Is communist ideology softening? Is there a new humanitarianism in the Kremlin? Such a possibility must not be overlooked, for therein would lie great hope for peace. Still, for many years the historical record shows that honor and truth, to Russia's rulers, have been outmoded concepts for dealing with people. Expediency rather than principle appears to have been their maxim. Has this rule been repudiated? Or is it felt that Christians meeting together are a device by which the state may be served? If so, served in what way?

The first significant relaxation in the anti-religious campaign—against the former state church—came during the war, in a time of great national suffering. The courage of the people to resist the invaders was strengthened by worship. Sufferance of Christians may still be part of a Soviet design to keep heart in the common people. The great Roman Empire, too, alternated between savage persecution and contemptuous toleration of Christianity. And ultimately the faith conquered the empire.

Is it possible for an analogous cycle to be repeated in the Soviet Empire? Are Russia's Red masters outsmarting themselves? Do they have a tame church or do they have a bear by the tail?

I don't like to speculate. I know only that no human ruler, from Nero to Napoleon, from Hadrian to Hitler, has for long managed to keep Christianity on a leash. Our Baptist brethren in Russia, who love their country and are honest, law-abiding citizens, will, I know, render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. Just as I know they will render unto God the things that are God's—no matter what the cost.

THE END

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Who is Frank Lausche?

(Continued from Page 39)

would work at it, he could command more than 200 votes when the convention opens next summer. But this is an optimistic guess that ignores several important considerations, including the fact that Lausche isn't likely to "work at it" by making a public campaign unless there is a real boom for him in other parts of the nation. It also ignores the fact that Lausche in the past has frequently refused to "play ball" with the Democratic organization, that he has been hostile toward lobbies and pressure groups including labor-union leaders, and that he is understood to have written a letter—never publicly revealed—to President Eisenhower expressing his admiration for and his confidence in the leadership of the Republican chief executive in a national emergency.

"It's high time to stop allowing Lausche to continue under a pseudo-Democratic label," Robert W. Reider, a former legislator, asserted in announcing that he would seek the Democratic nomination for governor next May. Just how to stop him, however, has been puzzling both Democratic and Republican candidates for some time.

Lausche's achievements in office have never been such as to cause dancing in the streets, and he is not generally regarded as an outstanding administrator, being reluctant to reach decisions or delegate authority. Yet a solid majority of Ohioans, including some of his foes, describe him as a "good" or "honest" governor. He campaigns as an enemy of political bossism; yet the Democratic organization always gives him at least nominal support. He has many times denounced labor-union leaders; yet the rank and file of workingmen always strongly support him. He has been a lifelong Democrat and a supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt; yet Ohio's conservative Republicans regard him as "safe," contribute to his campaigns, and many thousands of them cross party lines to vote for him. The newspapers often criticize him for lack of aggressive leadership and refer to him sardonically as "Fearless Frank"; yet he has had a friendly press in general and even the stanchly Republican Cleveland News has remarked that the "voters have not made a very great mistake" in electing him.

Such contradictions merely emphasize the fact that Lausche is one of the cleverest political strategists in Ohio history. "Lausche is a great actor," said the frankly hostile Cleveland News. "The public sees him only on the stage—the red, white and blue patriot, the political maverick, the independent dedicated to the cause of humanity. The common man does not see behind the scenes (where) Lausche is shrewdly moving pieces on a political chessboard. . . . He tilts at the windmills of the bosses one day, but next day sees his friends at the Cleveland Union Club (the heart of conservatism) or at some country club. . . . Put all of (his) contradictions together and you have a man of extraordinary vote-getting ability."

The subject of this partisan attack is a handsome man, almost six feet tall, weighing a trim 195 pounds and with a thick brush of wavy hair that is now turning iron-gray. He exudes simplicity and friendliness, and there is about him a kind of mysticism that prompts his friends to speak of him as priestlike. But he is also both rumpled and rugged in a way that is often described as Lincolnesque without arousing any objections on the governor's part. Mrs. Lausche, a slim, dark-haired woman who was trained as an artist, occasionally attempts to improve his appearance, without much success.

The only way in which Mrs. Lausche has made any progress in her campaign to spruce up the governor is by a slight wifely deception. For a long time, her suggestions that she should send one of his suits to be pressed met with her husband's objection that he intended to wear that suit the next day, and anyway it didn't need pressing. Eventually, she solved this problem by secretly buying a duplicate of each of his four business suits. Now she switches the suits about and sends one batch out to be pressed while the others hang in the closet.

Lausche is a master of public speaking, with a knack for knowing when to be bombastic, when to be pleasingly modest and when to be just homespun and folksy. He can make effective use of a lyrical phrase or of Biblical language, and he is expert at handling emotional passages that may leave many of his listeners in tears. "I don't ask you to vote for me," he exclaimed repeatedly during the 1952 campaign. "I ask you to vote the way the boys in Korea would want you to vote." Almost all of his speech is precise and formal, even if he is merely giving instructions to his driver to pick him up after luncheon.

Despite this tendency to formal speech, Lausche can sometimes be as shy and unassuming as a country boy on his first date. One source of his popularity is his willingness to appear at countless small and large gatherings all over the state, month after month. Often when he has been invited to attend opening day of a county fair, for example, he manages to enter quietly by a side gate while the official welcoming committee waits for him at the main entrance. Then somebody—usually a news photographer—will suddenly discover that Lausche is sitting on a soda-pop crate talking with some dirt farmers down by the race track or is playing with a dozen children near the Ferris wheel. It's a laugh on the welcoming committee, but nobody is going to get sore at the governor just because he wants to avoid a lot of fuss and bother.

There are, of course, times when this shyness backfires. Not long ago, Lausche went to a hospital to visit a sick friend. When he stopped at the reception desk for a visitor's card, the attendant said, "Oh, governor, go right on up. Everybody knows you." He got as far as the elevator, where a firm-jawed woman operator demanded his visiting card. He replied weakly that he'd been told he didn't need a card.

"Are you a doctor?" the operator asked.

"No."

"Are you a patient?"

"No."

"Then you gotta have a card. Who d'you think you are, anyway?"

The car was crowded with impatient passengers by then, and Lausche hesitated in embarrassment before replying softly, "I'm the governor." The operator gave him a frightened look, slammed the door and took him up to the fifth floor without a stop. Lausche squared his shoulders uncomfortably and stepped out, but as the door closed he heard the operator apologizing to other passengers whose floors had been missed. "Sorry, folks, but I didn't want to stall around with that guy. He's one of the nuts we got here—absolutely nuts!"

Lausche can be a gay and even hilarious companion on the rare occasions when there is a party at the governor's mansion or when he is a guest elsewhere. He likes a songfest and he likes to tell stories—especially jokes on himself. But basically he is a worrier and, in many respects, a lonely man who has purposely avoided close personal friendships. "Sometimes he seems to trust no one," according to a long-time acquaintance who is probably as close as any person to Lausche. "He has a kind of phobia about the possibility of friendship influencing his decisions. If I recommended anybody for a job, he would refuse even to see the man—and might refuse to speak to me again."

Much of Lausche's worrying—and planning—is done in the early-morning hours. He is normally up at six A.M. and starts the day with coffee from a vacuum jug prepared the night before. He dictates to a recording machine for an hour or more, and if he is worried or has some particularly difficult problem, he may retreat to a small room at the back of the mansion and play the violin for half an hour.

By eight A.M., Lausche usually sends his mail to the office to be transcribed. He sees visitors at home until ten A.M.; then goes to the capitol. Luncheon normally is a sandwich—he likes hamburgers, or Limburger-cheese sandwiches with onions—at a small out-of-the-way restaurant. When possible he leaves his office at 4:30 P.M. for a round of golf, is home by 7:00 P.M. to read and sign his mail while eating from a tray and often is in bed by 8:30 P.M. Exercise is important to him and if the weather is unfit for golf he takes a long walk each day, usually around the golf links, with one of the three family dogs.

Lausche's "aloneness" is not easy to explain, for he comes from a large family whose home was a kind of community social center for the Slovene section of Cleveland. His father migrated at the age of seventeen from the Slovenian town of Hinje, now a part of Yugoslavia, to work in the steel mills. He soon branched out into such enterprises as a winery, a newspaper, a restaurant and into acting as court interpreter. He was an enthusiastic American by adoption and he did his best to convince every newly arrived Slovene that he should quickly become a citizen and join the Democratic Party.

His wife, who became known to thousands of immigrants as "Ma" Lausche, migrated from another village in Slovenia in 1891 and was a hired girl in a boarding-house until they met and married. She bore twelve children, of whom six are still living. Frank, the eldest, was born in 1895, and part of the burden of supporting the family fell on him when his father died in 1907. By that time the winery and restaurant provided an income and Ma Lausche was known far and wide as friend and adviser of immigrants from Slovenia. Hundreds of them came directly to the Lausche home for guidance when they arrived, and not a few stayed with the Lausches as boarders or for free until they could find jobs. There was music in the Lausche parlor every Sunday, with Ma giving the pitch for songs and various members of the family—all good musicians—playing the accompaniment.

Frank knew everybody in the neighborhood and worked at various jobs, including lighting the gas street lamps for two dollars a week. He was a fine natural athlete and played third base for Duluth in the Eastern League until he enlisted in the Army in 1918 and became a second lieutenant. While playing on an Army team, young Lausche was given a contract to join the Atlanta club in the Southern League. He abandoned baseball when he was discharged though, to attend John Marshall School of Law in Cleveland. He was at the top of his class on graduation day in 1920 with a 91.7 average, and later became a trial lawyer with the Cleveland firm of Locher, Green and Woods.

He also became an aspiring politician working in the Twenty-third Ward, where he was well known to the largely Slavic population. In 1922 and 1924 he ran for the legislature and was defeated. For the next few years he stuck to his law practice and in 1928 married Jane Sheal, to whom he had been engaged for five years. Three years later, when the veteran Democratic boss of the Twenty-third Ward rebelled against the party's mayoralty candidate, Lausche was appointed as leader. He turned in a resounding victory on election day despite the rebellion and became the ward's dispenser of patronage under the newly elected Democratic mayor, Ray T. Miller. It was a bad time for everybody. The depression had thrown many thousands out of work and Lausche's office was always crowded with men and women whose families were in distress. Then, in 1932, a vacancy occurred on the Municipal Court bench. Although it had been earmarked for another Democrat, Miller persuaded Gov. George White to appoint Lausche.

Lausche was on the bench for almost ten years, later being elected a county Common Pleas judge. In that period he established the basis for his future political career. He shut down several notorious gambling clubs that had been operating with the consent or connivance of political leaders and local officials for many years. His rulings ended a vicious loan-shark racket that had been mulcting workers' families in Cleveland. He sent a prominent labor racketeer to jail

(Continued on Page 116)

"I like the small, black one your accomplice is holding."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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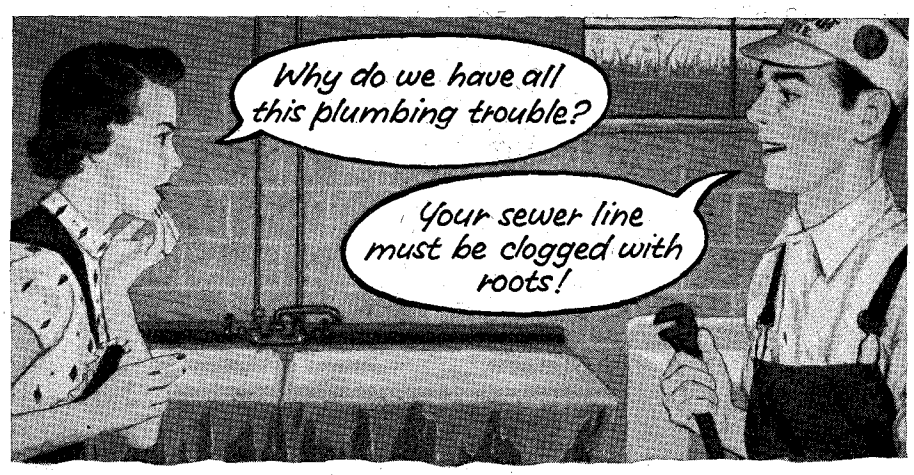

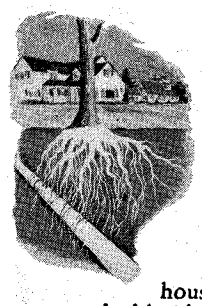

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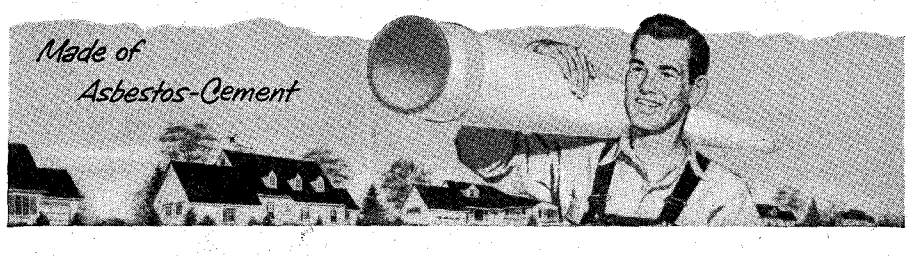

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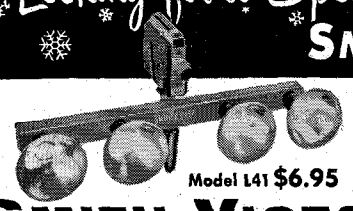

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(Continued from Page 114) amid the anguished cries of union leaders and, in several decisions, he curbed the right of union members to picket an establishment where there was no apparent dispute between management and workers—that is, picketing to force an establishment to become unionized regardless of the desire of the employees. These decisions brought Lausche wide publicity.

It was in this period, too, that Lausche's break with the leaders of the Democratic organization began. Lausche feels that differences first arose about 1937, when The Cleveland Press was urging him to run for mayor. The organization wanted Miller as its candidate and Lausche did not run. He later said the party leaders "used boss methods" to get Miller nominated, but most political observers believed that Lausche didn't really care because the Republicans had a strong candidate who won the election. In 1941, however, Lausche became the party's candidate and, with the support of labor organizations, was elected mayor. He broke with Miller—who is still the Cuyahoga County Democratic leader—almost immediately by refusing to fire the director of public safety, who had been bitterly opposed by labor leaders. Miller said that he had gained union support for the ticket only because Lausche definitely promised to get rid of the director. The mayor said he had discussed the question, but made no promise. Lausche has been beating "bossism" to tatters in every campaign since then. In 1944 his first campaign for governor was conducted almost entirely on the rhetorical question of whether Ohio was going to be governed by Lausche or by Republican Boss Ed Schorr, of Cincinnati, who wasn't running for anything.

This warfare against bosses of all types hasn't done anything for the Democratic Party, which is still a minority in the legislature, but it has repeatedly won Lausche a maximum number of votes for a minimum expenditure of campaign funds. In his first race for mayor he polled 61 per cent of the vote and won by 50,000. In his second race he won by 67,000. In 1944 he was elected governor by 110,000 votes, although President Roosevelt lost Ohio by 15,000. In 1946 Lausche lost by 40,000 votes to Thomas J. Herbert, but he came back in 1948 to defeat Herbert by a smashing 221,000. In 1950, when Sen. Robert A. Taft snowed under the Democratic senatorial candidate, Lausche survived the trend by a substantial 151,000 margin. In 1952 President Eisenhower carried the state for Republicanism by a whopping 500,034 votes, but Democrat Lausche came through with a margin of 425,000 votes over Charles Taft. In 1954 he won by 212,734 votes, despite the fact that some of his supporters were beginning to ask whether five terms were too many.

Lausche's record as mayor and as governor has been neither especially good nor especially bad. He has been able to blame many of his shortcomings on a Republican-controlled legislature and to convince most voters of his honesty, integrity and good intentions.

As mayor, Lausche was responsible for creating Cleveland's city-owned transit system, for working out an admirable postwar economic program and for setting up a wartime labor-management commission that served as a model for other big industrial centers. As governor, he has pleased the state's conservative businessmen and farmers by keeping the government on an even financial keel. He has avoided any increase in taxes, except on gasoline, heavy trucks, race tracks and liquor. He has sponsored construction of a new $336,000,000 turnpike across Ohio as a revenue-bond project. He has cleaned up gambling joints throughout the state and created a natural-resources department that, among other things, encouraged local organizations to plant 27,000,000 trees on Ohio's denuded hills.

Lausche's efforts to control strip mining of coal, which destroys about 6000 acres of land a year in the state, and his program for handling mental-hygiene problems have been only partly successful. Some reforms were achieved in strip mining, but the present legislation is inadequate, he warns. Some $60,000,000 has been spent on the state's mental-hygiene program in the last ten years, but the hospitals today are more crowded than ever and the governor has sponsored—much too tardily, according to his critics—a $115,000,000 bond issue for new construction, subject to the voters' approval. Education expenditures have increased approximately 125 per cent in Ohio during the last ten years and state aid now amounts to around $130,000,000 a year, but Ohio is listed as thirty-fifth among the states in current expenditure per pupil and forty-third in the per cent of income spent for schools. After considerable delay and an extensive investigation by a survey committee, Lausche has favored creation of a School Building Authority empowered to issue bonds, build schools in impoverished areas and rent them to local boards of education—a procedure in line with President Eisenhower's school-building program.

All of Lausche's shortcomings have been aired from time to time in the newspapers and by his political opponents without making much of an impression on the voters. Charles Taft called him a "do-nothing" governor, but about the only issues he could dig up to use against Lausche were that state-made auto-license plates got rusty in a hurry and that Ohio ranked last among the states in vocational rehabilitation. The voters weren't impressed. The American Federation of Labor attacked Lausche for showing "contempt for the rights of workers" by crossing a picket line. Lausche's vote in the industrial areas was as big as ever in the next election.

The widest attack made against the governor came during the 1954 campaign, when State Auditor James Rhodes was the Republican candidate. He charged that there had been dirty work in the liquor-control department and skulduggery in the Ohio Turnpike Commission, headed by James W. Shocknessy, an adviser of Lausche. Obviously tipped off in advance, Shocknessy refuted the charges with affidavits and official records almost before they could get into print in the newspapers, and the Cleveland Plain Dealer called the accusations "obviously ridiculous and untrue." The charges of liquor-department scandals were based on the indictment of a state liquor investigator for taking a thirty-dollar bribe—the case was later thrown out of court—and on newspaper charges in 1947 that some of Lausche's aides had collaborated with a group of lawyers in dishing out liquor licenses with a free hand after the governor had been defeated for re-election. The name of Lausche's brother, Charles, a lawyer in Cleveland, was involved in the newspaper articles, but no one was ever charged with any law violation. The voters didn't seem to take the Rhodes charges very seriously and defeated him by a resounding majority.

Lausche also has been the target of whispering campaigns, especially in his early gubernatorial races. These have been based largely on the fact that he is a Catholic and that his parents were immigrants. "In some areas my opponents said that I was a faithful Catholic and in other places they said I was a renegade," Lausche said recently. "But that kind of campaigning was not typical of Americans and, in time, it disappeared. It was painful, but it never hurt me."

Although Lausche is sensitive to criticism, he has paid little public attention to these attacks over the long run and they

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haven't damaged him noticeably at the polls. On the contrary, his quarrels with labor leaders and with various lobbyists have added to his popularity in some parts of the state and have convinced him that the political power of blocs and pressure groups is generally much overrated. "It is my contention that no one can deliver the votes of the people—not the political bosses, not the union leaders, not the pressure groups," he said recently. "The American citizen doesn't bow to the whip."

Lausche's attitude of independence has by no means been limited to Ohio affairs or Ohio politics. Early in his career he showed little sympathy for the more extreme phases of New Deal policy toward labor and he never hesitated to criticize parts of the Truman Fair Deal program or to denounce "give-away programs." "The state," he says, "can give no more than it receives through taxes. And if we now complain, it is because we have been led (by Washington) to expect too much."

He has often shown a disinclination to toe the Democratic Party line in national affairs. He was slow and apparently reluctant to speak up for President Truman in the 1948 campaign, when his help was desperately needed in the Midwest. In fact, some of his more cynical foes claim that Lausche finally endorsed Truman at a time when he mistakenly believed no reporters were present and that he expressed fear the next day that he had hurt himself by doing so. In 1952, however, he publicly urged Mr. Truman to run again. Without saying so flatly, Lausche has made it clear that in 1950 he voted for Mr. Republican himself—Sen. Robert A. Taft—for senator because he believed the Democratic candidate was a front for union labor leaders. At the height of the 1952 presidential campaign, although he supported Adlai Stevenson, Lausche made a point of pushing his way through a huge crowd on the state-capitol grounds to extend to Dwight D. Eisenhower a warm "personal and official" welcome to Ohio.

This affinity for Mr. Eisenhower continued after the election, and it is understood among Lausche's friends that during a critical period in international affairs he wrote an admiring letter to the President. Lausche said in the letter that he knew of no one with greater ability than Mr. Eisenhower to meet a national emergency, to rally the support of the people and unite the country in a crisis. The people, he added, have faith in the President. The White House apparently appreciated the communication, and Mr. Eisenhower has, in turn, made Lausche aware of his own respectful attitude toward the Democratic governor of Ohio.

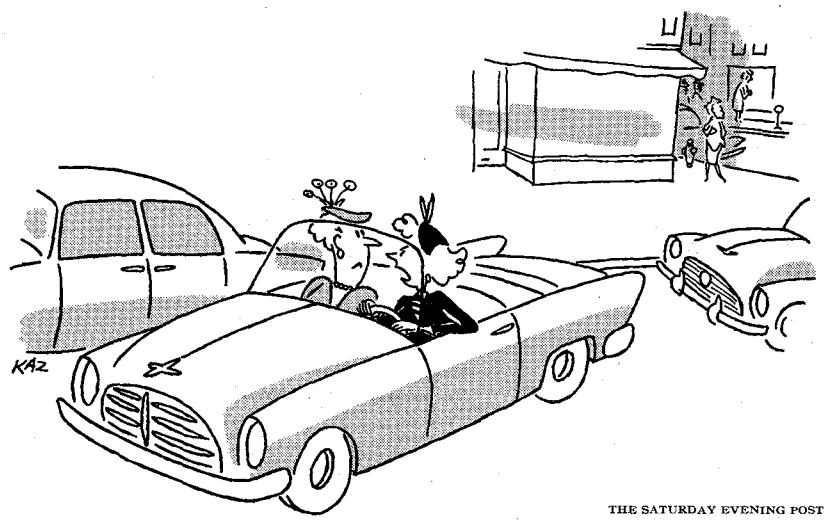
The Eisenhower-Lausche mutual-admiration society does nothing to calm the nerves of a large segment of the Democratic high command. Only last May, Lausche created a calculated political rumpus by refusing to attend a political strategy meeting of Democratic governors in Washington because it was held immediately after a White House conference of all state governors to discuss national problems. "I cannot join a political meeting on ways and means of defeating a man (Mr. Eisenhower) who has just been my host," he said. Such contrariness brought a sharp rejoinder from Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler and did nothing to endear Lausche to other Democratic governors, some of whom harbor presidential ambitions of their own.

Just what role Lausche will play in 1956 will be dependent upon future events, but at present the governor is determined to control the Ohio delegation to the Democratic national convention even if he has to become a "favorite-son" candidate to do it. Most political observers believe he will have no trouble in winning control, although Sen. Estes Kefauver, of Tennessee, proved a remarkable vote-getter in Ohio in 1952, when Lausche held himself aloof from competition for the presidential nomination. About the best possibility of Lausche getting on the national ticket, however, would be a deadlock between the Southern Democrats and the Northern conservatives that would open the way for a compromise candidate.

Meantime, Lausche has to decide long before the convention whether he will run for governor again or seek the Senate seat now held by Republican George Bender. It is generally believed in Ohio that he will seek a sixth term as governor, but this is by no means certain. It is no secret, especially to a political strategist like Lausche, that the voters can sour on a man who runs too many times for the same office. On the other hand, some political observers believe that he does not want to run against Bender because it would wreck his relationship with many Republicans who have given him campaign assistance and votes in the past. One political correspondent recently went so far as to say that Lausche wouldn't oppose Bender because George Humphrey, who was a power in Ohio politics long before he became Secretary of the Treasury, "won't let him run." Such gibes, more than anything else, might prompt Lausche to run.

In any event, it may be a difficult decision for Lausche to make—one that he will worry about industriously and put off until the last possible day. Already there are authoritative reports that the anguished strains of violin music can be heard almost every morning at dawn from a rear window of the executive mansion as the governor struggles to make up his mind.

THE END



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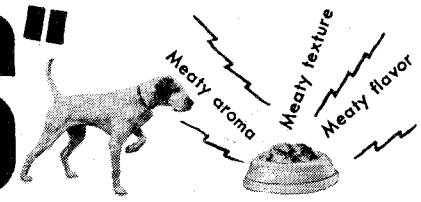

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Uninhibited Restaurant (Continued from Page 23)

occasional extrovert will whip out a pocketknife and hone away.

The restaurant is a faithful replica of an Elizabethan banqueting hall, and planning it occupied Howard for a full year. He chose a room on the second floor of the Gore, measuring roughly thirty feet by twenty, remote from the hotel's conventional public rooms. Rushes, gathered monthly from the riverbanks of Norfolk, strew the floor. "Not to lay fresh rushes for a guest," Chief Wench Adza explains, "was an insult—whence the expression, 'I don't give a straw for you.'"

In addition to borrowing family heirlooms, Howard canvassed the antique shops with a full purse, and accumulated such accouterments of the Elizabethan banqueting hall as armor, poignards, two-handed swords, a pair of high-backed chairs—one Gothic, the other early English—to seat guests of honor ("We call them king and queen chairs," he says. "Just a bit of patter that gives the occupants delusions of grandeur"), and shields with armorial bearings to be suspended from the ceiling.

What the antique shops or the family possessions could not supply Howard had reproduced. Beams and carved paneling were copied from those in historic manor houses. He rejected electrical lighting in favor of candles made to his specifications by the same continuous hand-dipping process which the Elizabethan "chaundelers" used. For a time Howard seriously considered chaining a brace of live falcons to a perch above the banqueters' heads, but he settled for stuffed ones.

A log fire roars on a stone hearth, casting long, dancing shadows against the vaulted ceiling, and from time to time a youth attired as an Elizabethan scullion tosses in a bouquet of dried aromatic herbs to sweeten the air. The guests sit together at two immense refectory tables, forming a T shape, on "binks," benches with raised backs. The wenches tuck napkins around the men's necks ("It tickles them," Assistant Wench Margot attests, "and they love it") and serve them first, according to Elizabethan etiquette.

The banquet begins with mead, drunk from silver-plated, wooden-stemmed goblets known as mazers. Mead, a potent ferment of honey, herbs, malt and yeast, is probably man's oldest alcoholic beverage. Howard used to buy his mead from a firm of Cornish vintners, who hoped to revive the ancient industry, but this somewhat quaint enterprise failed, and he now offers a home-brew made by his Chief Wench. With the honey, herbs and spice, she combines cider and Madeira wine and lets it stand in bottles for a month or two. Now and again, a bottle explodes, adding to the general gaiety of the Elizabethan Room. "In ye olden days," the Chief Wench wistfully notes, "a good mead maker got his house and land free, and a third of all his mead."

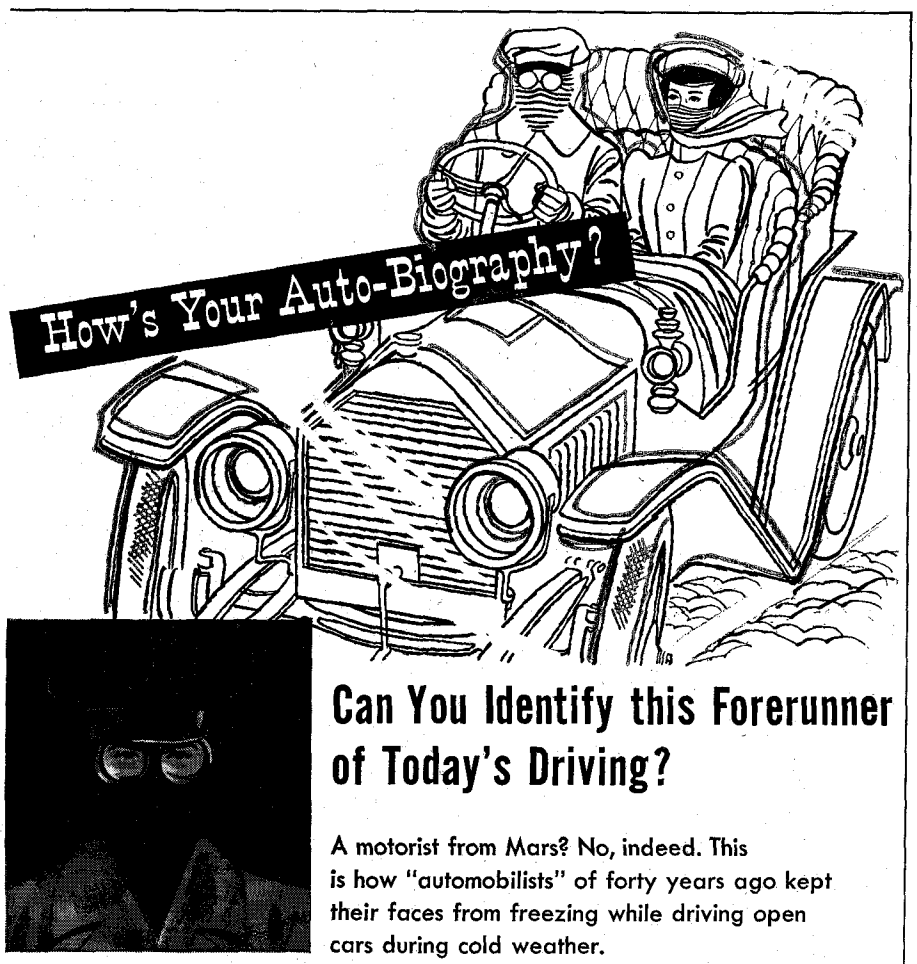
The fare that follows the mead is a challenge to trenchermen. Washed down with brimming tankards of a young, rough claret, it is served in two "removes," or changes of platter—the Elizabethans frequently managed four—each running to seven or eight hearty specialties of the era, and takes at least two hours to consume.

For a starter there is Spring Soup, a boiling of early garden greens in a wooden bowl. To induce the proper Falstaffian abandon, the wenches urge the diners to drink it directly from the bowl. "Once you get them gulping noisily," says Howard, "their resistance breaks down and they're ready for fun and games." An American couple, concluding that the Elizabethans used no dining utensils at all, happily ate the whole meal with their fingers, only to have a wench exclaim, "Ods bodkins, I forgot your knife and fork!"

The knife is a short, pointed one with a wooden handle; the fork a bifurcated dagger, almost as hard to handle as chopsticks. "Actually, we cheat a little here," Howard confesses. "Forks didn't come into fashion in England until the sixteenth century and even then were thought to be rather foppish. Knife and fingers remained better form. Far Easterners probably invented the fork, and the Venetians introduced it to Europe."

The first remove may include cucumbers in Canary wine, peacock, boar's head, sturgeon and herring salad. A flat wheaten loaf stands at each platter, a "saller," or salt box, at the juncture of the two tables, where, in Elizabethan times, it formed a boundary of social distinction, high-ranking guests being seated "above the salt." At the end of the first remove a wench passes an alms dish for the diners to scrape their platters into. Leftovers formerly went to the poor, and it was deemed both courtly and charitable to leave a sizable amount.

On to the second platter goes Champ—potatoes and peas stewed together as Sir Walter Raleigh liked them—boiled, spiced wild spinach called Good King Henry, a favorite of Elizabeth I; artichoke pie, swan,



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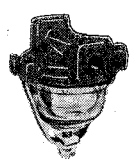
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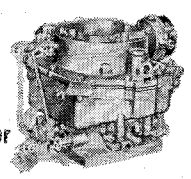
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The Perfect Squelch

The professor of philosophy had a foreign name and a foreign accent, but he was a naturalized United States citizen who had learned to appreciate the value of democracy from sad experience under dictatorships.

The chairman of a legislative committee investigating the loyalty of the state-university faculty, however, soon singled out the good professor as the target of innumerable questions. The professor, occasionally pulling at his meerschaum, replied with conciseness and dignity. His unruffled demeanor seemed to annoy his examiner, whose questions grew sharper.

"And now," the legislator snapped, "just how did you vote in the last election, professor?"

In clipped accents, the professor replied evenly: "By secret ballot, sir."

Wayne D. Dodd

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venison, gooseberry tanzye, or tart, and sillabub, a zesty, velvety sweet, which causes practically everybody who tastes it to clamor for the recipe.

Take a pint of Canary or white wine (according to Sir William Salmon's seventeenth century Family Dictionary or Household Companion), a pint of raspberry juice, a spring of rosemary, a nutmeg quartered, the juice of a lemon and some of the peel with sugar, put these together in a pot all night and cover them. In the morning take a pint and a half of new milk. Then take out the lemon peel, rosemary and nutmeg, squirt your milk and cream into the pot. With a wooden cow, fold at the turners.

For the claret and ale which flow throughout the feast Howard provides tyg cups, or two-handled pottery tankards. They hold half a pint and the wenches replenish them thrice at no extra charge. Tyg cups were meant to be drunk out of simultaneously by a man and the lady of his choice—an untidy process, but one that promotes considerable intimacy. "Two mouths should make one," Assistant Wench Margot explains, quoting the Elizabethan formula, and, plumping herself into some blushing male's lap, she gives a demonstration.

Music and song, acrobatics, buffoonery and practical joking were recommended by the Elizabethan medicos as the best digestives. While Howard was outfitting his kitchen, an employee of the gas company, Eric Lukis by name, arrived to supervise the installation of gas stoves. When he realized what was up, he disclosed himself to be an amateur musician, able to accompany himself on the lute, the pandora, the cittern and other Elizabethan stringed instruments in an extensive repertoire of early English ballads. Now, two or three nights a week, lutanist Lukis, a soulful baritone, strolls among the diners, garbed in jerkin and the laced breeches called Venetians, and renders such romantic period ditties as 'Twas a Lover and His Lass, You Shall be a True Love of Mine, O My Heart and O My Heart. On alternate nights a lady musician tinkles the virginal, a clavichordlike instrument, so called because it was widely favored by fashionable Elizabethan damsels.

After the sillabub, the wenches pass clay pipes, filled with a blend of Virginia tobaccos, such as Sir Walter Raleigh brought back from the New World, and a hot coal in a brazier to light it from, what Ben Jonson called "little pipkins, soon hot." Snuff follows, producing a volley of nasal explosions. Guests may keep the pipes as souvenirs—a policy maintained in the hope that they will spare more valuable objects. "A forlorn hope," says Howard. "We are on our fifth set of bifurcated daggers."

As the concluding ceremony, a wench circulates a guestbook to be signed with a quill pen and dried with sand. This now contains the signatures of a good many celebrities—Errol Flynn, who also scrawled his name in charcoal on Assistant Wench Margot's arms, after sharing a tyg cup with her; Orson Welles, who spent most of the night expatiating on Shakespeare and himself; soprano Kirsten Flagstad, who waived her rule of a lifetime against smoking and puffed on a clay pipe; columnist Ed Sullivan, Alec Guinness, Rosalind Russell, Prince George of Denmark, and assorted specimens of British nobility, whom propriety prevents Howard from identifying.

The Elizabethan Room closes officially around eleven P.M., but some wassailers want to linger on until the small hours and nobody gainsays them. As the tyg cups empty faster and the flames leap higher on the hearth, many an otherwise sedate tourist succumbs to the gusty atmosphere. The room echoes with cries of "Hoy, wench!" and the thwack of bold hands, as wenchly bottoms get slapped. A group of Royal Navy officers once abducted a subwench and took her to a late party. "I am relieved to be able to report," says Howard, "that she was restored to us undamaged."

Then there are the cutups who arrive in Elizabethan dress. "Usually the less well-known actors," Howard comments. Last spring a prewedding stag party of thirteen Oxonians, wearing doublet and hose, galloped through London on chargers to the Gore Hotel, hitched their mounts to the trees in front and tore up to the Elizabethan Room, where for hours they toasted one another in flawless Elizabethan language, finally collapsing one by one into the rushes.

Elizabethan England abounded in Howards, but restaurateur Robin Jared Stanley Howard cannot trace his ancestry back that far. Recent generations of his family, however, have not lacked distinction. His maternal grandfather, from whom he takes his third name, was the prime minister, Stanley Baldwin; his godfather—Baldwin's first cousin—was Rudyard Kipling, of whom he says, "The perfect godparent and child's companion. He never forgot a birthday."

The food-and-wine impresario is the oldest of four children born to Sir Arthur Howard, a wealthy gentleman farmer and chairman-treasurer of St. Thomas Hospital, who, during the war, headed London Civil Defence Region. An uncle, the Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, was Parliamentary Under Secretary for War in Stanley Baldwin's cabinet. Howard spent a good deal of his youth in his father's country house in Sussex which dates from 1600. There were several doctors in the family, and at school—Eton—he thought he might eventually study psychiatry. A secondary

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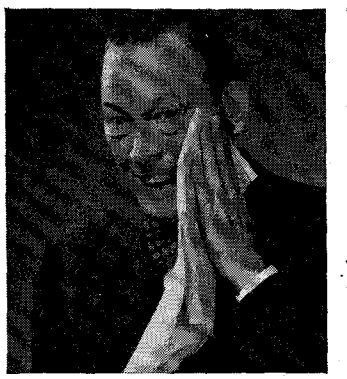

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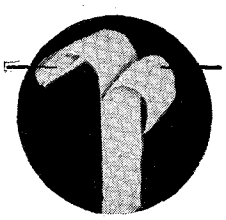

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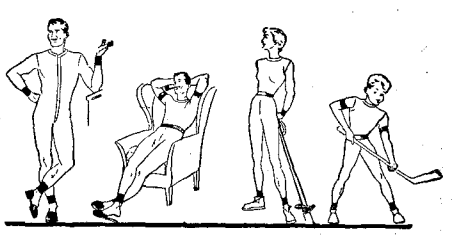

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but profound interest was Elizabethan manners and morals.

Commissioned a lieutenant in the Scots Guards, he lost his legs following a mopping-up sortie on the banks of the Rhine. After months of hospitalization, he attended Cambridge for two years, reading history and law. His desire to become a psychiatrist he abandoned when he learned that it would take him at least ten years to qualify for practice, and he decided to pursue a business career instead. He made some colorful investments. At present Howard owns, in part, the rights to a self-sealing, punctureproof toy balloon, which is manufactured by its inventor, a Dane, on a barge anchored in the Thames. He is also part-owner of Specialist Guides, which offers a twenty-one-dollar tour of London's night clubs; and the Ryarsh Brick and Sand Company.

In 1950 Howard bought the Gore Hotel, then a modest retreat patronized by elderly ladies in from the country, and gradually converted it into one of solid, though still unostentatious, elegance, with a capacity of sixty guests—current rates: $4.90 for a single room without bath to $11.20 for a double with, plus 10 per cent service charge. "I wanted," says he, "to run the kind of hotel I would like to live in—a hotel with the feeling of a private home, dedicated to good eating and drinking." To satisfy an increasingly cosmopolitan clientele, however, he found it necessary to employ a French chef, one Emile Huss, capable of executing the Continental as well as the English style of cuisine. "The chap's an absolute ace," Howard testifies, "but if you don't watch him, he'll turn even roast beef and Yorkshire pudding into a French production."

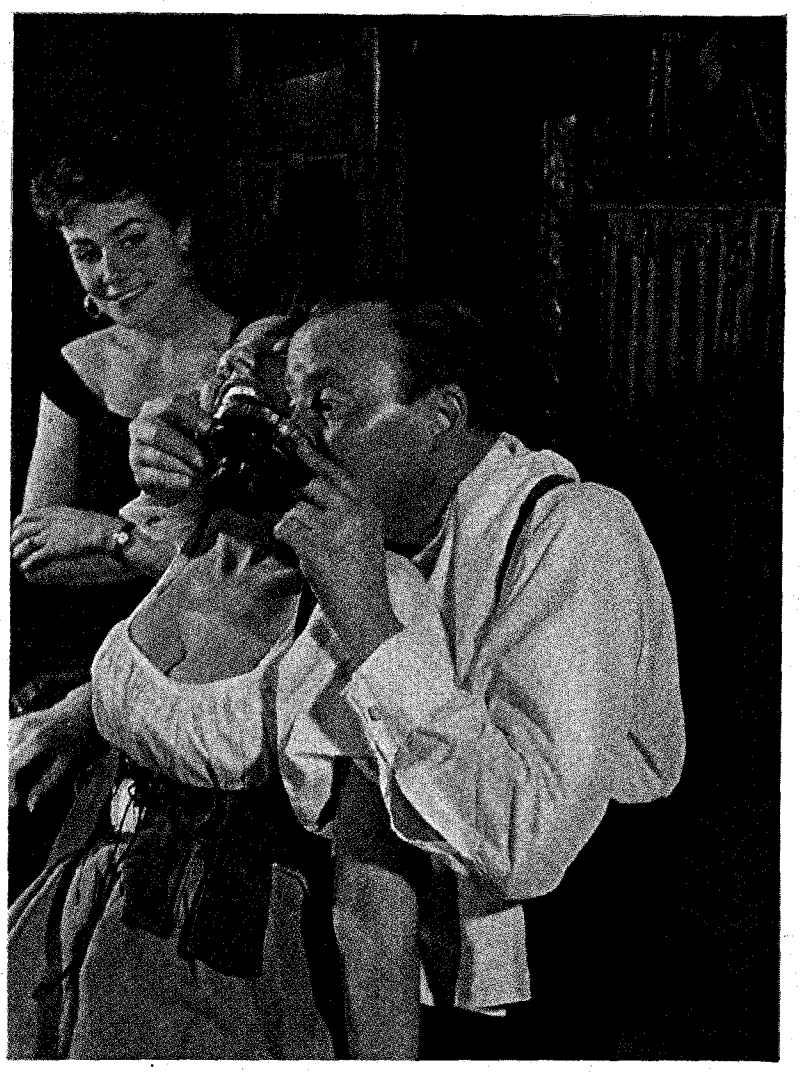
The Elizabethan Room was originally conceived as a patriotic stunt to run no longer than the coronation festivities. The idea appealed to both the historical scholar and the gourmet in Howard. "The kind of food Shakespeare ate," he points out, "was the last true English cookery before the Continental influence swamped us, and the earliest of which any reliable records survive."

Howard's most intensive efforts were expended in the quest for authentic recipes and the rituals accompanying them. Burrowing into the archives of the British Museum, of London's rarefied Wine and Food Society—of which he is a zealous member—and into private collections of old manuscripts, he consulted such sources as Pinson's The Boke of Cookery (1500), believed to be the first general English work on the subject; A. Neckham's De Utensilibus, originally published in the thirteenth century, which describes kitchen and tableware; Salvatore Massonio's Archipidno, "being a curios book of salads"; and The Whole Body of Cookery, written by William Rabisha, a Cornish master chef, in the seventeenth century.

Queen Victoria treasured a scrapbook of recipes, assembled through the centuries by her predecessors. Recently, Queen Elizabeth made it available to a culinary expert, a Miss Elizabeth Craig, who used it as the basis for a book entitled Court Favorites. From it Howard learned the secret of Mary Queen of Scots salad—"Dice sliced boiled celeriac and lettuce, moisten with cream, sharpened with vinegar. Garnish with chopped truffle and chervil and slices of hard-boiled egg"—and Sir Walter Raleigh's Merrie Cakes, a breakfast food that Elizabeth I doted on—"One pound of fine flour, a piece of butter the size of a filbert (if larger, no harm will be worked), a quarter of a pint of spring water, one pinch of salt."

In the course of his research Howard acquired a new vocabulary—"amulet" for omelet; "coffyns of pastrie" for pastry shells; "hoop" for baking tin; "marybones" for marrow bones; "verjus" for vinegar. From The Boke of Cervynge, written in 1508 by one Wynkyn de Worde, he learned thirty-seven synonymous carver's terms, each applicable to a different fish, flesh or fowl, and can now issue rousing commands to his kitchen staff like "Barbe that lopster! Spoyle that henne! Traunch that sturgeon!"

He found an invaluable technical consultant in a friend named Robin Green, an earthy, robust septuagenarian of Churchillian girth and temperament, whose lifelong hobby has been the study of Elizabethan daily life. Green describes himself as a domestic historian, and his encyclopedic range of information embraces such startling minutiae as why Elizabethan ladies wore hollow rings filled with honey ("So that," he explains, citing a contemporary commentator, "their personal vermin would be attracted to the ring rather than to the table of their hosts"), and the Virgin Queen's taste in beer ("So strong as there was no man able to drink it").



Hugh Dempster, a customer at the Elizabethan Room, emulating Falstaffian abandon, grabs bowl from serving wench and gulps noisily.

On a gas burner in Howard's chaotic bachelor mews apartment, adjoining the Gore, the two food antiquarians proceeded to assay recipes for their acceptability to the modern palate. A number of them, though highly prized of yore, they agreed could be disregarded altogether without actually putting them to the test. Cow's udders, for example. Another unlikely bet was a variant of sillabub called Under the Cow, which requires the chef to milk a cow directly into his mixing bowl.

Green did venture to "undertraunch that purpos (porpoise)," as prescribed by Wynkyn de Worde—fry a slice and take a bite. "Tasted like glue," he reports. Lacking refrigeration, the Elizabethans' meat got pretty high by the time it reached the table, and to disguise the flavor they would pile on hot spices. Howard and Green dutifully followed a duck recipe calling for a dozen of the hottest. The effect on their digestive tracts was incendiary. But they persisted, undaunted, until they had a choice of dishes—since grown to more than 300—agreeable to the palate as well as non-injurious to the system.

Certain courses, without which no Elizabethan banquet would be complete, posed some knotty economic and legal problems. Swan, for one. British poulterers do not normally stock this meat. The Thames, to be sure, teems with the haughty creatures and Howard, no mean shot, could probably bag an adequate supply from a rowboat, but only on peril of his life. By ancient statute all swans inhabiting the Thames belong jointly to the Crown and to two city livery companies, the Vintners and the Dyers, each of which has an annual swan feast. Anybody else who kills one may, according to the strict letter of the law, be hanged.

The shortage was finally overcome by the Gore's manager, a tenacious and resourceful young man named Peter Herbert, who explored the country beyond the Thames in search of commercial swanneries. He found one in Norfolk able to meet his quota at around £3 ($8.40) per swan, and never since has any guest of the Elizabethan Room had to dispense with this obsolete delicacy, which is heavy and dark in texture, and in flavor both gamy and fishy.

One handsome cygnet so captivated Howard's esthetic fancy that he consigned him to a taxidermist. Christened "Sammy" by the wenches, he became the Elizabethan Room mascot. Not long ago the Sadler's Wells Ballet took over the restaurant for a night to fete the visiting Paris Opera Ballet. In honor of the prima ballerina, Yvette Chauviré, who is noted for her interpretation of the Dying Swan, Howard stationed Sammy in front of the "Queen's chair." To his dismay—stuffing Sammy had stood him £30 ($84)—Mlle. Chauviré tucked the bird under her arm and carried him home. Master and wenches were somewhat consoled for the loss by an effusive letter of gratitude, in which she wrote that she kept Sammy on her dressing table and had persuaded her husband to have a diamond coronet made for him.

Few restrictions govern the consumption of that other royal Elizabethan staple, peacocks, but they are scarce—Herbert could find only three aviaries well stocked with the birds in the entire British Isles—weigh little more than a capon when plucked, and cost almost $100 apiece. Howard felt that at such a price he could not afford to adhere to Elizabethan recipes for whole roast peacock. Instead he conceived a *pâté* of peacock, stretched out with other ingredients, to be served from a salver embedded in the back plumage of a stuffed peacock. Parts of the bird not immediately needed he stores in a freezer, an un-Elizabethan measure of thrift which it distresses him to mention. Treated in this way, one peacock will usually last a week. From their most reliable peacock supplier Howard and Herbert are obliged to conceal their true intent and pose as collectors of feathered pets. A sentimental lady of advanced years, she regards her flock as personal friends and would be shattered to learn that any of them had been frozen and reduced to *pâté*.

The hardest of all Elizabethan comestibles to procure is sturgeon. It, too, is subject to a royal prerogative. Under a royal fish statute, enacted by Edward II, no sturgeon landed on British shores may be sold until it has been offered to and rejected by the sovereign. Since barely a dozen are landed a year, of which the Crown usually takes five, little remains for the commoner's table. The approved procedure today is for the captain of the fishing vessel to report his sturgeon catch by wire to the Master of the Household at Buckingham Palace, a Maj. M. V. Milbank, and await instructions. Recently, a captain who deals chiefly with the Mac Fisheries, one of the country's leading sea-food retailers and Howard's source for sturgeon, steamed into port with a ten-footer. He duly wired Major Milbank, then, figuring that since Her Majesty had requisitioned a huge sturgeon a few weeks earlier, she would probably not require another, he loaded his prize aboard a London-bound freight train. An hour later the major wired back: ACCEPTED PLEASE DISPATCH. The hapless captain had to intercept the shipment and speed it by car to Buckingham Palace. Quoth Chief Wench Adza to her Elizabethan Room customers, "Alack, good sirs, ye sturgeon's off ye menu tonight."

Upon recovering from the stimulation of their night in the Elizabethan Room, many guests write to Howard, some in appreciation, others to call his attention to what they consider anachronisms. A letter which Howard treasures was written by a retired army officer from his London club, complaining that the wenches, low-cut though their bodices were, still seemed too respectably clad for the period.

"I was not aware," he wrote, "that the serving wenches in those days wore such discreet garments. Surely, carefree dress would be more appropriate. Perhaps this sop to the twentieth century is necessary to satisfy the Metropolitan Police."

Retorted Howard, "As a mere normal male, I trust I share your feelings on the condescension of our wenches to the twentieth century. But apart from satisfying the regrettable ethics of the police, I have found from past amusing, if bitter, experience that things are liable to get out of hand towards the end of a feast if we comply too fully to the standards of our more fortunate ancestors."

THE END

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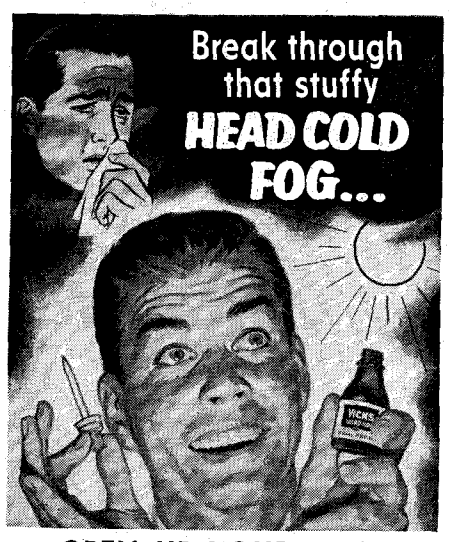

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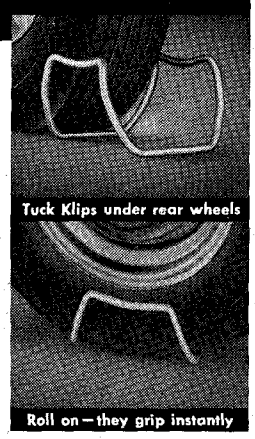

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The Case of the Missing Poison

(Continued from Page 20)

right speed to keep her hovering in a narrow corridor bordering complete unconsciousness, a drugged lethargy in which she would be unable to muster sufficient mental energy to tell a lie.

"Nadine, do you know me?"

"I know you."

"Nadine, you must tell me the truth."

"I'm telling the truth."

"Whom did you hate?"

"Uncle Mosher."

"Who was the man who hated you?"

"Uncle Mosher."

"He's dead?"

"He's dead."

Again the doctor glanced at the expressionless face of the nurse. He hesitated, then said, "Nadine, tell me the truth. How did he die?"

"I killed him."

"How did you kill him?"

"Poison."

"Why did you kill him?"

She said, "I had to go away."

"Go away from what?"

"Disappear."

"Why?"

"So John wouldn't love me."

"John who?"

"John Avington Locke."

"Does he love you?"

"Yes."

"Your Uncle Mosher died three months ago."

"I killed him."

"How did you kill him?"

"Poison."

"What kind of poison?"

"Pills."

"Where did you get the poison?"

"It was there."

"What did you do with the poison?"

"Threw it in Twomby's Lake."

"Where in the lake?"

"From the boat landing."

"Was it in a package or a bottle?"

"Bottle."

"Did the bottle float?"

"I put lead shot in the bottle."

"Where did you get the lead shot?"

"Cut open Uncle Mosher's shotgun shells."

"How many?"

"Two."

"What did you do with the empty shotgun shells?"

"Back of the gun cabinet."

"Have you ever told anyone about this?"

"No."

"Where did you get the poison?"

The girl's answer was unintelligible.

"Nadine, where did you get the poison?"

She moved her lips. Her tongue made sounds as though trying to formulate some complicated sentence; then abruptly, as though in realization that the effort was too much, the girl slid off into sleep.

The doctor indicated to the nurse that she was to shut off the medication.

"Nadine."

There was no response.

"Nadine." The voice was louder. "Nadine, listen to me. Nadine, move your right hand."

There was no response.

"She'll have to sleep for a while," Doctor Denair said. "When she starts to regain consciousness she may realize she has told us more than she intended. She may become excited and irritable. You understand that, Miss Clifton?"

The nurse nodded.

"You understand that this entire conversation is professional, that you are under no circumstances to reveal anything that has been said?"

She met his eyes. "Are you going to reveal it?" she asked.

"To whom?" he asked coldly.

"To the authorities."

"No."

The nurse was silent.

Doctor Denair put the cover on the tape recorder and turned to the nurse.

"I'm going to leave it to you, Miss Clifton, to see that she is kept quiet and undisturbed. She needs to be warm. You'll take her pulse from time to time. I have left detailed instructions as to what action to take in the event of any complications. You know my routine."

The nurse nodded.

"I will be out for perhaps an hour or an hour and a half; then I will return," he said. "I don't think she will regain consciousness for several hours. If she does and wants to talk, do not discuss anything with her. Simply tell her to sleep. You will remember that you are here in your professional capacity as a nurse and will say nothing to anyone about what has transpired."

He waited for her to meet his eyes.

She raised her eyes reluctantly. "Very well, doctor."

Doctor Denair walked out of the examination room, which had been carefully constructed, so that the air was held at a controlled temperature and the walls were completely soundproof.

Perry Mason was preparing to leave his office for the afternoon when Della Street, his confidential secretary, said, "Dr. Logbert P. Denair is in the outer office, chief. He was pounding on the door. I told him it was after five o'clock and ——"

"What does he want?" Mason asked.

"He says he has to see you at once. He's carrying a heavy instrument of some kind. It looks like a tape recorder."

"I'll see him," the lawyer said. "Doctor Denair wouldn't have dashed up here personally unless it was a matter of major importance."

"Dashed up?" Della Street asked, raising her eyebrows.

Mason nodded. "Otherwise he'd have telephoned. When Doctor Denair is too excited to telephone, it's very, very urgent."

Mason pushed back his swivel chair, stretched to his full height and walked out to the outer office.

"Hello, Bert," he said to Doctor Denair. "What brings you up here in such a rush?"

Doctor Denair got up from his chair, shook hands with the lawyer and said nervously, "Perry, I want to consult you professionally."

"That's fine," Mason said. "Come on in."

Mason led the way into the private office.

"You know Della Street, my secretary."

"Certainly," Doctor Denair said. "I have been talking with Miss Street."

"She'll stay, if you don't mind," Mason said. "I like to have her take notes."

"It's quite all right," Doctor Denair said, "provided that it's definitely understood that I'm here consulting you in a professional capacity and that everything I say must be held in the strictest confidence."

Mason indicated the walls of the room in a sweeping gesture. "You're within the four walls of a lawyer's office, Bert. Anything you say will be treated as confidential."

"Suppose," Doctor Denair said, "that you should find there are some technical limitations of the law safeguarding confidential communications. Suppose that something I might say to you would be within one of the exceptions and ——"

Mason said, "The law lays down a definition of what professional communications are confidential, Bert. That's one branch of the law that I don't bother to study. As far as I'm concerned, anything a client tells me is confidential."

"Thank you," Doctor Denair said, his frosty blue eyes twinkling with cold humor. "Now then, I want to know about that law."

"What law?"

"The law of confidential communications."

"What about it?"

"I have been treating a young female patient who seemed to be suffering from some sort of guilt complex. She is definitely in a state that I can best describe in common everyday language as emotional unrest, with the possibility of what we might call a psychic deterioration. I tried to reach her by ordinary means and failed. I had the feeling that she was withholding something. That frequently happens with young, unmarried women. I suggested that she take a so-called truth-serum test. She consented. I administered that test this ——"

"Just how effective are they?" Mason asked.

"It depends on what you're looking for and what you get," Doctor Denair said. "From an experimental-laboratory standpoint they're effective just about a hundred per cent of the time as far as specific information in regard to certain acts is concerned.

"In dealing with people who are suffering from a sense of guilt and where you feel there is some significant fact which is being withheld, the truth-serum treatment, so-called, is effective. Once you can learn the thing the patient has been afraid to tell you, you can rapidly gain the complete confidence of the patient. This is particularly true in the case of women. In this case I was dealing with a young woman, quiet, refined, appealing and emotionally disturbed. I felt certain that under the influence of the drug she would confess to some indiscretion, perhaps an interrupted pregnancy—instead of which she confessed to what apparently is a murder."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "Why do you say 'apparently'?"

"Because I don't know at the moment how to evaluate the results."

"Can you repeat exactly what she said?" Mason asked. "Do you take notes or ——"

"I can do better than that," Doctor Denair said. "I take down everything that is said on a tape recorder. You will, of course, have some difficulty understanding some of the words. A patient frequently mumbles and talks with the slurring accents of someone talking during sleep. That's the beauty of using a tape recorder. We can play back a patient's words over and over until gradually we can begin to decipher most of what is said. However, this young woman, while she was very definitely within the limits where truth is to be expected, spoke quite clearly."

"What drug did you use?" Mason asked.

"A combination of drugs. I prepare the patient with premedication. Then I use a combination of drugs and let the patient become completely unconscious. Then as the patient begins to come out of it I use a dilute anesthetic solution, and at the same time use a mental stimulant to bring about a desire to talk. The higher cortical cells are, so to speak, in conflict. There is a physical lethargy, and yet a certain desire to talk. It is a nicely balanced condition which exists in an ideal state for perhaps only a few minutes.

(Continued on Page 124)

A lot of Sunday drivers are just what they're cracked up to be. DAN BENNETT

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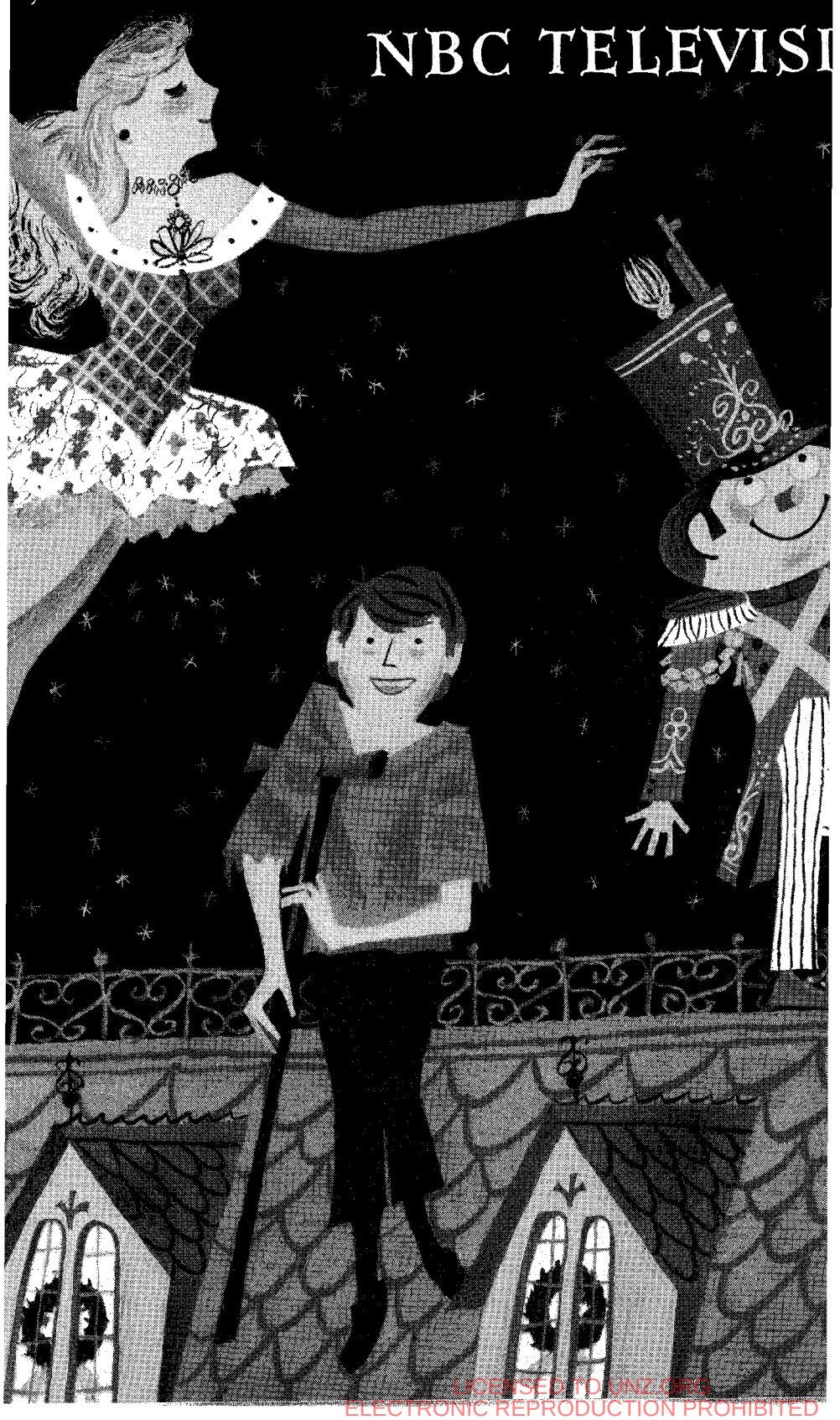

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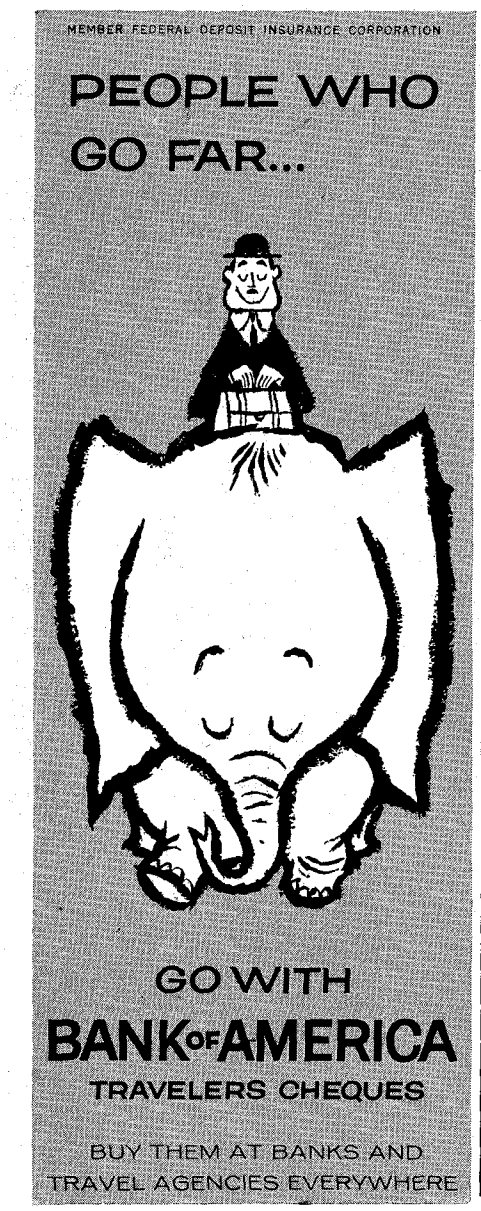
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(Continued from Page 122) Sometimes it lasts much longer. It depends upon the individual."

Doctor Denair took the cover from the tape recorder, plugged the cord into an outlet and turned the switch.

"I want you to listen carefully and closely," he said.

Perry Mason and Della Street listened to the recorded conversation. When the tape had unwound to the point where there was no further sound, Doctor Denair snapped the machine into the rewind position, rewound the tape and shut off the machine.

After he had replaced the cover on the tape recorder, he looked up at Mason and said, "Well, what's the answer?"

"What answer do you want?" Mason asked.

"I want to know my legal rights."

"Why?"

"So I'll know what to do."

"If I tell you that the law requires you to disclose this information to the authorities, will you do it?"

Doctor Denair thought for a moment, then said, "No."

"Why not?"

"I have my own conscience, my own code of ethics. Our laws regarding confidential communications were made before the days of psychiatry. In order to treat patients today a physician must learn the deeply embedded secrets in a patient's mind. My life is dedicated to the art of healing."

"All right," Mason said, "you know what you intend to do. The law doesn't enter into it. So why did you come here?"

Doctor Denair stroked his jaw. "I'm afraid I came here to pass the buck. I wanted to be able to say I had consulted an attorney."

"In other words," Mason said, "if I had told you that under the law you were entitled to respect the confidence of your client and that you didn't need to pass the information you had received on to the police, you would then have been in a position to defend yourself by stating that you had gone to a lawyer and had followed his advice?"

"Exactly," Doctor Denair said.

"If, on the other hand," Mason said, "I should advise you that under the law you had no alternative but to report to the authorities what you had discovered, you would refuse to follow my advice."

"That's right."

"In which event," Mason told him, "you would place yourself in a thoroughly untenable position. You would not only withhold information from the law but you would have done it under such circumstances that you would have known you were violating the law. In other words, you would have become what the law calls an accessory after the fact."

"That," Doctor Denair said, "puts a somewhat different light on it. I acted on impulse in coming here and I can appreciate that there are complications."

"There are," Mason said. "Now let me ask you this: What are the chances that this young woman was telling the truth?"

"I think that we can very definitely regard her statements to be the truth, particularly considering the manner in which they were made. But she may not be telling the whole truth. Her mind was too wearied with the drug to assume the task of explaining. Therefore she instinctively avoided anything requiring complicated thought processes. She would make the naked statement of fact and then fail to amplify."

"Or rationalize?" Mason asked.

"Put it that way, if you want to. She was on the very borderline of consciousness. Her guard was down."

Mason thought that over. "Is there any chance that the so-called crime she mentioned is a figment of the imagination?"

"I hardly think so."

Mason said, "Listen carefully, Bert. I am asking you if there is any chance that the crime to which she apparently confessed is a figment of the imagination."

"Oh," Doctor Denair said, grinning, "I get you now. Yes, there is a chance."

"How much of a chance?"

"Not much, but some chance."

"Then," Mason said, "as a doctor, if you should rush to the police with a story of murder that should subsequently turn out to be merely the result of a drug-induced hallucination, your patient would be in a position to sue you for slander, for defamation of character, for an invasion of privacy and for a betrayal of professional confidence. It would ruin you professionally. It would also have very unfortunate repercussions as far as your patient is concerned. Therefore, if, as a doctor, you can tell me that there is some chance that the crime to which she confessed is merely the figment of a drugged mind, I would be forced to advise you that you should proceed cautiously, that your first duty would be to make a factual investigation."

"Very well," Doctor Denair said, his voice showing obvious relief, "I now tell you there is some chance, a chance which I think is slight, a chance which may, in fact, be mathematically infinitesimal, but nevertheless a distinct chance, that this confession was in fact the figment of a drug-stimulated imagination."

"Then," Mason said, "I advise you that under the circumstances you should quietly launch an investigation."

"And," Doctor Denair said, "since I am inept and inexperienced in such matters, I hereby commission you to launch that investigation."

Mason grinned. "Of course, Bert, we don't have the facilities that the police would have. We have to go about these things more slowly and more conservatively. Furthermore we can't take chances on asking questions that would tip our hands and stir up the very troubles we are trying to avoid."

"Exactly," Doctor Denair said. "I leave the matter entirely to your discretion."

"You have a nurse present at these examinations?" Mason asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Who is the nurse who was present at this one?"

"Elsa Clifton. Do you know her? She's the tall, slate-eyed brunette that ——"

"Yes, I've met her."

"I'm not sure of her. She's an enigmatic personality."

"Is there any chance she might tell what took place at this examination?"

"I don't know."

"Specifically," Mason asked, "what medical treatment is indicated for a patient who has confessed to murder?"

"Meaning Nadine Farr?"

Mason nodded.

"Nadine Farr," Doctor Denair said, "is suffering from a guilt complex. The fact that her crime, if you want to refer to it as such ——"

"One customarily refers to murder as a crime," Mason interposed.

"Remember," Doctor Denair said, "we don't know the extenuating circumstances. We don't know all of the facts. We only know the bare statement that this young lady made. Specifically she feels that she has committed a sin, that she has escaped punishment, that this is wrong. She therefore has a desire to punish herself. She wants to make atonement. With a young woman who is emotionally disturbed and has a sensitive disposition, that feeling can be exceedingly serious. One of the first things she needs is to confess. Subconsciously she realizes that. That is quite probably why she agreed to submit to the truth-serum test. One of the first things that I am going to do by way of treatment is to give her an opportunity to confess to me after she regains consciousness. Then I am going to bring her in to you, Perry, and she is going to confess to you."

"To me?"

Doctor Denair nodded.

"Of course," Mason said, "I don't need to tell you, Bert, that we're playing with legal dynamite."

"I know, but I try to help my patients. That's the basis of my creed."

"And I try to help my clients," Mason said. "That's the cornerstone of a lawyer's creed."

They were silent for a few moments.

"Now then," Doctor Denair said at length, "what do you advise me, as your client, to do?"

"I advise you that we must investigate the facts and that we must proceed cautiously."

"That's fine," Doctor Denair said. "You'll hear from me again. I'll bring her to your office at nine-thirty tomorrow."

"What about this Uncle Mosher whom she (Continued on Page 126)

"Well, then, would you mind stepping to the rear of the bus, miss?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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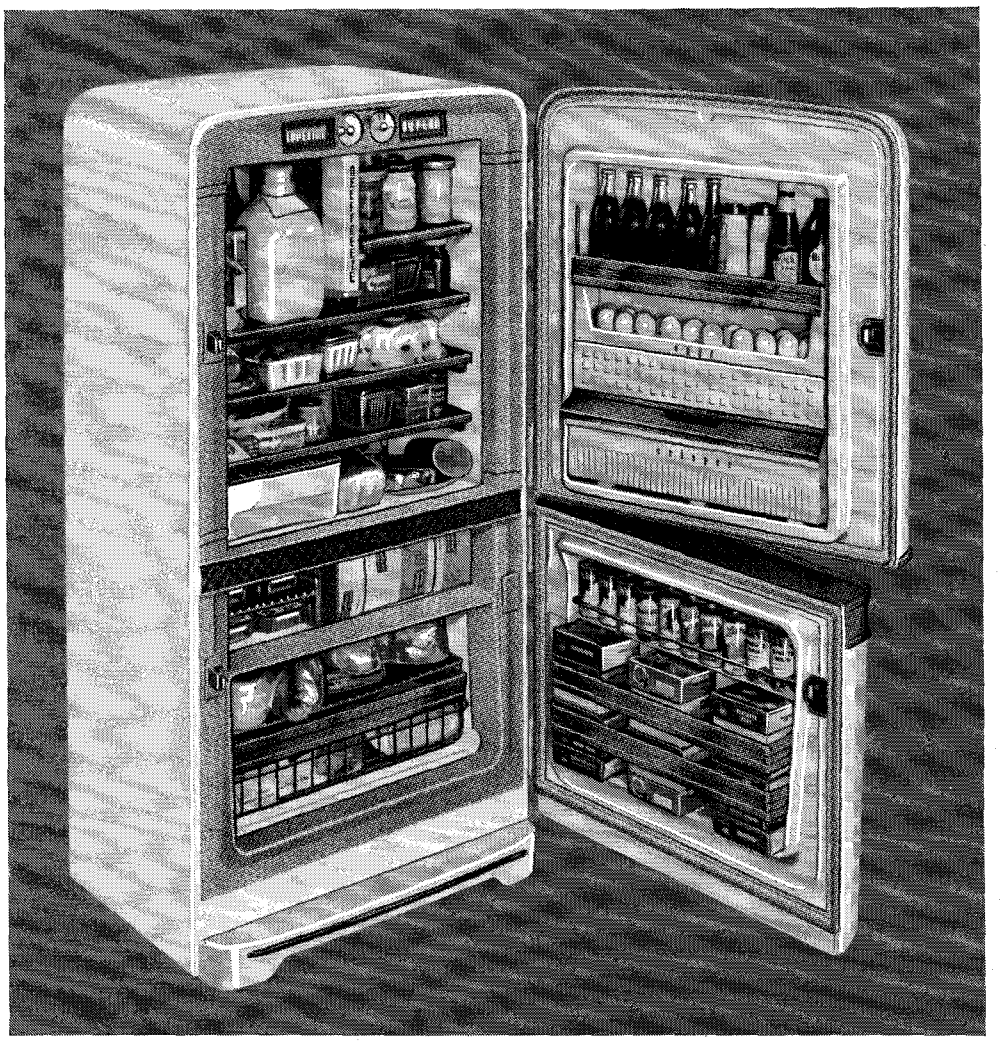

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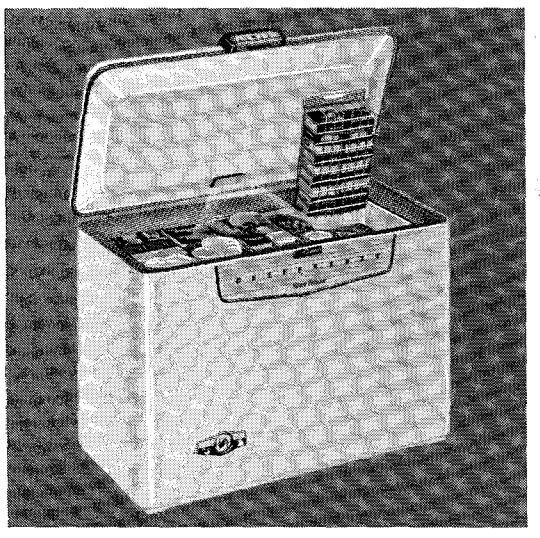

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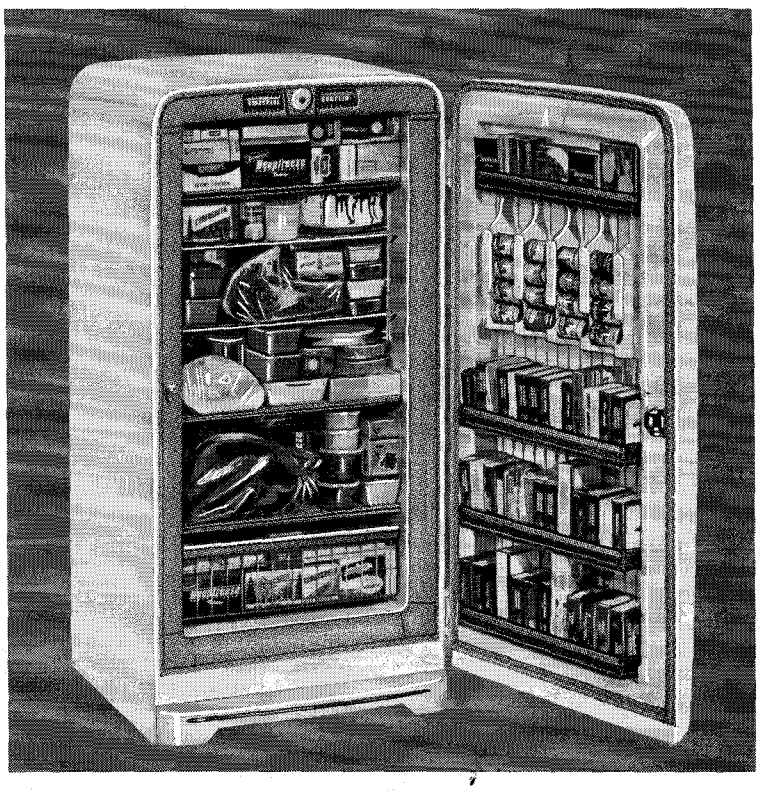

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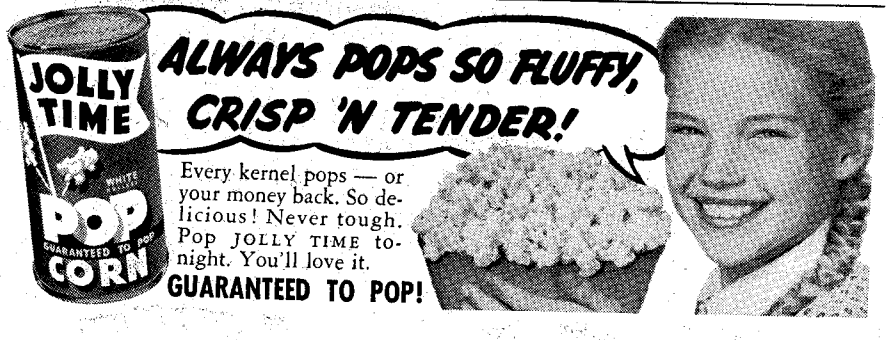
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(Continued from Page 124)

mentions?" Mason asked. "Evidently you knew him."

"I knew of him. He was some sort of a relative. He actually wasn't her uncle, but he had her visiting with him. She was there in the house during his last illness. Mosher Higley died some three months ago. The attending physician gave the cause of death as coronary thrombosis."

"There was no post-mortem?"

"No post-mortem. The man was buried."

"Embalmed?"

"Certainly."

"Now then," Mason said, "that raises a very interesting problem. In the event the poison used was cyanide of potassium the embalming, as you know, would completely destroy evidences of that poison. Unless there could be some independent proof that the man had been poisoned, unless the bottle containing poison could be recovered or the young woman's confession could be corroborated in some way, there would be no corpus delicti. There could be no conviction."

"And if there could be no conviction," Doctor Denair said, "it would be useless for me to communicate my information to the police?"

"I didn't say that," Mason said.

"Well, that's the interpretation that I place upon what you did say."

"Don't do it," Mason told him. "I am merely pointing out certain rather important facts. You want me to investigate the case. I will investigate it. If it should turn out that in all probability the poison used was cyanide, and it should further turn out that the body was embalmed, then it might well be impossible for the authorities to secure a conviction. If, under those circumstances, you should go to the district attorney and should tell him that an emotionally disturbed young woman, while under the influence of drugs, had made a confession to a crime of such a nature that it was virtually impossible to secure a conviction, that furthermore there was always the chance the so-called confession might have been the hallucination of a drugged mind, the district attorney would promptly usher you to the door, tell you to forget the whole business and suggest that the matter be given no publicity whatever."

"Now that," Doctor Denair said, "would be a most satisfactory solution—but what happens if there was some other poison used?"

Mason said, "The poison used must have been very quick-acting. The attending physician signed the body out as a coronary thrombosis. Those two factors would indicate cyanide."

Doctor Denair nodded.

"So," Mason said, "I will proceed with an investigation. In the meantime, in case you should be officially questioned you will state that you uncovered certain information, that you consulted an attorney, that the attorney suggested that an investigation should be made before you took hasty and irrevocable action. . . . My own charges will be purely nominal. It will, however, be necessary for me to hire investigators. I'll try to keep the expenses down as much as possible. Does Miss Farr have any money?"

"She doesn't, but I have."

"Well, I don't want to run up a bill on you that ——"

"Forget it," Doctor Denair told him. "I'm in the high brackets this year. Whatever amount I have to pay for legal services will be a business deduction. I have my own peace of mind, my own professional reputation at stake. I want you to go to work and spare no effort."

"I will," Mason said, "try to keep the charges as low as possible."

"I said I wanted you to spare no effort."

"I will," Mason repeated, "try to keep the charges as low as possible."

Doctor Denair started to say something.

"Of course," Mason said, "that will perhaps retard the speed at which the investigation is made, but, after all, as a private citizen, as a doctor consulting me in connection with the case of a penniless patient, we have to ——"

Doctor Denair suddenly grinned. "I get you, Perry. Go ahead. Use your own judgment. Handle it as you see fit."

"That tape recording," Mason said, "what are you going to do with that?"

Doctor Denair headed for the door, carrying the tape recorder. "As far as I'm concerned, only five people in the world will ever hear this tape—you, Della Street, my office nurse, Nadine Farr and I."

Mason looked thoughtful. "Five people," he said, "are a lot of people."

"Can you suggest how the number could be lessened?" Doctor Denair asked.

Mason shook his head. "Not now. I wish your nurse hadn't been present."

"So do I, now; but not only do you need a nurse in order to hold the patient at just the right level of narcosis but you definitely don't put an emotionally disturbed young woman under the influence of drugs unless you have a nurse in the room."

Mason nodded.

Doctor Denair said, "I'll see you at nine-thirty, then." He waved good-by from the door.

Della Street looked at the lawyer. "Paul Drake?"

Mason nodded. "Give him a ring. Ask him if he can step in here right away."

Since Paul Drake, head of the Drake Detective Agency, had his offices on the same floor as those occupied by Mason, it was only a few minutes after Della Street's call had been completed that the detective tapped his code knock on the door of Mason's private office.

Della Street let him in. Despite his height, Paul Drake had so mastered the art of self-effacement that he was always unobtrusive.

He glided into the office, slid into the clients' big, overstuffed chair, and hitched himself around so that one rounded arm of the chair was against the small of his back. His legs were draped over the other arm.

"O.K.," he said. "Shoot."

Mason said, "I have a rather peculiar case, Paul. You're going to have to get information. You must proceed slowly and cautiously. I don't want anyone to know that an investigation is being made. In this case you're not working against time. You can go about things in a more leisurely way ——"

Drake rubbed his eyes, tugged at his ears.

"What's the matter?" Mason asked.

"I think I'm dreaming," Drake said. "Usually you call me in, tell me that I have a matter of hours or minutes to produce results, to engage any number of men that I need, to make complicated investigations, and have the results ready by morning. And now you come along with something like this."

"Exactly," Mason said, grinning. "You've always told me that you could do a much better job if you had time and didn't have to employ so many operatives."

"Now wait a minute," Drake said. "I said we could do a more economically efficient job. When you have a lot of operatives working at high speed there's a certain duplication of effort and a terrific nerve strain and resulting expense. You ——"

"I know," Mason said. "I want you to work in the most economically efficient manner possible in this case. I want to find out about the background of a man named Mosher Higley. He lived in this city. He died about three months ago. The cause of his death was given as coronary thrombosis. I don't know whether anyone has filed papers in the estate, the nature or extent of the estate, or anything about it. I want to know all those facts. I want to know the names of his heirs. I want to know who was

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with him when he died. I want to know when his will was made, if he left a will. I'd like to know whether there was any insurance. You're going to have to talk with the attending physician who signed the death certificate. I'd like to find out specific symptoms. It may be necessary for you to pretend that you are representing some insurance company. Do it all quietly. There's no rush. Handle the matter with what you are pleased to describe as economic efficiency."

"Can do," Drake said, and then he walked out.

Promptly at nine-thirty the next morning, Della Street said to Perry Mason, "Doctor Denair is here for his appointment."

"The girl with him?" Mason asked.

She nodded.

"How does she look, Della?"

Della Street hesitated for a moment, then said, "Good-looking."

"Anything else?"

"Demure."

"A negative personality?"

"Definitely not, but —— Oh, you know, she has good-looking legs, but doesn't show them; nice curves, but doesn't push them out or wiggle; beautiful eyes, but she keeps her eyelids lowered; nice hands, and they're crossed on her lap. Her eyes are definitely interesting; they're eloquent but soft-spoken, if you get what I mean. You probably won't until you've seen her."

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It must be apparent to even the casual observer that the modern girl doesn't put everything she has into her clothes.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

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Mason nodded, said, "I'll go out and do the honors, Della."

He walked out to the outer office, shook hands with Doctor Denair, said, "How are you this morning, Bert?" and was introduced to Nadine Farr.

The lawyer ushered them into his private office, saw that they were comfortably seated and said, "I suppose you wonder why you're here, Miss Farr."

She raised her lashes. For a moment, eyes which Della Street had described as eloquent but soft-spoken, looked into Mason's, then she lowered her eyelashes and said, "Doctor Denair told me I should come. It's a part of his treatment, I guess."

Doctor Denair cleared his throat. "It's this way, Miss Farr: As your doctor, I feel that you have something troubling you. As a doctor, I can perhaps diagnose the nature of the trouble, but I might not be able to cope with whatever the difficulty might be. Now, Mr. Mason is a lawyer. He's one of the best lawyers in this part of the country. I've ascertained that something is bothering you. If you'll tell Mr. Mason what it is, perhaps he can help you."

She looked up at him and shook her head in a perplexed manner. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm losing my appetite. I'm not sleeping well and —— Well, if Doctor Denair says something is bothering me, I assume he must be right, but for the life of me I can't tell you what it is."

"Perhaps," Doctor Denair said, "I can tell Mr. Mason something that ——"

"Not yet," Mason interrupted very sharply.

Doctor Denair looked at him questioningly.

Mason said, "We must have one thing definitely understood. If Miss Farr should tell me anything, I want it to be a privileged communication. She must ask me to be her attorney. She herself must tell me what it is that's bothering her."

Nadine Farr laughed nervously. "I'm sorry, Mr. Mason; there isn't a thing I can think of—no reason why I should go to an attorney."

"Any emotional entanglements?" Mason asked.

"No," she said, her eyes lowered.

"Are you," Mason asked, "in love?"

Her bosom moved as she gave a deep sigh. Once more the soft-spoken, eloquent eyes raised to Mason's face. "Yes," she said, and then lowered her eyelids.

"And," Mason asked, "you have perhaps been through some tragedy in connection with that love?"

Her eyes raised to his once more; then shifted to Doctor Denair. She moved restlessly in the chair.

"Why not tell him, Nadine?" Doctor Denair asked.

She said, "I feel like a butterfly impaled on a pin, with scientists studying me through a magnifying glass."

"It's for your own good," Doctor Denair said kindly. "We're trying to help you, Nadine."

She took a deep breath, raised her eyes to Mason, and suddenly there was a transformation in her face. The demure personality seemed to fade. Her eyes flashed. Her nostrils dilated slightly with emotion.

She said, "All right, I'm a butterfly! You people are dissecting me and classifying me, but I'm human! I have human emotions! I'm capable of intense feeling! How would you people feel if you were in love, if you loved someone and that someone loved you, and then another person, who had a terrible, horrible grip on you, told you that you must simply walk out of this man's life, that you must vanish forever without leaving a trace, without ever communicating with the man you loved?"

"That," Doctor Denair said, "is better. If you can release your pent-up emotions, Nadine, if you can tell us, and then perhaps if you can cry a little, it will relieve the emotional tension."

"I'm not the crying kind," she said. "I've taken it on the chin all my life. But you people who are so smug in your established positions, so completely secure, so assured of having all the good things out of life—well, just try putting yourself in my position."

"Who told you that you'd have to go away, Nadine?"

She started to say something, then shook her head. After a moment she settled back in the chair, once more a demure, quiet young lady, self-effacing.

"Was it Mosher Higley?" Doctor Denair asked.

"Mosher Higley is dead."

"I know he's dead, but did he tell you that you had to disappear, that you had to go away and leave the man you loved?"

"One doesn't speak ill of the dead."

"Was he related to you?"

"Not really."

"You called him your uncle?"

"Yes."

"Did you love him?"

She hesitated for a moment, then said, "No."

"Did you hate him?"

There was a long silence. Suddenly she looked up at Doctor Denair. "Why do you have to tear me to pieces in this way? I came to you for help. All that I wanted was to get some kind of a sleeping pill or something so I could sleep nights. I wanted something so I wouldn't be so terribly jittery. You gave me this truth-serum test and then told me I had to see a lawyer. Why?"

Doctor Denair said kindly, "I'm going to tell you why, my dear. Now this is going to be something of an emotional strain. You're going to have to steel yourself and, above all, you must remember that we're trying to help you."

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"Don't worry about the emotional strain," she said, laughing bitterly. "I take an emotional strain every morning before breakfast. People have been pushing me around ever since I was no higher than the arm of this chair—and don't think I have a persecution complex. If you knew the truth, if you knew what had happened, if you knew the things that —— Oh, well, there's no reason why I should tell you people my troubles."

"But that's exactly what we want, Nadine," Doctor Denair said.

She looked at him, then seemed to retire within herself and close the door.

"Well?" Doctor Denair prompted, after she had been silent for a few moments.

"What did you find out when you gave me the truth-serum test?" she asked. "What did I talk about?"

"I'm going to tell you," Doctor Denair said. "I'm going to play a tape recording of what took place. You may have some difficulty understanding just what you said because your voice was thick. You are like a person talking in her sleep."

"I'd like to hear what I said," she remarked, her face a mask.

Doctor Denair connected up the tape-recording machine, started the motor running.

"Now please," he said to Nadine Farr, "don't say anything, don't interrupt. Listen to all of this."

"Very well," she said.

Mason glanced from the corner of his eye at Nadine. She was sitting perfectly motionless, her hands folded on her lap, lashes lowered, her face calm and without expression.

All four people in the office sat in silence. The spool of tape unwound slowly. The tape-recording machine, reproducing the voices with utmost fidelity, filled the room with sound. It was as though the people in the office were grouped around the couch where Nadine Farr was answering questions under the influence of the drug.

When Nadine Farr's voice said simply, "I killed him," three pairs of eyes turned toward the young woman who was seated in the big chair. Her face didn't change expression by so much as the flicker of an eyelash.

At length the tape-recorded interview came to a close.

"Well?" Doctor Denair asked Nadine.

She met his eyes, started to say something, then stopped.

"Mr. Mason is a lawyer," Doctor Denair said kindly. "He wants to help you. Know-

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A bachelor is a man who has yet to meet a woman who really wanted him.

IMOGENE FEY

●

ing you as I do, I feel that what you said may have been incorrect or that there very probably were extenuating circumstances."

She lowered her eyes. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to try to help you, my dear."

"Are you going to the police?"

Mason answered the question. "Not yet, Miss Farr. Doctor Denair consulted me. He asked me what he should do. I told him that he had no right, as a doctor, to conceal the commission of a serious crime; yet, on the other hand, you were his patient and it was his duty to protect you and to protect your confidences."

"Isn't that rather a contradictory statement?"

Mason smiled. "It might be so construed. We felt that we should institute an investigation before we did anything. And we thought that perhaps you could help us with that investigation. You see, Miss Farr, Doctor Denair is my client."

She looked from one to the other, then abruptly got up out of the chair.

"You wish to say something?" Mason asked.

She shook her head.

"After all, my dear," Doctor Denair said, "you can't go around with this inner emotional tension. There are no drugs in the world that will cure you. You might be stupefied into insensibility, but there is only one medicine which will cure you, and that is to relieve yourself of this inner emotional strain. While you were under the influence of drugs you gave us a clue as to what it is that's bothering you. Now perhaps if you'll tell us the rest of it ——"

She walked over to Doctor Denair, picked up his hand, looked pleadingly into his eyes. "Doctor," she said, "could I have—could I have twenty-four hours to think it over? I ——" And suddenly she began to cry.

Doctor Denair, on his feet, glanced meaningly at Mason and nodded. He slipped his arm around her shoulders, patted her reassuringly. "It's all right, Nadine," he said. "We're your friends, and we're only trying to help you. You're carrying an emotional burden that no human being whose nervous system is as delicately balanced as yours can possibly hope to carry."

She pushed herself away from him, grabbed her purse from the chair, opened it, took out a handkerchief, wiped her eyes, blew her nose and said, "If you only knew how I hate crybabies. I guess that's the first time I've cried in—well, I don't know how long."

"Perhaps," Doctor Denair said kindly, "that's one of the troubles. You've tried to be too self-sufficient, Nadine. You've tried to fight the world."

"The world has fought me," she said calmly. "May I go now?"

Doctor Denair said, "I'm going, too, Nadine. You may ride with me."

"I don't want to ride with you."

"Why?"

"I don't want any more questions right now."

She started toward the door, then suddenly came back to give Perry Mason her hand. "I know you think I'm ungrateful," she said. "I'm not. I think you're—you're grand."

She smiled at Della Street. "And thank you so much for the sympathy in your eyes, Miss Street. I'm glad I met you people. I'm sorry I can't explain—not right now." She turned and, with head held high, walked out of the office.

Doctor Denair shrugged his shoulders.

Mason said, "In her quiet way, back of that demure personality, is one hell of a fighter."

"You can say that again."

"What's your opinion now, Bert?" Mason asked Doctor Denair. "Do you think she's one who could commit murder?"

"I wish I knew," Doctor Denair said. "I'm supposed to know something about psychiatry, but this is one girl who has me stumped."

Mason indicated the tape recorder. "Well," he said, "keep that tape recording in a safe place."

"And in the meantime what's my legal status?" Doctor Denair asked.

Perry Mason thought that over. "Technically," he said, "you're vulnerable. Practically, you're in the clear as long as you have come to me, are following my advice and we're investigating the case, and—and one other thing."

"And what's that other thing?" Doctor Denair asked.

"That no one else finds out about what's in that tape recording," Mason said.

TO BE CONTINUED

He's Blind, But He's a Wizard (Continued from Page 30)

been blind all the thirty-one years of his life.

"Irvin Hershowitz has been shooting trouble for us so long," says Capt. James D. Gardner, officer in charge of the Bolling exchange, "that we never think of him as being handicapped. What's more, he doesn't either. A dial-telephone system may be complicated, but it's no more so than the electronics repair shop where he worked before coming to us."

The Bolling telephone exchange is one corner of a world Irvin Hershowitz has been fashioning for himself for many years. It's a cheerful world, peopled with friends in many parts of the globe and brightened by happy associations. The pleasant voice that mollifies irate callers on the trouble line reflects his philosophy of life.

"I'm making my own living doing what I like best," Hershowitz says. "What more could you ask?"

Often it has been an exciting world too. Those years at the electronics repair shop during World War II were especially rewarding. Tuning radio sets that guided the planes of Gen. Henry H. Arnold, Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., and many other notables made Hershowitz feel that he was contributing something important to the war effort.

"Sometimes pilots asked to have me work on their planes," Hershowitz recalls. "They wouldn't have asked for me if they hadn't been sure I could do the job as well as anybody. They couldn't afford to take chances."

The competitive spirit which has made Hershowitz compare his work with that of sighted persons is the mainspring of his ambition. Even as a small boy, he wanted to do things the other boys did. When his older brother, Ellis, took him fishing or swimming, he didn't want to sit on the bank and listen to the fun. He wanted to fish and swim, and he did. He and Ellis once entered a "swimathon" at a public pool in Washington and stayed in the water more than twelve hours. In the words of Peter E. Balter, one of his instructors at the Maryland School for the Blind, Irvin was a "rebel."

"Blindness affects people in different ways," says Balter, who himself has only partial vision. "At one extreme are those who fold their hands in resignation. At the other extreme are those like Irvin, who rebel at their handicap and fight it with every talent they have. They go places."

Irvin's first rebellion occurred at the Maryland School for the Blind, a century-old institution now situated on a 100-acre tract at Overlea, on the outskirts of Baltimore. Radio was becoming a national mania in the early '30's, but a school rule prohibited possession of receivers in the cottages where students roomed together. This taboo made a receiver practically mandatory in Irvin's room. On a weekend visit to his home in Washington—he was only six years old—he got his brother to take him shopping for the parts needed for the simplest type of set: a coil, crystal detector, condenser and headphones.

Smuggled into his room and assembled with the aid of older boys, Irvin's little set was soon tuning in the harrowing adventures of The Shadow and other thrillers of the air, which were more exciting than anything Irvin had found translated into Braille. With the apparatus hidden in his suitcase and the headphones covered by his pillow, he was safe from suspicious bed-checkers far into the night.

That three-dollar homemade radio receiver pushed back the walls of Irvin's everyday existence. Soon he began working on a power receiver that could bring in stations farther away, the power to be drawn from a wall plug after the lights were out. Friendly voices came to him from New England, Kansas and Florida. Turning his dial from one band of frequencies to another, he overheard the code conversations

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An old-timer is one who can remember when two could live as cheaply as one without both working.

JOE RYAN

●

of radio hams. Now he became dissatisfied with mere listening; he wanted to talk.

Since a transmitter is more complicated than a receiver, he sought help from Balter, his instructor in piano tuning, one of the school's courses. Balter was a radio ham; radio was not a part of the curriculum then, but he agreed to teach Irvin and a few other students after school.

They started out by familiarizing themselves with tools and materials. Then they progressed to joining parts into circuits—simple ones at first, such as a key, battery and buzzer to teach each other the wireless code. Later on they went to complicated assemblies for radio transmission.

"Make everything you possibly can yourself," Balter urged his pupils. "You'll have to buy parts, of course, but if you assemble them, you know what's there. If anything goes wrong, you can fix it."

Irvin was thirteen the day he passed the Government tests for his amateur radio license. It marked another expansion of his world, enabling him to talk in code to a widening circle of friends. But dots and dashes soon seemed tame; Irvin had to have a voice transmitter too. He began with a fifty-watt set in his attic at home, and added to it, circuit by circuit, until it grew to a 1000-watt station—the most powerful amateurs are allowed—that could reach around the world. Irvin knew every inch of that set, from the maze of apparatus that almost covered one wall, to the directional beam antenna outside his window. Except for the forty-foot tower on which the antenna was mounted, he had built all of it himself.

"Becoming a radio ham," Irvin says now, "was the most important event in my life. I've never felt shut in, because I know people all over the country. And radio hams are the friendliest people in the world. If your set isn't working right, just open up and ask anybody for help. You'll get more suggestions than you can count. It's a kind of fraternity."

When Irvin finished the tenth grade at Overlea, he transferred to McKinley High School near his home in Washington. A policy of encouraging sightless pupils to finish high school among students with normal vision was followed by the Maryland School for the Blind, and it suited Irvin per- (Continued on Page 130)

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IS THERE ONE QUESTION YOU'RE TOO SHY TO ASK YOUR DOCTOR?

MOST PEOPLE are able to talk freely to their doctor about every aspect of their treatment—*except one*. The question, "How much is it going to cost?" and of how payment is to be made, often leaves the frankest patient tongue-tied.

Many refrain from bringing up the subject out of a sincere respect for their doctor, supposing it somehow unbecoming to talk about money to the man they are entrusting with their life. Many professional societies are now trying to clear up this misconception. For example, you may have noticed a significant plaque which now hangs in thousands of physicians' waiting rooms. It says:

"To all my patients—I invite you to discuss frankly with me any questions regarding my services or fees. The best medical service is based on a friendly mutual understanding between doctor and patient."

Sometimes, of course, your doctor cannot tell you, in advance, precisely what a course of treatment or an operation is going to cost. But you will always find him willing to discuss the subject, and to tell you if he can. Today more than ever before in medical history, the bill your doctor sends you can represent one of the really big bargains of your life—in terms of health, happiness and peace of mind.

So don't let any unasked questions stand in the way of that "friendly mutual understanding" which is the basis of better medical care for you and your family.

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Makers of medicines since 1866

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(Continued from Page 128)

fectly. Now he could measure his abilities against those of boys and girls with whom he would compete someday in making his living. His parents, Harry and Mollie Hershowitz, and his brother, Ellis, took him to and from school. When he was graduated in the spring of 1942, he stood well above the middle of his class of more than 400.

Irvin wanted to go on to college and study electrical engineering, but there were no Braille textbooks in the advanced courses he would have to take. Despite the abilities he had shown in his classwork and in building his own radiotelephone, advisers doubted that he could cope with the complex formulas and theories of electronics. It was his first encounter with the skepticism which often quenches the ambitions of sightless persons. He determined to meet it head-on. One day, he asked his brother, Ellis, who was working in the aircraft repair shop at Bolling AFB, to take him along so he could apply for a job.

Christopher C. King, foreman of the electronics repair shop, remembers the day Irvin first appeared. "Sure, I was skeptical. There are two or three thousand volts in some of those transmitter circuits. One little mistake could mean curtains. Men with good eyesight get burned once in a while."

But an interview convinced King that, sight or no sight, Irvin knew his electronic onions. He gave him a trial. Three weeks later Irvin was on the payroll.

"I never met a man with a memory like Irvin's," King says. "You never had to tell him anything more than once—whether it was a man's name or the places to be careful of in a new type of set. I've seen him recognize by their voices fellows who hadn't been in the shop for years. When he was trouble shooting he never fussed around at random. Knowing every circuit by heart, he would start at the beginning and trace each one through until he found the bug. I used to assign junior mechanics to work with him just to learn his approach."

During the war, of course, all radio hams were ruled off the air. When restrictions were removed after V-J day, Irvin renewed old friendships. He talked with his old airwaves pal, Bob (W7IGM) Beebe in Seattle, Washington, and Colonel Llewelyn (W9ZGA) Tharp in Omaha, Nebraska, with whom he had been communicating for years, and William (W9IHO) Siebenmorgan, of Terre Haute, Indiana, who had been stationed at Bolling Field during the war. He made new friends, too, including Lt. Col. Alvin (W3ICW) Robinson, who, he discovered, was not only a neighbor but a pilot at Bolling AFB.

"When I dusted off my ham set after the war," Colonel Robinson said, "it was all out of whack. Irvin offered to help me tune it. I nearly got heart failure watching his hands moving around those high-powered circuits. But he knew what he was doing."

Irvin had regular "office hours" on Saturday and Sunday mornings for working Japan and Germany. Thousands of messages from GI's to their families passed through his hands. One day Irvin got a call from Colonel Tharp, who had been transferred to Frankfurt, Germany, and served during his spare time as the eastern terminus of an amateur radiotelephone hookup for servicemen.

The colonel explained, "The wife of a man who was flown to Walter Reed Hospital yesterday for an emergency operation is here with me now. Can you connect us?"

Irvin switched over to his local telephone "patch" circuit and dialed the hospital. Within a few minutes, the wife had learned from the doctor that the operation was successful. After a day or two, she was permitted to talk to her husband.

"I got a thrill out of those calls," Irvin says. "So many people have done things for me that I enjoy doing favors for someone else."

Irvin knew tragedy for the first time when his mother died in February, 1949. Mollie Hershowitz was never too busy to take her son wherever he wanted to go, nor too tired to help him with his homework. Her loss brought a realization that he couldn't continue his sheltered home life forever.

He was twenty-five years old. His father had his hands full managing his dry-cleaning business. His brother was still at Bolling Field, but had his own friends and interests. Irvin decided to make a start at living independently. Learning of his situation, members of the Civitan Club, of Washington, got him a dog from the Leader Dog School at Rochester, Michigan. Now he lives in a three-room apartment, keeping bachelor quarters with Ace, a trained German shepherd dog. Planning for the future, he hopes to acquire a house with lots of ground around it. What would his house be like?

"Well, first of all," Irvin explains, "it will have two or three bedrooms, so friends from out of town can stay with me. It would have a fireplace. There's nothing like a warm, crackling fire to make a place homelike on winter nights. Around the house I'll have lots of flowers and bushes—fragrant varieties like lilies of the valley, violets, roses and lilacs. And I must have a dishwasher. Since I've been batching it, I've learned to cook, but I hate washing dishes."

It was partly the vision of the home he wants to build that impelled Irvin to leave the electronics repair shop where he had worked so many years. The job at the telephone exchange would pay more money. But there were other considerations. He would work inside, and not have to rely on others to guide him around whirling propellers on the flight line. With the understanding that he could return to his old job if he had not mastered his new one in three months, he made the change.

To a layman, a dial-telephone exchange is a maze of panels studded with mysterious thingumbobs linked by a labyrinth of wires and switches. To the initiated, it's as simple as night and day. Each of the thousand-odd telephones on the Bolling AFB is connected to a relay about the size of a spool of thread, on one of those panels in the central exchange. There are a hundred relays on each panel. When a report comes to the trouble board that Extension 372 is out of order, it's an easy matter to find the seventy-second relay on the three-hundred panel and start checking. If a red light is flashing, a burned-out fuse needs to be replaced. A green light indicates that some gadget in that tier of thingumbobs is out of adjustment. Perhaps there are a couple other hazards—the line finders and selectors, and oh, yes, the connectors which automatically make and break connections between the relays. But they only add zest to that trouble hunt. Why, the whole operation is succinctly described in a series of manuals totaling only a few thousand pages, including illustrations and wiring diagrams. If something stumps you, just look it up.

With the aid of friends who read the manuals to him, Irvin mastered the complex operation within the time he had allotted himself. He couldn't see the warning lights, but his sensitive fingers could detect the warmth when one was lighted, although they are as tiny as flashlight bulbs. He couldn't read the voltmeter on the trouble panel, so he devised an electronic audio-oscillator and headphone apparatus, which translates the voltage readings into sounds of varying pitch; in this way he "reads" the meter by ear.

"I never could have made a go of it," Irvin says, "if it hadn't been for the help that Staff Sergeant Bill Lohman and all the other boys gave me."

Was the job worth all it cost in time and effort? Irvin is sure it was.

"I suppose I wanted to show that a blind person could fill this particular job as well as a sighted person. If I've added one or two jobs to the list of jobs that a blind person can perform, I've done something worth while."

Although he had never been more than fifty miles from home alone until he was twenty-three years old, Irvin became fond of travel. During one of their radio conversations several years ago, Bob Beebe, a retired manufacturer, invited Irvin to visit his home in Seattle. After arranging for leave from his job, Irvin boarded a plane and added another sector to his ever-expanding world.

"I don't know who enjoyed the visit more, Irvin or my family," Beebe said afterward. "My sons, Bill and Dan, got a tremendous kick when they took him fishing and he hooked a salmon. He stood up in the boat and talked to that fish like a Dutch uncle while he was playing it. My wife and I drove him up to Mount Rainier National Park. He had never known trees bigger than oaks, and when we stopped to let him measure one of the big trees on the road he was amazed. One, I remember, was five spans of his outstretched arms, which he figured was twenty-seven feet, six inches. He learned to tell the different trees by the feel of their bark and foliage. I have driven up Mount Rainier dozens of times, but I saw a lot of things that day I'd never noticed before."

Irvin has also traveled to Terre Haute several times to visit Bill Siebenmorgan. On one of those trips he "saw" the 500-mile automobile race at Indianapolis, and on another he learned about fly fishing.

"At first, Irvin got discouraged because he was casting into the weeds," Siebenmorgan recalled, "but we figured out a way to avoid that. I would cast first, and after a few tries he could gauge his direction and distance by the sound of my fly landing in the water. That's keen hearing. When I worked with him at Bolling, there was a piece of equipment that was considered a bench job when it needed tuning. Irvin used to tune them right in the plane by listening to the change in pitch of the dynamotor."

Time and labor mean nothing to Irvin Hershowitz when it comes to radio. He has repaired countless home radios for friends and neighbors, and has helped build many radiotelephone sets. One of these was for a friend so crippled by arthritis that he was unable to sit up or move anything but his fingers.

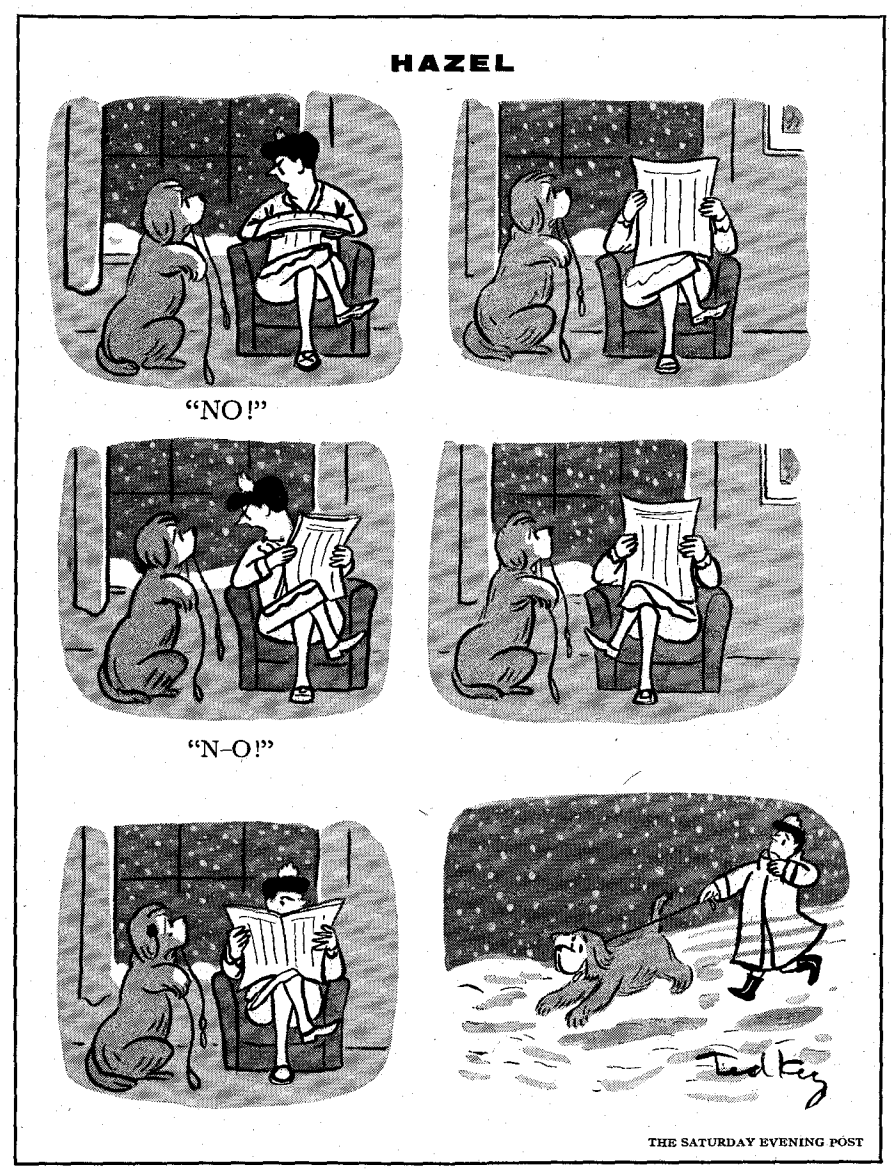
With the aid of another ham, and parts he and many others donated, Irvin built a 200-watt set that the crippled friend could operate from his stretcher bed.

Beebe saw it on a visit to Washington and called it an "electronic marvel." Instead of dials, which would have to be turned, the set had toggle switches that could be operated by a Chinese back-scratcher that the crippled man could manipulate with his fingers.

"Irvin had been working hard to get that set in operation by Christmas morning," Beebe recalls, "and finally eliminated a bug that had bothered him for days. I could hear them talking back and forth in Washington, and his friend couldn't seem to raise anybody outside the local area. Finally, Irvin told him to call me on 29,000 kilocycles.

"He came in so clear I made a tape recording. When Irvin called me to ask whether his friend had come through, I played back their conversation. Both of them were so tickled they were practically hysterical. Irvin's friend is dead now, but he had several years of pleasure with that set before he passed away. I guess that's why people like to do things for Irvin. It's because he likes to do things for others."

THE END



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"I HAVE THE NICEST HUSBAND"

Many a man would like to hear his wife say that. So here's a tip.

Get her one of those new kitchen telephones that hang on the wall.

Convenience is just the half of it. She'll be so proud!

It will be a conversation piece in more ways than one. Especially if it's in color.

Bell Telephone System

THE XMAS GIFT THAT RINGS A BELL. *For mother, daughter, dad or son, a telephone in the kitchen, bedroom or hobby room is a swell Christmas gift... one that keeps on giving the whole year through.*

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The Golden State

to El Paso, Tucson, Chandler, Phoenix, Palm Springs, Los Angeles

• You add a lot to your winter vacation in Southern Arizona or California when you travel on the GOLDEN STATE. You make the transition from winter chill to summer warmth quickly and most pleasantly. It features a wide assortment of Pullman accommodations, also reserved, deep-cushioned coach seats with full-length leg rests and free pillows. Complimentary hors d'oeuvres for Pullman passengers.

The GOLDEN STATE leaves Chicago 1:20 p.m. Through Pullman and day-night coach from Minneapolis-St. Paul, entraining in the GOLDEN STATE at Kansas City.

Rock Island

Cheaper by the Family May we tell you about Rock Island's money-saving Family Fares?

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I am interested in a trip to_____

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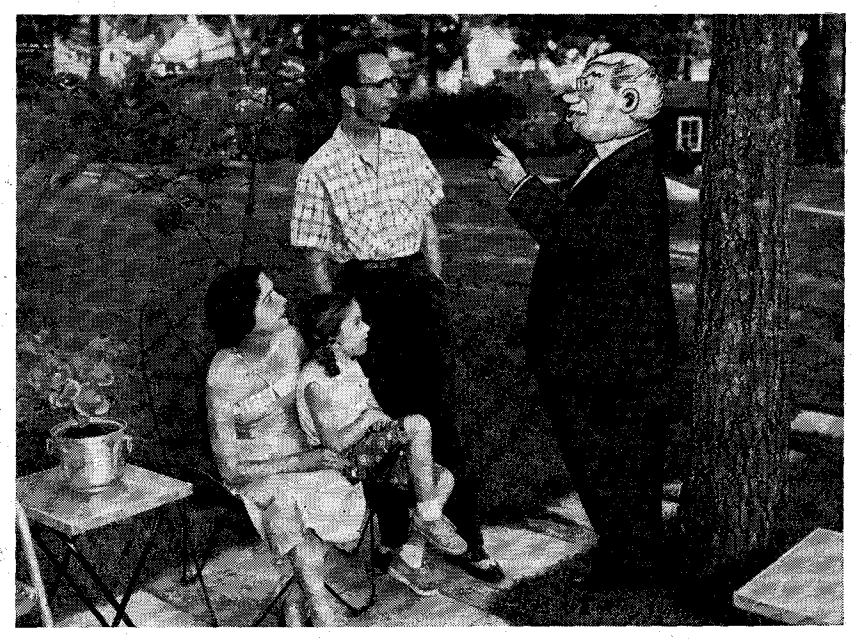
Keeping Posted

Der Schnibble Submits To Der Interview



Heinrich Schnibble, in person, ben visiten mit Dave Morrah.

On this magazine's Post Scripts page has often turned up a Mr. Heinrich Schnibble, whose adventures, told in his German-American dialect or whatever it is, has brought much cheer to readers. Here is an interview with Mr. Schnibble, which may well have been written by humorist Dave Morrah. See page 40, and also see Morrah's latest book, which has just been published by Rinehart: Heinrich Schnibble, And Even More Tales Mein Grossfader Told.

"Mr. Heinrich R. Schnibble?"

"Ja. Meinself ist Schnibble."

"Mr. Schnibble, I'm with the Post and I ——"

"Ach! Mit ein uphitchen post?"

"Oh, no! I'm with The Saturday Evening Post. It's a mag——"

"Ja, ja! Ich ben readen das Post."

"Good. Now, I would like to ask you a few questions about Dave Morrah, the fellow who ——"

"Ach, das Morrah ben upmixen meinself!"

"Well, what kind of a person is he?"

"Herr Morrah ben ein smallischer mit eyeglassen und thinnisch fluffen der noggen ontoppen."

"I understand he lives in Greensboro, North Carolina. Is that right?"

"Ja, mit der charmisch frau und der youngischer, ein smallisch fräulein mit piggentailers. Ein cutischer! Also der yard ben oberloaden mit eins, zwei, drei, vier kittenkatters. Ach!"

"Oh, yes—wife and a little girl and four cats. Does he speak German?"

"Himmel, nein! Das Dave ben ein dumkopf mit der Deutsch. Herr Morrah ist upmaken mein talken."

"Um-m, h'm-m. Speaks no German. Does he work very hard?"

"Ach! Mitout worken, Herr Morrah ist chucklen, und mit worken ist gecomen der gloomischers. Ein loafer!"

"But he does take time to write about you?"

"Ja, und also der Grossfader Tales das Post ben printen."

"What about spare-time activities?"

"Herr Morrah ist ein putterer mit der budden-bloomers und upkeepen der shrubbers."

"Ah, flowers and shrubs. Does he have good luck with them?"

"Ja, excepten mit der freezen und der upheaten und der oberwetten und der droughten und der insecters und der wilten und der kittenkatters und ——"

"Usual gardener's luck, eh? Does he play golf?"

"Ach, du leiber! Herr Morrah ist ein beginner on der hittenhuntenfeld! Himmel! Mit missen das ball, Dave ben outscreamen mit ——"

"Hold it, Mr. Schnibble! The Post is a family magazine!"

Further Adventures Of the Bell Family

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bell have been living in something of a daze lately, albeit a charming one. The Mister relates on page 25 how, after the childless couple had adopted a daughter, presently they were delightfully astonished to have twin sons. So, right after the article was written, the daze of the Bells was intensified; they had to bundle their whole wonderful kit and caboodle into an airplane in Los Angeles and fly to New York, where papa's business had transferred him. Previously, by telephone from Los Angeles, the Bells had bought a house in Fair Haven, New Jersey, and shipped eastward all their furniture, living thereafter in suitcases and rented beds. And when they reached Fair Haven, their house was bare, for the furniture had inexplicably got stuck in Oklahoma City. Solution for that: a week in a hotel, brewing formulas in the bathroom sink. The boys and sister Barbara enjoyed hotel life very much.

The plane trip was preceded by a memorable march from the terminal building to the plane, the Bells lugging an incredible collection of family impedimenta and pushing before them a mobile bassinet containing Craig and Mark Bell, age six months. As other people glanced into the bassinet and found themselves seeing double, they joined up with the Bells, forming a triumphant procession. It was a night flight, Barbara occupying the upper berth, mother Peggy and her lads and the bassinet, the lower; and papa dazedly thinks that he sat up, in a chair, or something. The twins had supper bottles as they left L.A. and breakfast near N.Y.C., and in between they slept like twin logs. Papa thrashed about all night.

Life Among The Picture Takers

On page 22, with John Kobler's piece about an extraordinary restaurant in London's Gore Hotel, is a picture of a swan pond, complete with hotel manager Peter Herbert and the swan-pond superintendent; Eugene Kammerman was the photographer, and it is a placid, soothing picture. However, herewith is a picture somebody else made (with candor) at the same time, showing unplacid, seething Kammerman pursuing his profession. Anyone who has ever associated with swans knows that they get mad for silly reasons and can deliver astounding wallops with their beaks; and anyone who has waded among water lilies must have wondered if clutching octopuses could be more annoying. Unhappily Kammerman's report on his aquatics is marred by

the understatement typical of the people he was working among—merely: "My trousers were destroyed and I take pride in my professional enthusiasm."

He adds that the swan superintendent showed no enthusiasm. Well, that swannery is government property, and maybe the man noted a strange gleam in Mr. Herbert's eyes. On the menu of that Gore Hotel restaurant is swan.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Battling Priest in A Gambling Town"

Father Tucker left an American parish to become court chaplain in Monte Carlo—and he hit that exotic city like a blockbuster.

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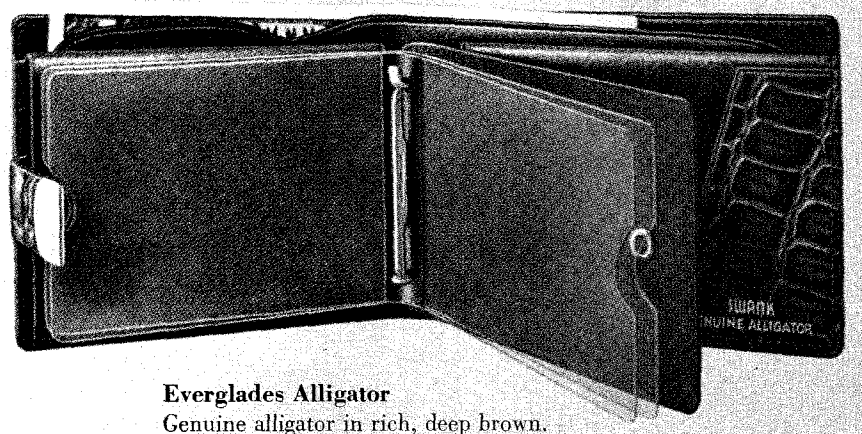
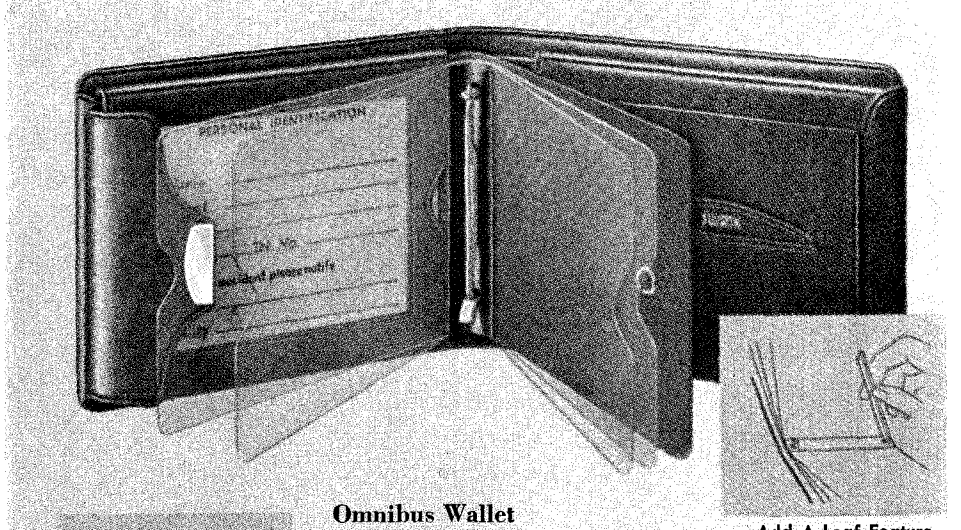
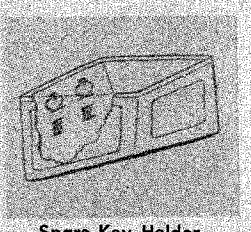


Everglades Alligator
Genuine alligator in rich, deep brown. Features famous ADD-A-LEAF removable pass case which, when full, holds up to 16 photos or cards. Also has special card pocket and bill divider. Truly extraordinary value. **$5.**



Add-A-Leaf Feature



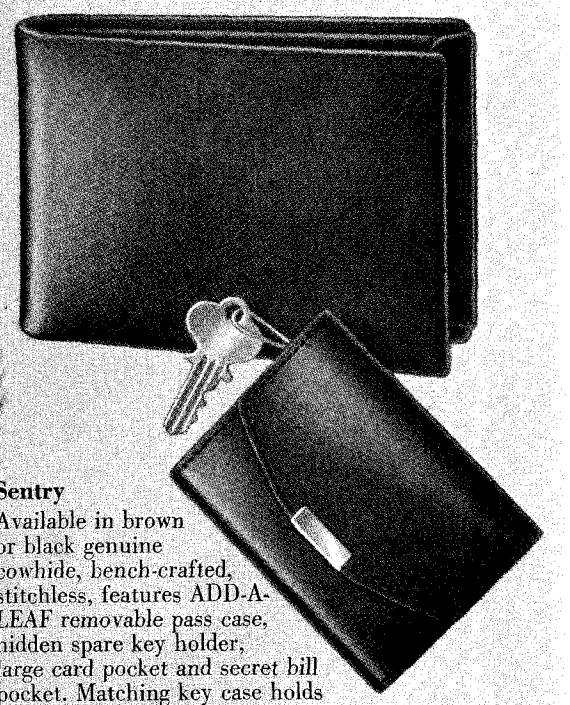
Spare Key-Holder

Omnibus Wallet
Genuine cowhide wallet, *completely stitchless.* Famous ADD-A-LEAF removable pass case holds up to 21 photos or cards; secret bill pocket, stamp pocket and special emergency key holder. Shown in tan cowhide, **$5.** Available in other leathers and colors, **$5.00** to **$12.50**

The Courier
Genuine English Morocco wallet is *completely stitchless.* Lightweight for "no bulge" carrying. Hidden bill compartment and spare key holder. Wallet shown, **$5.** Others in a wide assortment, **$3.95** to **$10.**

Special Feature!
Note the colorful index tab windows for quick selection of cards or photos.

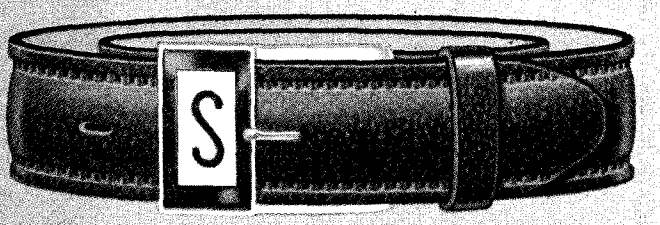
Wonderful Gifts in Leather by SWANK



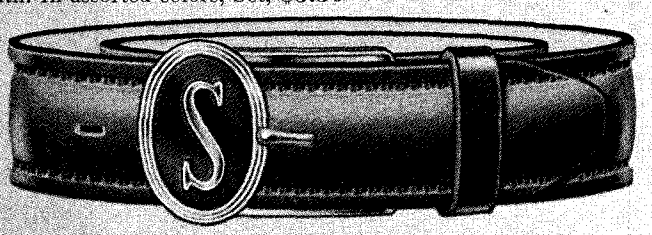
Sentry
Available in brown or black genuine cowhide, bench-crafted, stitchless, features ADD-A-LEAF removable pass case, hidden spare key holder, large card pocket and secret bill pocket. Matching key case holds 6 keys, has built-in auto license pocket. **$7.50,** the set.

Everglades Alligator
Rich black genuine alligator wallet and key case set. Wallet has removable ADD-A-LEAF pass case, and other features. Key case holds 6 keys and has fine zipper closure. The set, **$10.** Also available in brown.

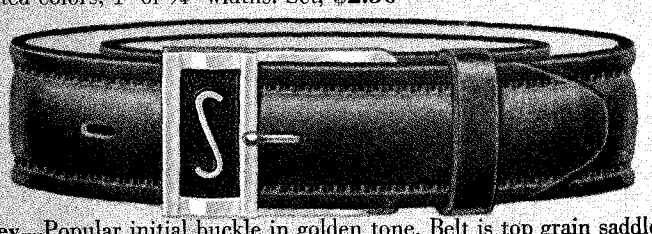
Alligator Thin-Billfold
Matching Thin-Billfold features silver trim. Also in brown with golden trim. **$5.**



Black Knight—Striking initial buckle with Florentine bridle cowhide belt. 1" width. In assorted colors, Set, **$3.50**



Cavalier—Silvery initial buckle with superb top grain cowhide belt. Assorted colors, 1" or ¾" widths. Set, **$2.50**



Surrey—Popular initial buckle in golden tone. Belt is top grain saddle cowhide. Assorted colors, 1" or ¾" widths. Set, **$2.50**

All prices subject to Fed. Tax, except belt sets.

Look for the name SWANK.® Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

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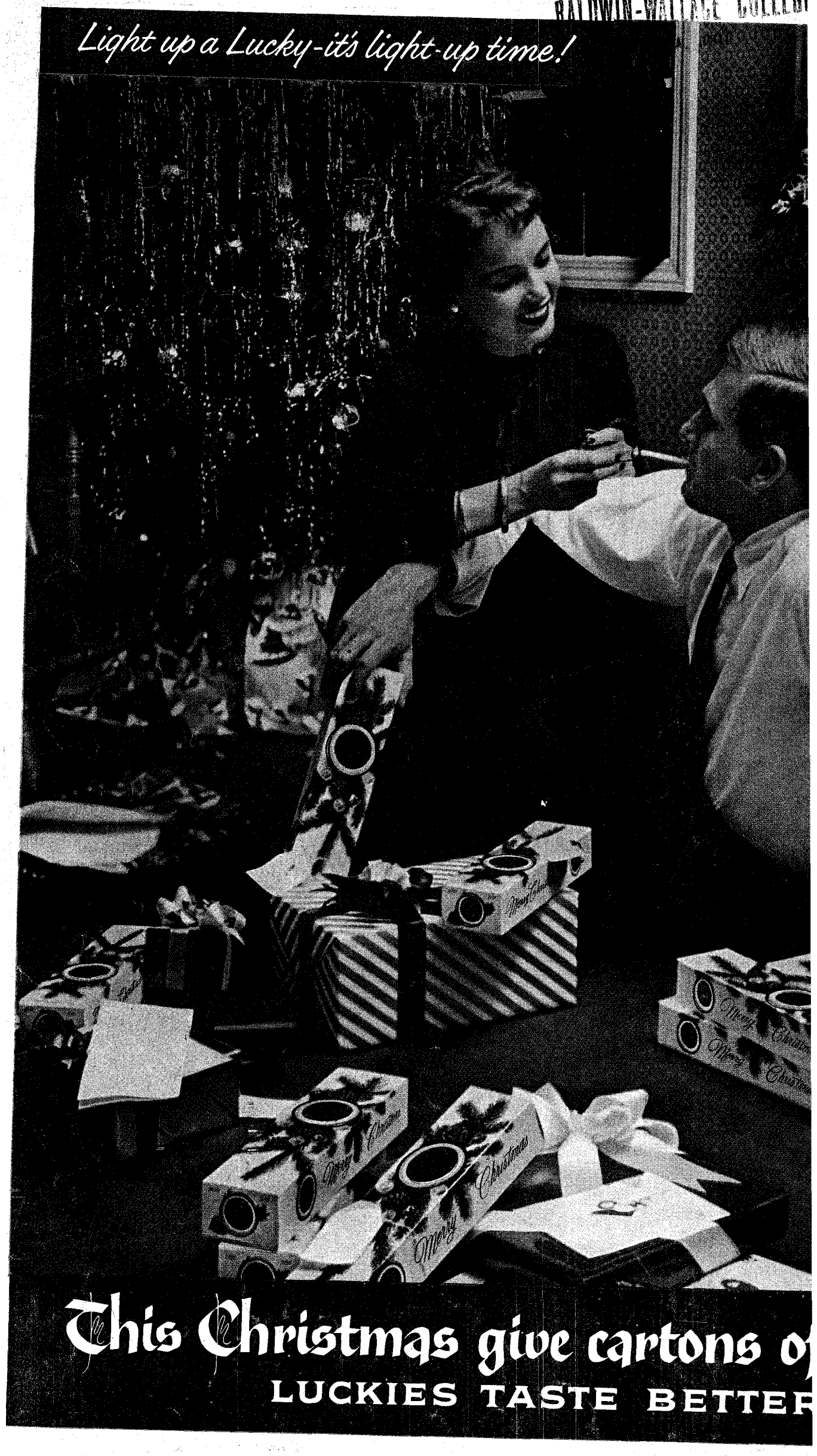

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